

DRUMMER

ISSUE 138/\$5.95



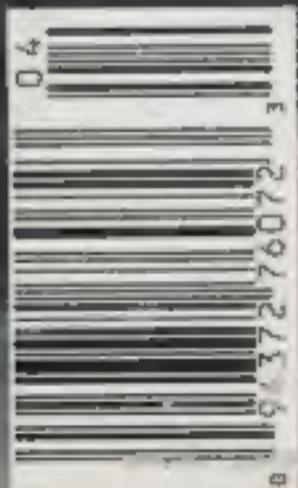
Guilty!
A HOT
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FOR
LEATHER
LOVERS

DRUMMER
Looks At The
FOOT
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FINDING OUT
An SM Classic
By Clay Caldwell

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OVER FOR
DRUMMER #1



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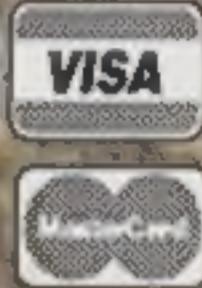
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DRUMMER

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OFF THE TOP

Leather & Laughter

One of John Embry's most noteworthy contributions to leather, other than the creation of *Drummer* itself, was his continual use of humor as a part of the magazine. To many people, leather and SM seem to be the antithesis of humor. But like love, compassion, and caring, humor is very much a part of the leather lifestyle.

Over the years *Drummer* has celebrated humor with cartoons by a variety of creators ranging from Bud and Sean to Tallwing and Mad Dog. The wonderful wit of A. Jay was presented in the adventures of Harry Chess, and the humor in drawings by Etienne and Harry Bush is legendary. Humor photos and writings are less common, particularly recently. Due to space we have had to drop the "In Passing" photos, and writers who can be both hot and funny are rare. But we keep looking and are always eager for such submissions. ("Luckily, Liz Had a Creative Spirit," by Cobert, in *Drummer* 133 was my most recent favorite.)

This month we break new ground with the publication of *Drummer* #1, our self-parody issue, or semi-issue. Creating it was fun, though I did NOT find staff comments very funny when they said that my "out of the bottom" column sounded just like my usual editorials!

In planning the issue we had several problems dealing with the outrageously real. We were working on a parody display ad for stick-on foreskins, then a REAL ad for the same thing came in. We thought the use of the bunny slippers on a leather man was outrageous enough, but at the photo shoot the guys got so into it (in spite of the slippers, I think, rather than because of them) that you will probably be seeing more of the photos in a future (non-parody) issue of *Drummer*. Bunny slippers and all—perhaps we have started a new leather fetish?!

Now it's your turn. Send us your parodies of parts of *Drummer*. Help us build a file for *Drummer* #2.



A SLAVE AGAIN

Thank you, Sir, for publishing my picture in *Tough Customers*, issue 101 of *Drummer*.

I had written you earlier that I found a Master. You published my letter in issue 127. Since then I have learned a lot about Masters and being a slave. I did as my Master wished and pleased him in every way. Fortunately I found out in time this Master was not a good Master, actually bordering on being a psychopath, proving to be a liar and a thief, so I left him.

But I have found a Master who is teaching and training me to be a better slave. This Master is honest and a great teacher. I am now living with my new Master in Washington DC.

My own experience has taught me that all who claim to be Masters are not Masters. Leather doesn't make a Master.

—S. J. / Washington, DC

BARREL CHESTED MARLBORO MEN

In issue 125 you got a letter from a man who desires to see big gutted men, long haired men, etc. There are a lot of us Leathermen who enjoy this. I adore barrel chested full hard round gutted men. You asked where to find them. Look hard in the bars! I met my slave in a bar. He's 5-11 and 250 rock solid pounds,

barrel chested, and a hard 40 inch gut. As hefty as he is, it's all rock hard! How about a spread on BIG GUTS?

Another fetish you don't explore is "Marlboro Man" fetish. You completely satisfy my Cigar Smoker fetish, but leave my fetish for Cigarette Smokers barren.

When my slave and I have sex, he chain smokes his Marlboros because it drives me horny mad. A lot of us Leathermen (both Tops and bottoms) love and get hot watching men smoke Marlboros, Winstons, etc. How about a spread on this?

—M. P. / New York, NY

JUST HANGING AROUND

Just a note to say I really enjoy the job you are doing with *Drummer*. Though it has been kind of on the lightweight side lately.

I am sending you a photo of myself just hanging around the garage. Should you have use for this photo feel free. I have more that must be developed yet. I



missing in action



Over the years, *Drummer* has collected an enormous archive of erotic artwork and photography. Unfortunately, some of the best items, for one reason or other, have no identification with them or on them. (Read the fine print in our masthead, which says "Make certain that your name and address are on the manuscript itself and on the reverse of each photo or piece of art." There's a reason for this.)

Our stack of artwork with little notes attached, saying "Gee, would sure love to publish this. If only we knew who drew it!" is getting too high. So from time to time, we will be running some of these unidentifiable masterpieces in this feature, Missing in Action. If the artwork is yours, we want to hear from you! Or, if you know who the artist is, and can help put us in touch, we want to hear from you, too! □

have quite an imagination for future photo sessions, should you consider me for any upcoming issues please feel free to call or write me with any ideas.

—M.G. / Tonawanda, NY

A NOTE FROM RMC

An article in a recent issue of *Drummer* (135) bills Alan Selby as "The Original Leather Daddy." The article tells readers, rightly so, that Alan founded the world's first rubber club, "Five Senses," now known as the Rubbersmans Club. However, I fear that dates were a little erratic as Five Senses, formed in New York, started before the date quoted. As we celebrate our twenty-first birthday this year and I have been a member for twenty years, I don't think the date of origin could have been 1974! (Also) I feel that Howard Elliott might like to be associated with the birth of Five Senses . . . As many will understand, we did change our name from VS(GB) to RMC in the 1970s.

Alan, I think that you should also be titled "The Original Rubber Daddy," too! I am one of the many who have to thank you for encouraging my interest in the "black stuff." Keep up the good work Dad!

—B.C., Social Secretary, RMC / London, England



A WORD FROM TC-136-06

I wanted to write to you to praise your recent issue #136. I think it's the best yet. You're doing a great job!

This issue is the second issue to contain my revised personal ad. I hope the response is as great as last month's issue. The addition of a phone number really worked wonders.

I'd also like to thank you for running my photos in *Tough Customers*—unfortunately you list me as residing in San Francisco (I wish) rather than New York City. You have assigned me TC-136-06. Any chance of re-running the photos with the correct city?

—B.G. / New York, NY

Sure!

PRAISE FOR THE FAKIR

I know this letter is somewhat overdue but I felt compelled to write anyway. In issue #133 you featured an article and photographs about Fakir Musafar. It blew me away. What an incredible man he has become. What phenomenal visuals he presents. What a lot of sense in the things he says. As a dedicated leatherman and also a member of the faerie movement, this man spoke to me as no one else has. Thank you for having the insight and vision to present his views to all of us. Can you please see that Fakir receives my comments and my card.

Enclosed is my subscription. You guys did it. Keep up the good work.

—N.K. / Chicago, IL



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DETAIL

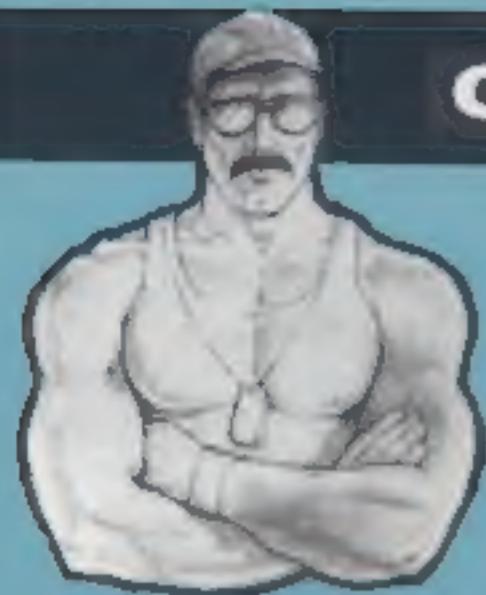
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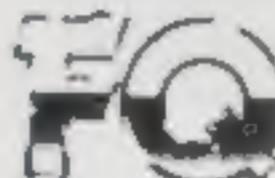
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Under



foot

by Hoddy Allan

Drawings by Etienne



Amazing.

I was writhing and rolling on the floor, arms handcuffed over my head to a chairleg. Every part of me jerked and hollered and squirmed with each light slap of his belt to my tits. Then the man who put me there leaned forward in his chair over my face, and reached over my belly for the thong wrapped tight around the base of my aching balls and hard, drooling dick.

The surge was tremendous. My back curled lifting my butt off the carpet as my entire body reared with the twirling release. Sounds rumbled in the back of my throat, the ringing in my head subsided and my back side slowly touched the floor again as I came back, bit by bit, from the very edges of my pain and pleasure limits. That's when it hit me.

He sat back in the chair. I could hear him slip out of his boots. Two thumps on the carpet beside me and I thought to myself, "Shit, it's amazing where a foot-fetish can take you," as he propped his big wool-socked feet up on my rising, falling chest.

We were taking a break; I was recharging under the reassuring weight of his feet centered on one heel resting in the space between my tender tits. He had them crossed at the ankles. I looked up around his leg to see two sets of toes stretching and curling luxuriously in warm, wet wool. My legs, stretched out and relaxed. The small of my back sank into the carpet as my neck muscles, tight and hard under the strain of the beating, extended. My tender, swollen dick bounced and drooled on my belly at the thought of being used for a footrest.

I'm into feet. It's a fetish, something guaranteed to turn me on and keep me rock hard and horny all over. Nothing makes me cum faster and more furiously than a man's foot stepping on my face. Nothing keeps me going on longer and harder, more intensely into a scene with a man than to be teased, tortured, soothed, reassured and rewarded with the sole of his boot, the warm, sweet smell on his socks, the taste of his bare feet. It's a turn-on, a button to push; something that puts me on the floor handcuffed and helpless to the whims of the man sitting over me in his socked feet.

The man I was playing with that night shifted his feet on me to rest flat on my chest, stepping on my tits still tender from the beating they'd taken. That made me squirm, whimper as he rubbed rough wet wool on them. My head swirled again, my dick jumped and slapped in the puddle of its own drool on my belly as he slid one foot up to my face, held it, then brought it down to rest. His foot squished my nose and I tried to kiss the arch.

I'm into feet.

That's what I still tell anyone who asks me what turns me on. It's a fetish, a life-long sexual fascination with men's feet, their socks and footwear, that has always been there/not there in the background of my fantasies and desires. For a long time it was an unnamed, untapped sexual power source always missing from every

encounter I had as I 69ed my way through the early adult years of my life. Now it's a force that grabs and leads me by the hard-on into the fiery wonders of SM lovemaking.

It's as if my fetish somehow kept me out of the mainstream flow of what too many people call "normal" sex. I used to worry that this "thing" I had would get in the way of having a reasonably satisfying vanilla sex life. Now I'm a proud pervert, a foot-freak no longer ashamed or embarrassed by the bulge bobbing in my jeans whenever I ask a trick, pretty please, if I could take his shoes or boots off for him.

It's a fetish—something physical happens to me when I'm allowed to help a guy out of his footwear. I get this tense, delicious feeling all over just getting down on my knees before him. And when I watch his foot slip out, toes stretching and curling in the sock, the scent hits my nose and sends pulsing signals to my dick.

My lover and I were sharing a bath, back in the days when we were still boyfriends, when I stumbled upon my foot-fetish. We sat face to face, he inadvertently raised a soapy, steaming big toe up to my lips. I kissed it, then sucked it into my mouth along with the two smaller toes next to it. My dick rose from the foamy water like the prow of a ship on a storm-tossed sea. My head began to spin, centered around the foot sliding further into my mouth as my tongue swirled and slurped on it hungrily. I grabbed my dick and splashed my fist into the water.

"Oh far out," my boyfriend said—we talked like that back then.

"You're into toes!"

Far fucking out.

There's a letter in my mail from a Foot Fraternity member who would like to rest his booteels on my tits. I get quick, little rushes all over just thinking about it; the hard-edged feel of a booteel digging gently into tender tit. It makes my head spin and my asshole twitch when I think about sucking in and breathing out slowly under the tenuously increasing weight. The sole of the boot looming large over my face, my chest rises to meet it, pushing tender tit harder against the booteel's edge until I'm slowly forced back down against the floor again. Just a slight ankle twist makes me squirm. My legs spread out further. My dick throbs.

It's a fetish, and the dictionaries define a fetish as something worshipped, believing it to have magical powers. It's magic, pure sexual magic to play with a fetish. It's a toy to play with, to share with someone who can understand its power, or would like to.

I still do this—it's pushy but, if it feels right—I'll get down on the floor for a guy who came home with me, "Fascinated," if he said or "Intrigued," even "Charmed," by my fetish for feet. It's nice to know that there are men still out there who are curious enough about another man's sex trip to want to try it out. I'll get down on the floor for a guy like that, maybe unzip my fly and let my dick hang out for him to see it, and I'll tell



him, point blank, that he can use his feet on me any way he likes.

That is pushy, leaving the foot-play up to an unsuspecting trick like that instead of offering a script of tried and true scenes. It's gotten me into trouble at times—one guy nearly kicked my nuts into the next room. Later, he sucked on them soothingly while I beat myself off on his face—(his fetish).

The results of such a boldfaced request are usually the same: Standing over my body willingly stretched out on the floor at his feet, the man will get an odd, puzzled look on his face. He'll sit down on the chair provided and the first thing he'll do is slip out of his shoes or boots, as if I would mind if he didn't. His socked foot's first contact with my skin will generally be a tenuous touch of his big toe making circular strokes around my chest and hardening tits. It's still puzzling to him, an electric moment for me as I look up to see if he notices how hard I'm getting with him doing just that much with his foot.

Sometimes if the guy sitting over me in this kind of scene, lets his foot slip up to my face, my dick jumps to get his attention as I catch a whiff of his footscent.

It's the on-switch, a button he can push to turn me on hard and horny and ready for just about anything he's up for. He can use it any way he likes, too; a token to barter with, swapping his fetish for mine if he has one he'd like me to cater to. Or he could use it like a power trip, naming his price for letting me eventually cum, worshiping his socks and feet.

The scene could go either way; if he starts to stroke my hard dick with his foot, he's thinking about all the things that turn him on, that he'd like to do with me. If the foot, hovering over my face, comes down heavily to step on me, squishing my nose down and mashing my face, I know he's got me underfoot, at his mercy. One way or the other I know he's gotten what I've given up to him to play with.

I still have the collar made for me by the first man to order me to kiss his foot and call him "Sir." We were into role-playing. He was the Master, I was the slave on my hands and knees before him, there to do only what he wanted. It was an offer I made to him one night, one he took me up on as he stood up from the bed and pointed at the floor before him.

Up until that point our sexplay was a my turn/your turn kind of deal, I'd learned how to hold and fondle his balls the way he likes when he wants to cum. He'd leave his shoes and socks on in the bed for me to scramble down to afterwards and lie under his legs. He liked my fetish and he gave his feet to me like wrapped presents for me to open and play with by myself while he relaxed in his own afterglow, I had no complaints. I did have something I wanted to give him, something I always wanted to give.

It's a fetish, a sexual power symbol of implied positions of dominance and submission. It is transformed when your lover's feet, once within easy reach on the nice, soft bed, now stand on the floor. I crawled out of his bed onto the floor. A strange current ran up and down my back as I crawled two steps toward him, his finger pointing down at the toe of his left running shoe.

He said, "Kiss!"

It was like a light turning off, then a new one turning on and burning as I bent down to do what I was told.

I became his slave, bound, leashed to the collar I still wear when I want to think about him leading me around his house on all fours, stepping on me, kicking me around when he wanted and making me sleep on the floor by the foot of his bed. It had more to do with attitudes, positions of power subservience and respect, with my often-bound hands reaching to hold and fondle his balls the way he likes when he wants to cum. It had to do with men kneeling on the floor at the foot of his bed, instead of lying under his warm legs allowed to do only what he ordered me to do to his feet—"You may look but don't touch. Now, you may kiss the left foot,"—it was me, learning the physical reality of playing slave; him enjoying the power his feet gave him over me. It was him learning to use his power.

It's a lot like the physical reality of a bootheel resting on a tender tit. A fetish transforms when it's allowed to cross the line between Fantasy Held and Fantasy Relaxed. It gets bigger, far more intense as each realized fantasy grows a dimension larger than the previous, jerk-off sized version. The bootheel's careful, hard-edged weight on a tit turns it on to pain. It remembers, the next time it's whacked with the tip of a belt, or gets held in the tight grip of a nipple clamp.

I'm into feet

That's what I tell someone who asks me what I like to do when I play with a man. It's a short, vague, three word reply. Though easy to hear in most crowded, noisy situations where I'm usually asked such a question, that ends up





sounding more like an understatement. It's a loaded phrase top-heavy with meanings and connotations. It's a futile attempt to summarize in one gasp all the things that turn me on.

It is amazing where a foot-fetish can take you, that is, once you stop worrying about it becoming a single-minded obsession and let it take you where it will.

It hit me again, that thought, as I lay tied up, belly over the canvas sling seat of a director's chair. I was at my friend's place. He's a playmate I've known for years who can still think new ways to tie me up, helpless to his sadistic whims and desires. It's a game we play where I'm the pervo-foot-freak who comes crawling into his apartment for his use and abuse. It's a pretext, a little Fantasy Mechanics to facilitate our play. We both get off on it.

Our favorite piece of furniture at his place is a folding director's chair. My head hangs over one side and I can see, upside down, my dick

hanging between my legs, and his running shoes when he sits on the couch behind me and ties my hands back.

It's a fetish, a fearsome sensation that makes me writhe and twist on my belly, pull on my wrist restraints when he beats my butt red, warm and tingling with his belt. Sometimes he'll use a hard-soled shoe that makes a lot of hollow noise and raises a bright, pink blush on my cheeks. He slides the shoe's sole on my behind first, letting me know what he'll be using so it'll turn me on even more.

It's a fetish, something that puts me tied ass up, hole twitching and squeezing when he prods it with the head of a dildo. It was a foot that opened me up to assplay, a big, slippery toe that eased its way into the stretch of my hole and brought the rest of the foot with it. The dildo slides right in.

But my friend's favorite toy is a small slapper which he uses to torment my dick throbbing and jumping between my legs, or on the soles of my

feet.

That's like foot-tickling plus—each light slap on my heel, arch and on the fleshy pads under my toes sends out hot, little bolts that shoot around the bend of my knee, up through to explode in my head like my white fireworks. It makes the soles of my feet burn, my toes stretch and curl with the dizzying sensation of coming back, bit by bit, from the very edges of my pain and pleasure limits.

My head dropped. I could see, upside down, my hard, drooling, idiotically happy dick pulsing and throbbing between my legs. It had a string of precum oozing out of it, reaching all the way down to the toe of my playmate's sneaker. Sitting back on the couch behind my butt still squirming in the canvas sling seat of the director's chair, he lifted his foot to catch the rest of it on his shoe. He took the shoe off, placed it in the middle of my back, and stretched his leg out under the chair. His toes stretched and curled luxuriously in the white sock like a reminder and a promise, and I thought to myself, "Just fuckin' amazing."

Sometimes when I go out, I'll wear a sock in my right, back pocket. It will be either a grey work or a white jock sock, but the color won't matter. What people will notice, as they see me come charging down the street in my leathers is that I have a sock in my back pocket. It's a sock, not a hanky that they'll notice at the bar where I hang out. It draws stares, I know. I sometimes feel I leave a trail of puzzled bemused expressions in my wake as I pass through crowds; scanning, as I do, for the occasional look of recognition, or guarded interest.

Don't worry—it's only a fetish, a talisman I keep in my back pocket that opens doors and trades secrets.

I was on the floor, arms handcuffed over my head to a chair leg. The man sitting over my face and my tits still burning after the beating he had given them, began to pace a handful of clothespins on my dick and balls. I was soft puzzled as to why he would go to all that trouble just to sit back in his chair again and leave me alone with them for a while. The clothespins hung in a mess on my dick, clicking and settling as my body and brain got used to their grip.

Without a word he raised his big wool-socked foot over my face, flexed it, and stepped down, wrapping his toes around my nose. His feet smelled good like the rest of him and it made me hard; this time under the grips of the clothespins shifting and clicking on my dick into three straight rows. The ones he placed under my dick moved to hold it up on their ends. I was rock hard, my dick bounced tenderly and as I looked over his toes wrapped around my nose I thought—

Amazing

A guy came up to me in the bar one night. He wanted to know if that really was a sock hanging out of the back pocket of my jeans. I told him no, I was just glad to see him. I love old jokes as much as I love old socks. □

FOOTBALL PHYSICAL

by Rick Jackson, M.D.

Drawings by Etienne

Trent Kinkaid looked healthy enough. He was 22 just out of the Marines, and had come to me for a football physical so he could grow up to be a quarterback. He looked just fine to me. He still had his Marine build right down to the haircut. When I strolled into my examining room and saw him perched on the end of the table wearing only shorts, a carpet of thick, blond chest and belly fur most guys would kill for and the embarrassed grin doctors are used to, I couldn't help liking him right off.

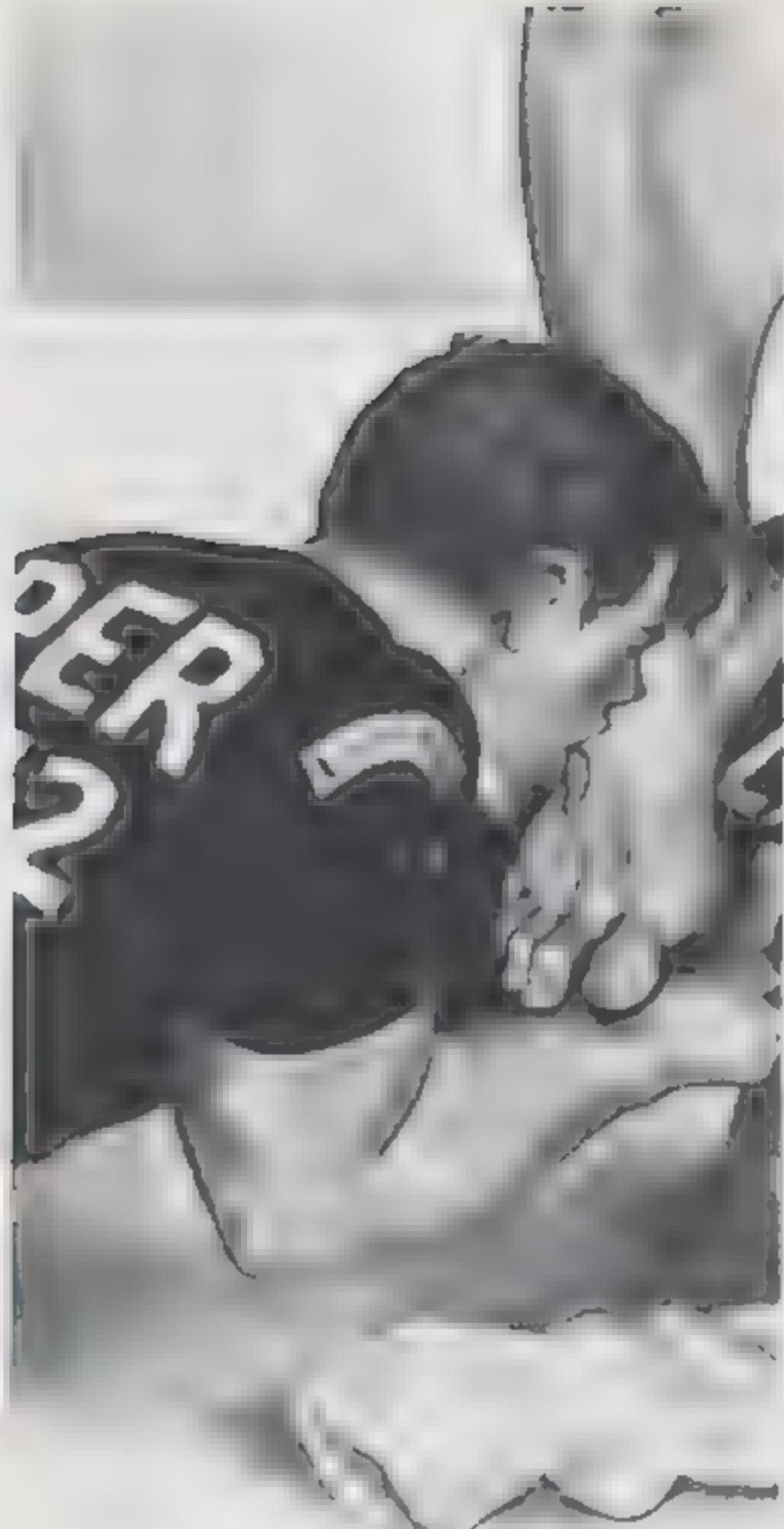
His looking like a 6'2" cross between Mark Harmon and Doug Flutie, having a build like an Olympian god and shining bright with the loxiest cat-green eyes I'd ever seen didn't hurt, either. When I got closer and saw the bulge in his shorts, I found myself as close to in love as I'd been all week. After I'd breezed through his history, I figured it was time to get my hands on him.

Despite his chest fur, I made sure to warm the bell before touched stethoscope to flesh so I was surpris-

ed when the guy let out an odd squeal, snorted a couple of times, shuddered, and fell back on the examining table gasping and giggling like a kindergarten girl. After he calmed down, he muttered something sheepish about being "a little ticklish." I gave him my medical "Hmmmmmmmm," and tried to move on. I ended up directing him where to put the stethoscope so I wouldn't have to spend all day with the half-naked jock former Marine. Palpating his abdomen was a real tip, but the hernia exam was even more revealing. Kinkaid's basket was about the same as mine — so he had to be about eight inches slack. By the time he was standing in front of me with my hand up his ballbag his guts had eaten about five inches of dick. In my experience, two kinds of guys have cocks that retreat from the gaze of strangers. One is the sort who is never naked around men, the other is a gay male who doesn't want to advertise. Since he'd just escaped from the Marines and was on a football team, I assumed Trent had flashed dick plenty. If the Jackson Universal Law of Dick Shynxage was right — and I

had already done years of research in the area — young fox Kinkaid was becoming more interesting all the time. The prostate exam clinched things. He seemed as embarrassed as anyone but managed to avoid breaking up as he leaned over my table and shoved his gorgeous Marine-made manmuscles into my face. Once my finger was feeling around up inside his hole, though, he couldn't help himself. His butt slammed shut, gripping my lubed and gloved finger in a deathgrip that would make an osprey envious. The real tip-off was the way the insides of his butt rippled along my finger on autopilot, urging me inward, stroking and teasing me from sheer habit. After I'd pulled out and he was wiping his ass, I just happened to notice that his cock had made a very nice comeback while I was up his butt. He was not only a prime example of gay manhood on the hoof, he craved solid meat in a big way. Since I'm 28 and solid and have a face that's cute as a bug's ear, I put myself into the running.

After he was dressed I sat down for our little chat



I told him he should leave the usual cab samples on his way out and pick up his forms in three to five days. Unless they showed something very surprising, he was in fine shape physically. He did need to work on stress management, though. I jotted my home number onto a prescription blank and handed it to him as I said, "The next time you really crave something thick and solid up your butt, give me a call." With that I gave his head an inscrutable but affectionate pat and zoomed out the door before he could raise his jaw from his lap.

Since I could think of little else the rest of the afternoon, I spent plenty of time on the Kinkaid case plenty that day. The way I figured the situation, young Trent was probably continuing to live the same lie he'd lived in the Corps. Coming out of the Marines and the closet all at once would have been too much of a step for anyone to take. Once I saw that he wasn't about to cruise dick on campus, it was pretty clear he needed some hunk who had nothing to do with the football team or college life. I was sure once he recovered, he'd come to the same conclusion. There was always Balboa Park, of course, but somehow he didn't look that desperate — or that stupid.

Even so, I didn't expect his call that same night. It came about 8:30. I cut through the horseshit, told him where I slept, and advised him not to keep me waiting. He didn't.

I won't say his good looks, light ass, great gear, and goofy nature weren't enough of a turn on to interest me plenty, but his tickishness was a special bonus. Not only was it cooler than shit, but being able to turn a towering hunk into a pile of helplessly quivering flesh with a single finger brought out a nasty but deliciously wicked masochistic streak in me. I'd always gotten off on the narrow line between pleasure and pain once a hard and hearty fuck was underway; now I had a chance to see whether laughter really is the best medicine.

Fortunately, I had not only had his Marine training going for me, but he was obviously hornier than a girl's school. When he showed up, I met him at the door with a beer. My responsibilities as a host met, I told him to get into the bedroom and get naked, that I had something other than my finger I wanted up his butt. There wasn't any of this dick shrinkage shit now. By the time I'd shucked and gotten to the bedroom, his cock stood hard and thick and steady up his lumpy belly, ready for action. What he didn't know was that I was going to fuck with him before I fucked with him. When I told him to spread-eagle on the bed, he hesitated for a moment, but the old *semper fi* spirit came through and he obeyed though two things were pretty obvious: he knew I had something kinky in mind, and he wasn't especially thrilled.

The plastic restraining ties I used to lash him to the brass head- and footboard were loose enough they didn't cause him any pain, but they were strong enough to keep him in place. Once I had him staked out, I couldn't help standing beside the bed for a moment, just admiring the kid. His muscles were even more impressive than I'd let myself see earlier in the day. His shoulders, arms, and pecs were all outrageous — but at the same time sensually natural. He had none of the artificial body-builder jagged edges to him. Huge, rounded muscles folded natural-

ly over one another until, at his waist, he seemed to shrink nearly from sight. The thick mat of hair that began just below his throat and expanded across his chest and down in an unbroken band to his balls was real fucklick material. Something trapped and yet hungry in his green eyes almost made me change my mind and hop onto his cock for what could well be the ride of my life. I knew before I left my bed, I'd let him use me however he wanted. First, though, it was my turn. I started off easily enough, getting to know his feel and his scent, lying beside him, sucking gently at his lips and ear lobe and nearest tit, already iron-hard with lust. His blond fur tended to stick between my teeth and I thought for a second about a shaving party as long as he was staked out, helpless.

That wasn't what I was about that night, though, and would have been a crime against nature, besides. One might as well think of paving over the Grand Canyon or re-painting the Sistine Chapel. I slid my body onto his and let our hard, thick, craving cocks rub together between our bellies as my mouth attacked his. My tongue fucked his eager facehole as my hands slid beneath his strong shoulders to lock our bodies together. Eventually my tongue moved back to his ear, but this time I meant business, flicking into its depths as my hot breath roared inside to fill his consciousness with a need that mirrored his own. Trent's cock and lumpy body felt so incredibly tight pinioned beneath mine that I almost freed his limbs so we could roll together through the night, equal partners in a frenzy of animal lust. I was beginning to weaken. My lips brushed against his neck and my teeth gently nipped inside them at his soft, young skin. I knew I was then or never.

My hands slithered along his flanks, charging my flagging store of will from the limitless strength and pent-up vitality of his muscles until I was just below his ribs, holding on tight at either side of his body. Then, without warning, I struck. My fingers jabbed at the underside of his ribs as my teeth locked onto his neck. He was even better than I'd hoped. Even tied hand and foot, the stud nearly made it off the bed before gravity and my restraints caught up with him at last. By now, I was holding fast to his sides, poking away as I'd never poked another man in my life, and he was having a fucking funny sort of time himself — howling and screaming like a frightened animal, yet laughing his guts out like Dracula's daughter, all the while trying against hope quite unsuccessfully to breath. By now I was using my fingers to hold on and my thumbs to keep him going, but he didn't notice the change. He didn't notice much of anything except the overwhelming need to get me off his front, yet he was too hopelessly convulsed to even breathe, let alone free himself my torment. He was my slave, my plaything, my hard and lumpy wind-up love doll.

In that moment, much as I enjoyed fucking with him, I also came face to face with the darker side of my nature. I was enjoying the ultimate control of another creature more than any self-proclaimed liberal humanist had a right to do. I kept on enjoying it, too, until the kid was so convulsed that he couldn't breathe at all and verged on cyanosis. Finally, I pulled back from the abyss of madness and collapsed atop him. I kept up my bellyfucking grind but supported myself just off his chest so each heaving gasp brought his chest thatch up against my bare, hard flesh and I sucked at his neck and ear. When I saw he would recover unassisted in time, I gave up the idea of

mouth to mouth and hunted about for something else interesting to suck. He'd showered before coming over so the glorious scent of his crotch's smell was replaced by a nasty soapy perfume, but I was sure I could train that out of him — in time. Trent was still far beyond caring what I did with his dick, so I took time out to lick his balls before moving on to his best asset. Even spread wide, his legs were in the way — his heavy, mansized, cum-choked balls hung so low they were hard to reach with my face. I cheated and used my hands to lift them, each in their turn, into my mouth for an intensive oral examination. My tongue reveled in his blond fuzz and in the massive size of his nuts, but when I found his sperm-gorged epididymides, I nearly choked on anticipation. Much as I wanted to suck at his nuts forever, I knew meatier pleasure awaited me. Once finally there, I moved on slowly, tonguing up his shaft like a slavish spaniel rather than any omnipotent master. First I licked about his head with my tongue's tip, jolting through the mist of his delightful agony to stir his soul as with electric bolts of fire. He arched his hips to meet each attack of my tongue and finally had enough breath to moan his appreciation. Moving more steadily, I reamed his cum-slit as deeply as I could reach, eager to taste the fruit of his looms. I wasn't sure I could open my jaw wide enough to suck in his whole head so I kept up my tongue-lashing, alternating between slices with the side across his trigger-ridge and broad sweeping laps across the underside and crown.

At last, the lure of that cock was too great and I knew I had to try. My wet lips slithered across his head as my face opened slowly, sucking at heaven for all it was worth. By some miracle of modern medicine or the frenzy of the moment, I managed to get his whole delightful plum-sized, passion-pulsing head inside me. My lips locked tight behind the bumpy trigger-ridge and my tongue had just enough room to continue its tormenting strafing of his huge jock dick. I could have stayed there until my final hour sucking at that cock, but Trent's hips had other ideas. Much as he liked my treatment of his stress syndrome, his hips wanted to fuck throat. That was one prescription just wasn't equipped to write. I opened as wide as I could, but he was just too big for that hole. I had another he would fit just fine, but since he'd recovered his breath, I figured it was time to turn podiatrist.

First, though, just to make sure he didn't get the wrong idea, it was time for him to suck something. I started with my balls, squatting over his face to let him suck at them as I had his. He was good all right, but wasn't as interested in them as he was in my butt. He strained to reach my hole and, understanding well the obligations of hospitality, I gave way. He was good. First sliding along my asscrack, he slithered wetly all around my hole and finally began some lightning-fast tongue work of his own — darting in and out of my butthole like a swarm of angry hornets, stinging ecstasy with every touch. Nothing shuts down the brain as much as a good rim-job, and Trent was a master. I must have squatted there hypnotized by his technique for five or ten minutes, grinding my hole into his mouth as he sucked and tongued and raped my butt with bliss. His nose found a home in my balls bag and the awful pleasure of feeling his short Marine hair grate at my thighs and cock and balls as he worked was beyond mortal ken. We could have gone on forever if my legs had held out.



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I considered using my own organic tongue depressor on him just then, but he'd had his chance. He needed to learn what ass-kissers deserved. I've run into my share of foot men and, personally, I don't see it. I'm sure it's very nice, mind, but getting worked up over sweaty feet has always struck me rather like rap music or Byzantine architecture — I'm sure it's good, it just doesn't do anything for me. As I stood at the foot of the bed, I wasn't especially interested in the showered smell of the feet lashed by their ankles to my footboard. I just stood for a moment, looking up between his legs, glorying in a toe's eye view of his crotch and torso and face. He was so perfect trapped right where I wanted him, lying doomed to pleasure in my bed in the summer of his youth that a hornification swept my flesh and the sight of his body seared itself forever into my memory. I couldn't help grinning like a fool but when he saw that, he knew at once what was going to happen and began to beg. He was abjectly and completely craven. He would do anything I wanted but would I please not do that? He couldn't be responsible if I did THAT. He snivelled for awhile longer, but we both knew the truth. It was his destiny. When toying with him verbally became a bore, I sank to my knees and began orally — lightly at first. My tongue licked inside his big toe. Then, slowly, relentlessly, I worked my way down the length of his arch. Sometimes I stopped actually touching him at all and just blew a narrow, faint wisp of air against his sole to riddle his body with spasms. I changed feet often enough to keep him tender but otherwise pretended to ignore him as my eyes took in every laughter-tormented throe and my dick grew progressively and impossibly stiffer until I felt I might split down the middle like some maladroitly packed sausage. Without my body to hold him down, he writhed and thrashed and arched like a madman across the width of the bed, testing his restraints to their limits. His howls of agony and pleas for mercy were now more frantic even than when I had been working on his ribs, but he was breathing better.

I was almost about to move on to my next idea when I decided to end with a flourish: tonguing one foot while I ever so lightly glided my finger across the sole of the other. The doubletooter was a great success. He not only moved from howls to mad shrieks and had much more trouble breathing, he pissed himself.

I was a novice tickle-torturer back then so I hadn't thought to use a rubber sheet, but I ought to have been smarter. He'd probably had a beer or two to work up his courage before he called, and payment came due just as I was putting maximum pressure onto his sphincters. Since then, I've had guys laugh so hard they actually shit, but Trent's nature was much too artistic for anything that common or unpleasant. His cock, pounding hard against his furry, flat belly, became a fire hose run amok, shooting a golden arc of hot piss up onto his chest, his face, and the bed on all sides of him. His convulsions were so soul-shatteringly intense and delightfully random that he even managed to whip piss onto the floor six or seven feet away from the bed. I didn't give a fuck. Blankets can be washed; my floor is tile.

I licked and stroked on, seemingly careless of his shame and his pleasure until his pump had run dry. I knew I should keep at it, but I also knew that if I didn't fuck him up his tight hungry little jock butt in three seconds flat, I'd explode. I cut the strap holding his left leg, figuring it was the weaker, and hopped onto my



sodden bed. I knelt for a moment, looking him full in his face as the last of his own piss streamed down his cheeks, and then lifted his foot toward the ceiling. His body rolled a bit away from me, my knee rolled it more so his butthole came discreetly into view, lurking deep between his Manne-muscled ass. I'd have been more comfortable if I'd tied both his ankles to the headboard, but I was too horny to wait another second. This was one quarterback that was going to get a jacksoning sidesaddle. My cock flew into his fuckhole, parting his massive cheeks, slicing through his sphincters, and ramming deeper and more fiercely until I found my stiff red pubes nestled hard against his hole. All the while, I kept my eyes riveted to his face. Those cat-green eyes of his gave me an open window onto his soul: the first sharp stab of pain, every exciting contraction of his guts around my cock, squeezing tight, making me his captive as I had made him mine, every yearning and hope and distant fear flooded into me in a torrent of affection and lust and contentment unlike anything I'd felt for years.

I'm usually a gentle lover, but something in him begged for more; something inside me demanded it — a hard, savage, mindless fuck. That's what I gave him, slamming and crashing and ripping into his helpless hole, prying his leg back to provide every inch of access I could get. Now and again I'd reach down to his ribs to tickle the hell — but not my cock — out of him. The combined torment of my dick up his butt and my finger pressing at his other most sensitive spots brought on seizures of redoubled ferocity. His body didn't know whether to laugh or gasp so it turned his doubt and frenzy into raw ecstasy. I pulled myself out again and again, slithering hard between his cheeks and then ramming full-speed back through his tender, tormented tight butthole. Almost at once, his body grunted in tandem to my attack, then he began to moan despite himself. Now and then, I felt my hard head butt into his prostate and Trent's body would shiver in delight.

Then the prayers of thanks came — profane, perhaps, but sincere gasps and shrieks of "Jesusss" and "Oh, my Godddddd" echoed off the walls as my cock ricochetted through his guts. Soon I was just helplessly holding onto his leg, letting my hips run rampant in their ancient instinctive rampage of rape. They set the pace and we both gave ourselves up to savagery and need. No particle of love intruded here during our first savage fuck. This was no act of lovemaking. This was possession and craving and

domination and rape and surrender and a hundred other bestial things, but it was not love. In a way, it was the very absence of love that gave our first fuck its purity and perfection. Consciousness gave way to mind-numbing bliss as we pounded together in our timeless sidesaddle rodeo, bucking against gravity and isolation and Trent's restraints, both plastic and psychological. Seconds or months passed as we slammed and thrashed into one each other until quite suddenly, some small niggling corner of my mind knew it was almost over. I hung on all the tighter and managed for a split-second to open one eye to catch an image of Trent as I shall always remember him: mouth open, eyes clenched shut, in a perfect state of grace bestowed by the profane god of lust and our joint communion. Then, almost immediately, my guts erupted into his and my world exploded into splinters of brilliance and incomprehension and ecstasy that were unlike anything I had ever conjured in my wildest palm-driven fuckfantasy. No sensation remained left to me except the first blinding and then fulgurant response of my soul to the piston-driven attack of my passion-puking cock up Trent's butt.

The fires cooled slowly. Some sensations returned — I heard two distant savage voices snarling their pleasure. I felt myself clinging onto Trent's oak-leg, hoping against hope it would keep me from being swept completely into the maelstrom of my lust. I drilled on and on until my balls burning in protest, I discovered I had long been dry-humping a hole that deserved better. Collapsing onto the blond piss-soaked moquette covering Trent's hard-heaving chest, I rubbed his ass-juices into his belly-for ground my still-hard dick against his, and gave him a big sloppy kiss of thanks, right on his foxy piss-stained lips. His free leg wrapped about me, pulling me harder against him, but his mouth broke from mine: "You mean I get my leg back?"

I gave him a smile and said, "Yeah, I think you've earned that much. Now I guess you want to get dressed and leave me to clean up this mess — or maybe you think I should let you fuck me up the butt too."

We negotiated for the rest of that night and have been at it ever since. Even now, years later, Trent drives a really hard bargain, but nothing helps in a rough negotiation like knowing your opponent's weaknesses. I still know how to get a leg up on him. □

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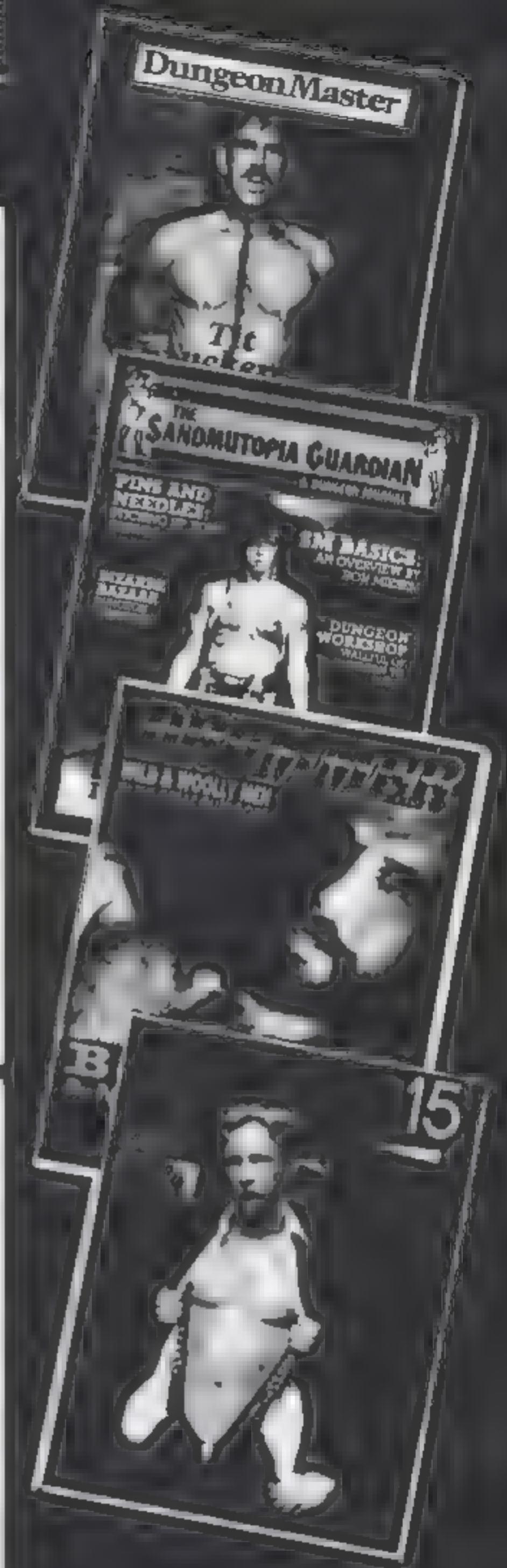
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What erotic look at feet would be complete without mention of The Foot Fraternity? Doug Gaines, originator of the Fraternity, has this to share . . .

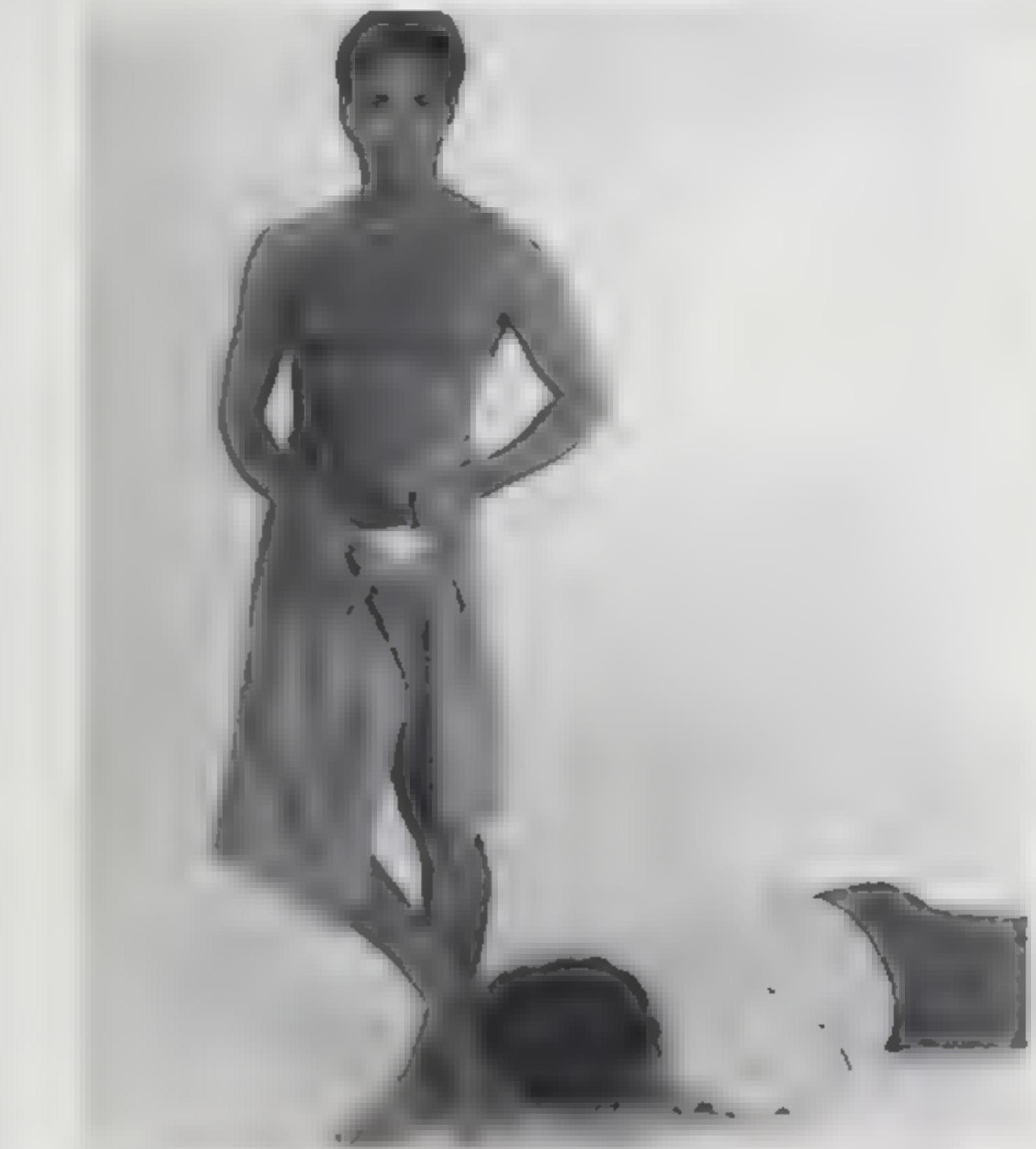
Never would I have guessed we would have over 1,700 men join the Foot Fraternity in just a few years. During that time we have had over 6,000 requests for information. With interest growing, I'd like to share more about this unique area of interest that many men find so erotic.

Feet-shoes-boots-sneakers-thongs-clean sox-dirty sox-foot worship-boot licking-foot kissing-sox smelling, to be a footmat, slave, foot stool, our pleasure all comes from this . . . being at his feet or having someone worship our feet and footgear

My story is one of many. I originally felt desires in this area at the age of 4 when I remember watching daddy's socked feet and the enjoyment of sitting near them or placing my face at his feet. A bit later on my brother, 5 years older very straight and macho, would enjoy wrestling around with me, pinning me down and sticking his socked feet in my face. It seemed to be equally exciting for him to dominate with his feet as it was for me to be forced to be submissive to them as this scene repeated itself many times through the years. It varied in degrees of having me lose bets and have to kiss his feet, polish his shoes, etc.

In my late teens, the interest in feet was strong and a vital part of my sexuality. I would watch men inadvertently slip their shoes on or off in restaurants, libraries and other public settings. The beach was wonderful. I was able to watch the part of the body I found most erotic when most men never even knew it. At work, I would often make silly bets with truck drivers, delivery men, etc., saying things like, "If you can carry all those in here, I'll kiss your feet!" or "If you brought in my special order that I've been waiting for I'll lick your boots!" Often they would smile and think I was just making small talk, but occasionally, they would do it and sit back waiting for me to pay up.

I have since spent hundreds of hours in the last nine years having my lover teach me the art of worshiping his feet, sox and foot gear! This is a very healthy expression of exploring one's erotic feelings (fetishes of sorts) and bringing that fantasy to reality. I was des-



I need to one day run a group like the Foot Fraternity because I wanted to reach out and tell other guys who were embarrassed at finding this to be erotic to tell them that it's ok. You are all ok when you discover any part of the body as erotic, or if you like certain kinds of clothing, uniforms, hats, gloves, whatever. It is healthy to discover your pleasures and seek to fulfill

them. I encourage you to face them, muster up your courage to admit them to yourself and seek a fulfilling life of enjoying those pleasures.

It most certainly helps to develop 'safe sex' ideas in these rough times of disease. Engaging in your fantasies, fetishes and "different" erotic pleasures is

alt hais

superb for bringing new life and safe sex to your sexual experiences.

I have found that men must be ok with themselves before they could join a group such as the Foot Fraternity. They need to accept that the desires are present feel good about them (it is an alternative form of love making) and seek to find friends, partners and possible mates who can equally enjoy these alternatives

I spend many hours on the phone with guys who have the joy of finally talking to another person about what they're into and have liked for years. What a burden seems to be lifted. Or, just to be told "You like feet? Great do it, experience your fantasies, we can help. There are men out there who love having their feet worshipped as much as you want to do it!"

When someone writes for information on the Foot Fraternity this is what I share with them



Into Feet, Man?

I could sure use a good foot tickin' from you right now. Come on... you know and I know that you're into feet, man. Get yer ass over here and do it to me honey!" he told me. He was so handsome with those sexy, commanding eyes. I moved toward his beautiful manly feet... reached out and touched them. My hands trembled with excitement, as I slowly traced their meaty shape.

Look at um, man. Feel um! They're sexy, just like the rest of me. You want them, doncha?" he asked with a sexy tone of excitement in his voice. "Ohhh yes yes I do." I moaned my excitement over their beauty and strength. He grinned at me with an ornery expression on his handsome face. "Kiss um!" he told me priding in his dominating sexual hold over me. I bent down and began kissing along both his beautiful strong athletic feet. I was wild with euphoric pleasure in kissing such a handsome stud's feet. He was preying on my weakness, my homosexuality, with the sight of his nudity. He now preyed upon another of my weaknesses, my sexual fetish for his feet. He was sexually talented and intelligent. In such a short time, this first time together... he observed and knew me even as a stranger. Already, so shortly after exposing himself to me, he had chosen the first action to be at his feet and I was tracing their lengths with kisses in homage. Their wetness of sweat were filling my nostrils with his raw masculine pungency, as the taste of his sweating flesh caressed my lips. He seemed to know all I wanted... all I needed... with his feet. His legs were bent at the knees and his hot sexy feet rested inches away from his flaccid hanging cock and huge heavy balls. It was a sight to behold and smell as the heat of his sweating crotch, legs, and feet bathed my head with a rush of raw masculine, sexual-erotic, male-animalistic aroma of sex to be had.

He watched and fell in silence as I kissed at every inch of his manly feet and toes for him. When I finished, he rose to his feet and turned to walk away from me. After several steps, he turned his head back to

look at me staring in confusion at his beauty. Those sexy eyes pierced my own. He was so handsome, wearing only a red bandanna about his head. He had stopped walking. "You want more of my feet doncha?" he asked enticingly. "Oh you know I do," answered him on my knees, as I stared into those knowledgeable, sexy, commanding eyes. There was always a certain hint of evil in his eyes. "Then crawl into the house for them" he said calmly, then disappearing, himself, through the door. One who is weak must learn to play another man's games and for him I would have crawled anywhere for such a reward as his feet.

When I crawled into the house I had entered a fantasy world. It was a world of reds—red walls and red coverings of vinyl over the furnishings. He sat perched upon possibly a stool covered with the red vinyl, in all his naked beauty awaiting me. I crawled across the wrinkled slickness of the vinyl tarp till I lay flat on my stomach prone at his feet. I clenched both his feet with my hands behind them and again began kissing them in homage.

"You are enslaved to me and cannot resist my feet can you?" he asked down at me. That dominance, evil eroticism was in his voice yet it was spoken with calm deliverance. "You have a power a superiority beauty I cannot resist," I said speaking at his feet and not up at him. I kissed his foot before continuing. "You are a sexual god to me. I worship at your feet," I told him excited by the whole fantastic sexual fantasy happening. He raised one foot up to the tarped stool he sat on, resting the heel of it on the stool's edge, leaving but his other foot for me to touch and adore. "Lick my foot!" he commanded with soft sensual tone in his voice. With hungering desire I obediently began licking the tasty salted sweat from his foot on the floor.

"You are such a pig, slave," he called me. "Real men detest you for your perversity. You are such a pig to lick my sweaty stinkin' feet like that" as I lapped wetly at his flesh.

feet.





' You are a real low-life when it comes to bein' a man. You are good for nothin' but being used and abused by other men. Like me!' he said. 'And you like that. Look at you... yer a pig faggot licking all over my dirty sweatin' stinkin' smelly feet. Lick between my toes you pervert... and taste that crusty ole toe jam that's there,' he instructed with a detesting tone. Obediently I slushed between his toes, greedily lapping for that tangy raunch deposit of dried sweat. My saliva ran out my mouth to liquefy the crusty raunch so I could suck it into me to swallow. 'Ahhh... you dirty, sleazy, raunch-eatin' foot freak!' he sneered at me, feelin' my spit, tongue, and sweat suckin' mouth on his foot. His dirty, sweat-smelly sexy foot was so erotic and tasty to me. I wildly lapped and slobbered my spit between his manly toes... then licked and sucked the sweaty toe jam out from between them into my mouth. The taste of his raunchy raw jam was every delicious yield a man's sweaty feet could be to me. While lapping his foot on the floor he spit all over the foot that rested on its heel at his crotch on the stool. Then he spit on me like the low-life fat fool slave I was to him.

'You're filthy man!' he told me. 'You're sleaze, raunch, dirty assed, subhuman pervert scum who eats the feet of real men. Get your fuckin' ass up here on my other foot, you sissy-assed queer and lick it for me,' he demanded. I got up on my knees and surrendered to his spit-slimed foot. The B.O.'ed stench aroma of his heated crotch and foot filled my nostrils.

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This was true raunchy-funk sex, and I began slurping the spit off the veined top of his foot. "Ah, baby . . . go for the scum, spit, and foot cheese. Eat that B.O. off my foot. Be sleaze, man!" he enticed. Oh, I was there . . . sucking onto more of his sweaty smellin' raw tasty toes.

"Practice on them toes, fag, and I'll let ya suck on this big dick of mine," he told me. Then I'll come all over that foot of mine and yer face. Ahhh, you'd love that, huh? Lickin' my sperm off my feet like a pig?" he teased at me. Ohh yes . . . I thought to myself as I sucked his tasty round hard toe in my mouth. He sat stroking his hot, horny meat as he watched me blow his toes. This was why he came to me. He needed the raunch perversity of it all. He liked being dirty B.O.'ed raunchy and makin' me smell, lick, and eat it off his body. No perfumes or soft bodies or gentle sex with a woman. Just raunchy raw dirty sex makin' a queer worship and do him. This was ego-sex. Domination verbal abuse, humiliation, degradation, he inflicted upon another man . . . a queer into Domination, verbal abuse, humiliation degradation, he inflicted upon another man . . . a queer, into his raunch. A low-life feet-lickin' body-worshipping cocksucker down on his knees blowin' on his toes with that wet suckin' mouth of his. My toe-suckin' felt so good he wanted to feel my mouth on his big horny dick. He dropped his foot from my clutches to the floor and stood up. He grabbed my head of hair in one hand and guided his thick monstrous cock to my lips.

"From toe job to blow job, you cocksuckin' feet over!" he jeered, as he thrust his hips forward forcing his cock into my mouth past my wet lips. "Ummph . . ." I humped onto the huge meat that forced open my mouth. "Suck on a penis, you cocksuckin' whore! Pig out on meat . . . and I'll cum

all over yer face and step on it," he boomed at me. Wildly, I began feverishly sucking his throbbing. The thought of him splashing my face with cum and smearing it all over me with his feet ignited my mind with lust. This had to be everything I wanted . . . and more. In short time he came on my face with gob after gob, wad after wad, of thick-creamy slimy-cum. I rubbed my face all over his spastic-blasting, hot, throbbing dick, as it oozed jism all over me. I wanted it all on me so he would slide my face with his big feet. What I couldn't wipe off onto me, I sucked off his cock and swallowed. When he finished I went to the floor on my back as he sat down. Then came his big feet stepping onto my face. "Ahhh . . ." I moaned in ecstasy. The big meaty soles and heels of both feet slid my face squish-smacking the creamy thick jism between them.

"That's what yer all about, sleaze," he spoke down at me, as I slurped the cum on his feet into me. "You're a slave, man! Naked, raw, savage, man-eatin' pig-slave! You eat my spit, my sperm, my sweat off my big feet, man," he told me. His cum was thick, pungent tasting and his feet smelled of his sex. My mouth salivated with drooling, hungered lust as I feasted on his cum-slimy feet-flesh. I licked clean the bottoms of both his feet at his soles, heels, and bottoms of his toes. And now I was sucking on his sperm-coated hard round toes, and lappin' up the jismatic drippings between them. Man cum was so spunk-starchy tasting and addictive to me. And with the taste of his feet flesh it was twice the delicious taste of man combined.

"Suck . . . slave! I want clean feet," he demanded. Ahhh . . . how I like to appease and please him. I

lapped inch by inch, toe by toe, their bottoms, their tops, their sides, 'till all his sperm was off his feet and into me. It took a long time, but he was patient and cooperative yielding his feet and stood up. I lay contented and enjoyed having such feet. I stared at his whole naked beauty and knew I worshipped this man standing over me.

"Get up on your knees, pig!" he commanded and obediently I got up. He then bound my wrists together with a wide leather belt-strap at the front of me. He then sat before me and stared into my eyes, as I remained kneeling before him. He spit into the palm of his hand and lifted it out, holding it at my chins. I bent my head to his hand and lapped his spit into my mouth swallowing it. "You are mine! You are slave!" he told me. I stared silently and obediently into his sexy, commanding eyes. "You're my pig, man! And you will learn me, my body . . . my big cock . . . and my feet," he told me as he brought one of his feet up and pressed it firm on my chest.

"You're my low-life, man! You're my raunch fag to do with what I want. Do you understand me?" he asked. "Yes," I answered humbly to his beauty and commanding dominance. Slowly, he slid his foot down my stomach and rested it atop my bound wrists on the belt. "You worship my feet don't you, slave?" he barked at me. "Yes . . . yes," I answered, feeling his toes against my groin. "You have smelled my feet," he said sexily. "You have tasted my sweat, and spit . . . and my cum off my feet," he said, grinning at me. "Ahhh, yes and I worship them," I couldn't help blurting out to him. "I know, man" he told me with ar-



rogance and that ornery, sexy look in his eye. He dropped his foot from my wrists and stood up

'And I want even more of your feet-lick n' and toe-suck n', ya know?' he enticed. I was staring straight up as he stepped close to me, pressing his flaccid cock against my naked chest. My chin touched his hard muscled stomach. "Lick my stomach!" he told me. I could smell his sweaty flesh and pressed my face onto his hard belly, licking into his navel. With both hands he grabbed behind my head and pulled me hard against him.

He moved and ground his belly against my face wetting me with his slippery sweat. I groped my own balls and cock and began stroking myself with my bound hands, as I felt his stomach's mounded muscles stroke my face in sweat. His cock began to harden as he fucked against my chest. "Ahhh yeah, pig. Don't stop lickin' my stomach 'till I tell ya to get down on my feet again," he instructed as I licked his muscles tasting his flesh. His belly and my face, his cock and my chest, my cock in my hand, all squish-smacked loudly in sweat-fleshed rhythmic, pulsating

sex

Then suddenly it happened — his chest fucking hard cock erupted in a forceful gushing rush of warm piss. It gushed up onto my neck and flowed down the front of my body. Instant wetness flowed over my chest, stomach, hands crotch, and thighs . . . then onto his feet

"Ahhhohhhhhh," I shrieked in gasp moaning ecstasy against his stomach, as my cock erupted in blasting climax sending spray after spray of cum onto one of his shins . . . only to ooze down his leg toward his foot. Piss bathed my flesh and flowed down me to his feet. I lapped at his sweating belly, toward his foot. I lapped at his sweating belly, toward his foot. I lapped at his sweating belly, came all over his shin.

and showered in his piss all at the same time. Still spraying piss he shoved me down to lie in puddles of his piss on the vinyl tarp to lap his feet. His foot was wet with piss and my dripping cum

"Do it, pig! Lick my fuckin' feet!" he demanded as he pissed all over my backside. I obeyed him

Courtesy of The Foot Fraternity. Contact The Foot Fraternity at PO Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124. □

Sex work is . . .

by Mark I. Chester

Sex work is having to deal with the arrogance and the ignorance of righteous rigidity and carnal stupidity

Sex work is coming home, listening to the messages on your phone answering machine—the sounds of a pounding heartbeat a sliding fist, some lonely lost person in an inferno of desire floods into your phone—explosive heat through the telephone wires—knowing that you will hear it later—reaches a screaming climax and then hangs up without a word.

Sex work is having a good time.

Sex work is having to live up to your reputation.

Sex work is living up to your



Mark I. Chester and friend at the Folsom Streetfair, 1987 (Don't squint. The friend's collar reads, "The Man's Kid")

reputation—sometimes. And sometimes even surpassing it

Sex work is not being able to share your life with everyone you meet

Sex work is being spit at on the street by a religious fanatic who thinks your shoulder tattoo is the work of the devil

Sex work as a gay man in San Francisco makes me think of Germany and the holocaust, Spain and the Inquisition—the piles of dead bodies and the smell of burning flesh. Or the detention of Japanese Americans in the U.S. during World War II. In camps. They are not camps. They are festering wounds. Too readily raw and available. Too incredibly

nightmarishly real

Sex work means opening a doorway for someone—illuminating a path in the darkness of an erotophobic world—passing your knowledge on from one to the next. As tribes passed their wisdom and tales from one generation down to the next

Sex work is knowing that you can change someone's existence—the scope of someone's world in just one split second

Sex work is knowing that once that a door has been opened, their world will never be the same again.

Sex work is being 39, short, fat with

glasses and having men—all kinds of men—beautiful men—jerk off in your face because you have a camera in your hand.

Sex work is introducing yourself and in return receiving a raised eyebrow and an "Oh! You're Mark I Chester—oh!"

Sex work is introducing yourself and hearing "You mean you're Mark I Chester?" and leaving them with the broken bubbles of fantasy all over their face.

Sex work is a desperate voice on your phone answering machine that repeats the demonic incantation—shoot me in the stomach—shoot me in the stomach.

Sex work is saying that it is all right to have a hard cock and a quivering cunt

Sex work is saying every gay man not only has the right to have a hard cock, but that every gay man has the responsibility to have a hard cock at every opportunity.

Sex work is dealing with the troubles and trials of gay publishing—and believe me there are many

Sex work is putting yourself and your heart out on the line for everyone to see. It means opening the closet door of your closet's closet

Sex work is falling in love with your photo subjects—fucking them with your camera. Capturing one single moment of sexual ecstasy in suspended animation forever and all time

Sex work is being a gay man doing gay work in a gay city and being unable to get your gay work published in the gay media because the work is too explicitly gay

Sex work is leaving yourself with few options to publicly expose your art work but the porn industry

Sex work is calls from England, Berlin, South Africa and New Zealand long far away voices. They must come this far to find a kindred voice.

Sex work is a plaintive letter in broken English with crude letters—an underaged gay boy wants to be punished and humiliated for being "nasty." You are afraid to try and help him. He is underaged and under-educated. That makes him dangerous. Helping a gay boy desperately in need could mean going to jail. It means putting your entire life at risk

Sex work is creating fantasy for others out of your reality

Sex work is considered untasteful. People shake your hand gingerly—wondering where it has been. As if they could smell the cum still lingering on your fingertips.

Sex work is putting off the landlord, or delaying the phone company because you still haven't gotten paid for your work. The scum who owe you money will

only say, "the check is in the mail, the check is in the mail, the check is in the mail."

Sex work is being told at a men's gathering that your work is violent. That your work is dangerous and will cause someone to rape and sodomize a small child. So these self-proclaimed gentle non-violent men deface your work and take it off the walls.

Sex work is talking a scared, lonely straight boy, who took your phone number from a sex ad in a gay sex magazine, through his first phone j/o—bringing him the closest to male/male sex that he had ever been in his short married life. As I hang up the phone I remember the wonderment in his voice when I told him to tie up his cock and balls and his amazement at the hardness of his dick as the shoelace tightened.

Sex work is living on Folsom St for over 10 years.

Sex work is someone trying to pick you up until you discover that what they really want to do is fuck with one of your photographs—as if you would gladly recreate it for them even if you could

Sex work reveals what is for most people the most private part of their lives. They therefore assume that you must be open about everything in your life when in reality, except for some aspects of your sexuality, you are a very private person.

Sex work is being hit on in a bar when someone is drunk and horny because they recognize you and think that you can fix it

Sex work is sharing someone's dark erotic secrets—a piece of someone's life that they cannot share with anyone else in the world, not their wife, not their buddies, not their chosen life partner

Sex work is being the balance point for them. Their anchor. Their hidden desire. The one person in the world who knows what kind of person they really are

Sex work is a room in your apartment with the word "Private" on it—closed to the outside world or locked with a lock

Sex work is a fan letter saying, "Thank you. I thought I was the only one. I no longer feel so fucking alone."

Sex work is tying a pianist and his piano to a stage with 100 friends looking on.

Sex work is attempting to photograph someone's erotic kick of being hanged by the neck and having to work just a bit too hard to get the tightened noose to let go after slow motion seconds of him swinging off the ground.

Sex work is sometimes going 1000000000 close to the edge.

Sex work is being labeled politically incorrect

Sex work is picking up the phone to hear the breathing of a voice that is too

scared to talk and too lonely not to.

Sex work is Milwaukee 1963. The Milwaukee Public Museum. A painting of the Indian O-Kee-Pa Ceremony Just like "white man" to call it a torture rite. Men hanging off the ground by piercings through their chest and shoulders. Intense spiritual ritual of manhood, initiation and growth. The first clue that Milwaukee 1963 was not the only reality

Sex work is knowing that no matter what you do, most people will dislike you just for being who you are.

Sex work is knowing that the opportunities for public exposure that you would receive if your work were only more tasteful are doors doors doors that slam in your face.

Sex work is taking acid in Madison, Wisconsin in 1973, listening to an audio tape of a dark erotic exchange, and hallucinating that your door is being knocked down and police and news photographers with flashing cameras are pouring through your door. You are devastated. You freak out. You destroy all your pornography

Sex work is 9 years later in San Francisco. Coming home at 4 a.m. to find Folsom St., Hallam and your own beloved Brush Place burning.

Sex work is relief that in all the devastation, your home is not destroyed.

Sex work is being allowed into your apartment to find that your photographs have been taken, your sex gear has been stolen and your apartment has been trashed when the only people in that space had been the SF Police, SF Fire Department and the SF news media.

Sex work is knowing that crimes can be committed against you because you are poor, gay and into non-standard sex

Sex work is wondering when this democratic system of freedom and justice will try to suppress and oppress you just for being different.

Sex work is putting anonymous sex ads in the paper. And having lived in town so long that even without your name, people know it is your ad because they know your sex tip oh so well

Sex work is letting someone know that someone else shares their deep dark erotic secrets

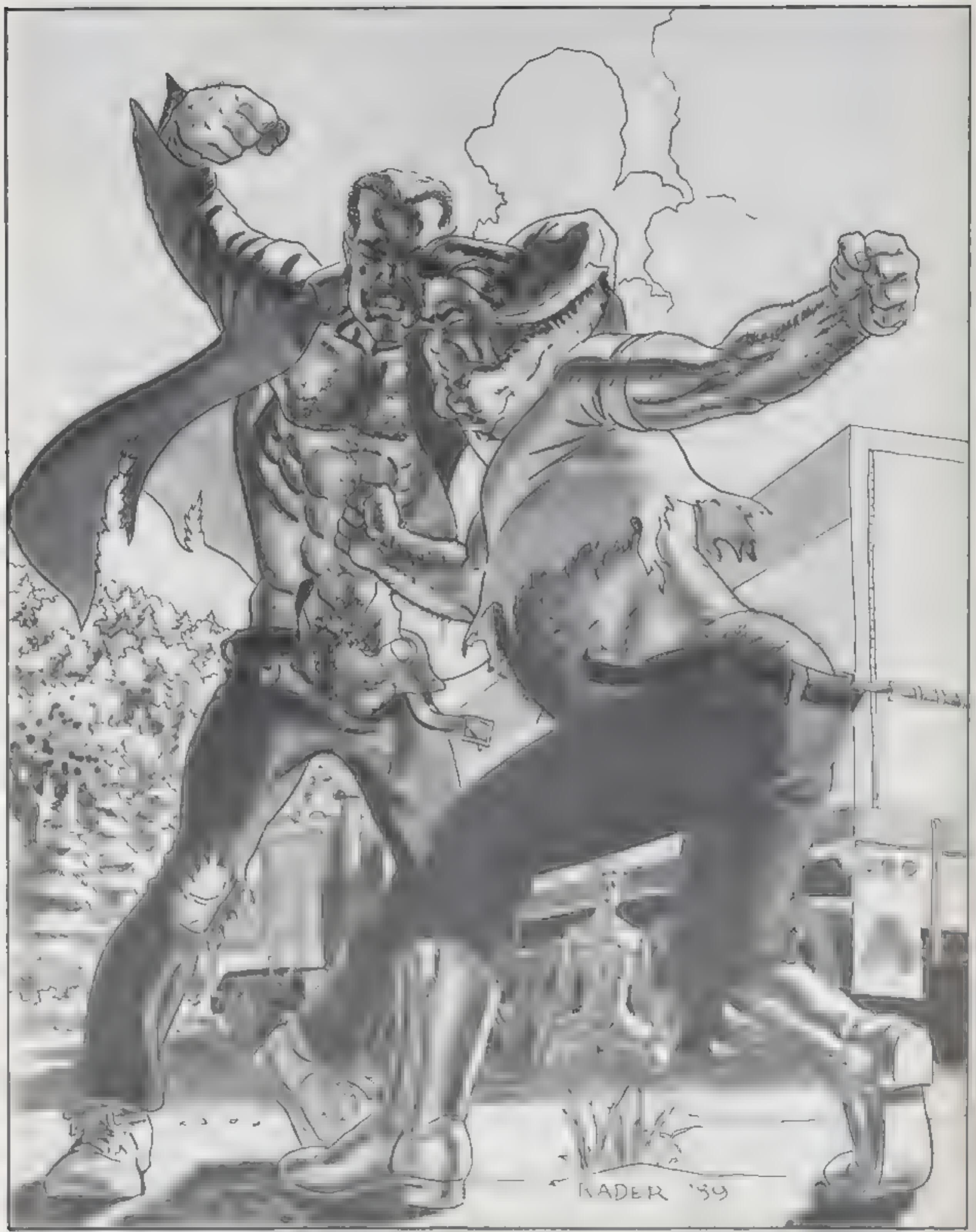
Sex work is revealing your sex turn-on in words, photos and art performances—personal erotic wet dreams splashed publicly across pages, stages and walls.

Sex work is documenting that gay men are alive and sexual—that some gay men are dying, but the gay community is very much alive.

Sex work is sometimes work, but mostly it is eros, love and sharing.

Sex work is dangerous.

Sex work makes me feel alive. □



FINDING Out

In 1978 Surree Ltd published a book titled *S&M TRUCKERS* by Clay Caldwell. This collection of short stories linked by related introductions quickly became an underground SM classic. Long out of print, Clay Caldwell is allowing Drummer to again make these stories available for the one-handed enjoyment of our readers. Here is the first, further stories will appear later in the year.

by Clay Caldwell

Frank slouched behind the steering wheel of the lumbering truck relaxed and at ease. He'd made the run to Oakdale dozens of times, and it was strictly easy money.

His dark eyes shifted from the roadway to the rearview mirror and back automatically, and he dropped one hand to the full-mounded crotch of his Levi's, stroking his hidden genitals.

"Pushing this goddamn rig makes me horny," he muttered aloud, and then he snorted. "Shit, everything makes me horny!"

Frank was in his late twenties with short-cropped black hair and strong, masculine features, and his worn workshirt outlined his solid, burly physique.

"Maybe I ought to get me a partner . . . a co-pilot . . . a cocksucker . . ." He always talked to himself on long, lonely runs like this one. "I don't want anybody behind this wheel except me, but I wouldn't mind having a co-pilot who'd work on my dick." He shrugged. "Get sucked off — fuck ass let some prick-licker have it at the next piss stop."

He'd never given a damn how he got his rocks off.

Yeah, maybe that was one reason for being a trucker.

Lots of cock-hungry queers on the roads, waiting to gobble trucker meat . . . and Frank had plenty of meat to offer, damn it.

"Remember that one stud?" he said to the stiffening flesh-column inside his pants. "Remember how he sucked . . . wanted to get fucked . . . wanted to do anything . . . I wonder what he meant—'anything' . . ."

He was rolling up the climb to the summit, and he downshifted, the diesel motor growling and thundering, the rumbling sensations running up his legs and into his groin. "Goddamn, I'm horny!"

Ahead, he spotted a blond youth at the side of the road. Thumb offered.

No, there were two of them. A burly, dark-haired man stood in the shade of a tree, letting the youth shelter in the hot sunlight. Both wore Levi's, and the blond's shirt hung open, showing a glimpse of his trim, bronzed torso.

"Good-looking stud," Frank commented aloud, and he eased up on the gas pedal. "Hell, I can use some company." He braked to a stop and leaned across the wide seat, opening the door on the far side. "Hop in, guys."

"Thanks," the man in the shade acknowledged, and he came forward, showing the blond toward the rig. "Get your lousy butt in there, punk!"

The blond scrambled into the cab and sat head-down beside Frank without looking at him, and his companion followed, slamming the door.

"I'm headed for Oakdale," Frank said, releasing the brakes and starting the truck forward again.

"Good enough," the man at the other side of the cab agreed. "I'm Duke. This pile of shit's Tim."

"I'm Frank." He glanced at the two studs from the corner of his eye. "Tim doesn't talk much, huh?"

"He does what he's told." Duke jabbed the blond in the ribs with his elbow. "Bull me, peckerhead!"

Tim puffed a cigarette from his shirt pocket, lit it and passed it to Duke, then hunched head-down again.

Frank frowned, wondering what the hell went with these two hitchers.

Tim was a handsome, blond athletic-type, while Duke was swarthy and rugged-built, plenty of muscle beneath that denim shirt.

Yeah, Duke looked tough as nails, but Tim was no weakling . . . and Tim did whatever Duke told him to.

"Tim's your co-pilot, Duke?"

"Huh?"

"Co-pilot," that's what a trucker calls a pal who travels along with him, lighting cigarettes so he can keep his eyes on the road, riding shotgun in case Smokey Bear is out here—"

"Shit!" Duke interrupted, flickering cigarette ashes on the floor of the cab. "Tim's no pal of mine. He's—"

"Use the ashtray," Frank grumbled, suddenly annoyed. "I don't like having my rig dirtied up."

"Hell, Tim'll clean it up for you when we get to Oakdale," Duke bragged. "He'll clean it up with his tongue if I tell him to!"

"Use the ashtray," he repeated sharply, and he waited until the man had tapped his cigarette into the dashboard ashtray, then relaxed. "I guess you don't understand, Duke. A trucker's rig . . . it's like a home . . . and a wife . . . a living room and a bedroom . . . a lover . . ."

"Wild man," Duke snorted. "Real wild."

They'd reached the summit, and Frank concentrated on hammering through gears as they pulled out onto the flat, tree-banked highway, then dug for a cigarette.

Tim moved fast, taking the cigarette, lighting it, tucking it between Frank's lips, and for an instant, their eyes met.

Yeah, Tim was one good-looking stud . . . but kind of strange.

"Thanks, Tim." Frank centered on the roadway again. "That was like how a co-pilot lights up a trucker's weed."

"What the hell're you thinkin' that asshole for?" Duke sneered. "I trained him I'd do that. Crap, he'll do anything I say R'gh, Tim?"

"Yes, sir," the blond mumbled, slumping back. "Anything you say, sir."

"Damn right!" He looked over at Frank. "Ever have a co-pilot who'd do 'anything'?"

"No, I've always run solo . . . no co-pilot . . . but I've heard about co-pilots who—"

"This blond fuckface'll do anything I tell him to," Duke declared. "He knows what'll happen if he doesn't."

"What'll happen?"

"See this belt?" He ran his fingers over the wide leather band buckled about his waist. "I'll lay it on him bareass 't."



he crawls like a goddamn dog. Or maybe I'll work on his nuts. He's got big ones, but they're tender as hell.

"It sounds like you're pretty rough on him," Frank said squinting at the highway ahead.

He expects it. He reached over and spread Tim's unbuttoned shirt from his strong, tanned chest, and he grasped one large, amber nipple, twisting it viciously. "Right, punk?"

"Yes, sir!" Tim hissed, wincing in pain. "I'm your slave, sir!"

Duke settled back, apparently satisfied, and Frank finished his cigarette. His expression thoughtfully

These two bitches were the strangest he'd met—the handsome blond stud who obeyed every order from the other man...the black-haired guy who bragged about working his companion over.

"What'd Tim mean 'Duke'?" he asked at last. "About being your 'slave,' I mean."

You don't know about slaves an' masters, huh? I think I'm finding out.

Tim needs a stud like me I kick th shit out of him. Duke stretched and cocked one booted foot on the dashboard. "I tell him what I do an'..."

"Get your foot off of there!" Frank barked. "You're scraping dirt on the deck."

"Hell—Tim'll lick it clean."

"I don't want him licking my rig—not unless I say so! Get your goddamn foot down!"

"No sweat, pal," Duke half-apologized, pulling his boot back, and he shot Frank an uncertain look, then shrugged.

"You sound all wound-up inside. Like you're horny, maybe?"

"Shit—" He realized he'd yelled at the cocky bastard and he sure as hell was horny! "Okay, maybe you're right."

"How about a blow job? Tim's not bad when it comes to sucking cock."

"Jesus!" Frank almost laughed. He'd never had a stud offer his buddy, but Duke and Tim weren't buddies. "Hell—if he wants to gobble on my meat—"

"What he wants don't mean a fuckin' thing," Duke interrupted. "If I let him suck, he'll suck." He panted the crotch of his Levi's. "Make up your mind, trucker."

Frank recognized the challenge in the man's voice...and the sonobitch was right—Frank's prick was already swelling sex-hot in his pants.

Man, it'd be good to jam the blond down on his dick and shoot off a load!

"There's a place, another mile or so...down by the creek...lots of bushes and trees...I'm going to pull off and take a leak."

"Sure. Frank...sure," Duke shifted to Tim. "You're going to give him the best blow job he's ever had, right?"

"Yes, sir."

Frank hammered the rig down the highway toward the cutout he'd found long ago.

He eased up on the gas pedal and braked in smooth, landing on-target off the road.

"Piss-stop," he announced, swinging from the cab.

"Me, too," Duke said and turned to Tim. "C'mon, creep!"

Frank strode around the truck and into the clearing beyond

the border of overgrowth, knowing Duke and Tim were following.

He unfastened his fly, hauled out his heavy, thick-shaded cock and let it dangle as he took a leak.

The golden spray sparkled on the dried grass, and he rested his hands on his hips, swaying from side to side.

Finished, he turned back and—goddamn

Tim was on his knees in the center of the clearing, his shirt and pants spread open, his genitalia exposed, and Duke stood over him...pissing on him.

The stream poured from Duke's lean, finger-held prick and washed over Tim...and the handsome blond let it soak his body and clothing without moving.

Frank buttoned his fly and sauntered toward him as Duke finished.

"Clean him up, Duke," he said quietly. "I don't want him sucking up my rig."

"He can wash up in th creek," Duke shoved his cock back into his Levi's. "He's a goddamn slave and—"

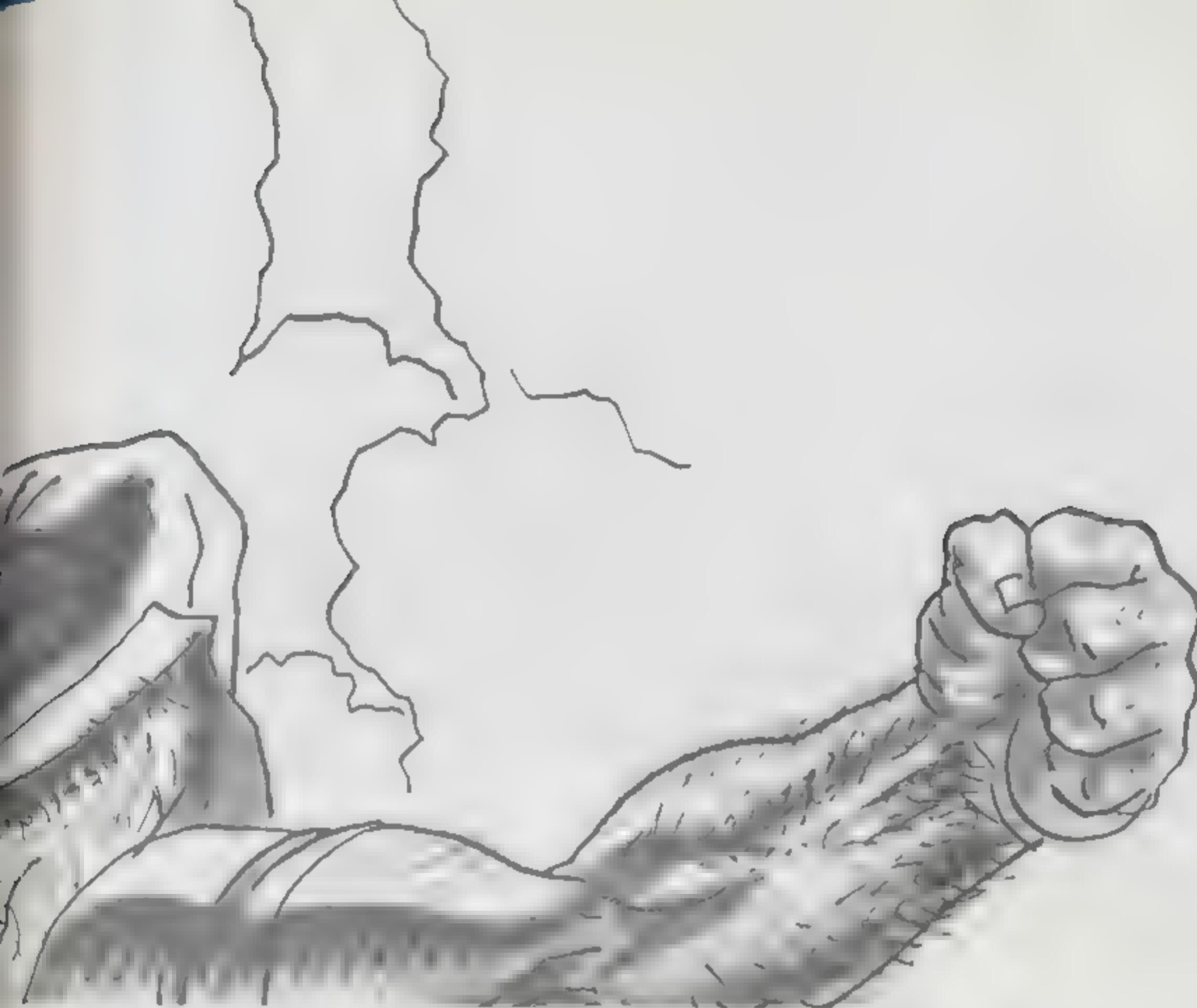
"You pissed on him, you clean him up," Frank ordered. "Lick him clean the way you wanted him to clean up after you!"

"Go to hell! I'm no piss-drinker!"

"Lick!" he repeated, and he slammed one bearlike paw against the side of the man's head, knocking him backwards.

"Fuck you, trucker!" Duke barked, and he cocked his fists, his dark eyes blazing. "I'm going to make you crawl just like I made Tim crawl!"

His fist smashed into Frank's belly, and it was like hitting



A Stonewall

The two men were well-matched, about equal height and weight, and they fell on each other, cursing and pounding and ripping and gouging.

A vivid welt rose on Frank's cheek bone, and a trickle of blood came from the corner of Duke's mouth.

They punched each other repeatedly, neither one giving up first.

Duke took Frank into a clinch and rammed his knee into the trucker's crotch.

"Christ!" Frank hissed in pain, wrenched free and fist-clubbed Duke square on the jaw. "I'm going to bust your nuts for that."

Duke's head snapped back from the force of the blow and Frank moved in fast, hammering his midsection until he slumped to his knees, then sprawled back, unconscious.

Frank filled his lungs, triumphant, and then he peeled the tatters of his shirt.

His barrelled, hair-thatched chest glistened with sweat droplets, and raw bruises showed on his burly torso.

He turned and found Tim still on his knees, gazing at him without expression.

"Get out of those clothes, Tim. Then get Duke stripped. Strip!"

"He's going to lick you clean, like I told him to."

Tim got to his feet slowly and began undressing. His shoulders and arms were well-muscled and tanned, and his wide, hard-plated chest was dusted with sunbeached peachfuzz, large, dark nipples at each side.

Automatically, he peeled off his piss-soaked Levi's, and his long, thick prick fell loosely from the patch of pubic hair at his groin.

Yeah, Tim was a damn good-looking stud — and his naked body glistened with streams of Duke's piss.

He started toward Duke, then hesitated.

"Frank . . . sir . . . Duke's my master . . . you don't understand about slaves like me and—"

"I'm finding out," Frank muttered. "Strip him, dammit!"

"Yes . . ."

Tim hunched over Duke and worked him out of his clothing.

Finished, he faced Frank again, head-down.

"Stretch out on your back," the trucker ordered, then picked up Duke's Levi's and jerked the belt free from the waist loops. He ran the strap between his fingers and moved over to Duke, kicking him in the ribs. "Wake up, 'master'."

Huh?" The nude, swarthy stud blinked his eyes open, focused, then growled at Frank. "Sonofa—"

"Tim's waiting to be licked clean."

"Shit!" His dark eyes flashed with anger and the stain of canted blood at the corner of his mouth crackled. His solid chest heaved beneath a glaze of black silk, and his thin, limp cock curled over his dangling testicles. "He's a goddamn slave an'—"

Frank brought the belt down across Duke's chest with a brutal snap, raising a wide, crimson welt from one small nipple to the other.

Duke gasped with surprise and pain, then twisted over on

his stomach to protect himself.

Frank followed, and he whipped Duke again, laying the strap across his back over his shoulder blades.

Duke cursed softly, and his muscles knotted beneath his taut skin.

Frank took his time, belt-stroking the cowering man's back until it was lined with burning marks, and an unsuspected sense of mastery over his victim filled him.

Slowly, mercilessly, he beat hell out of the groaning sonofabitch.

"No more!" Duke whimpers at last. "I give up!"

"Crawl!" Frank ordered, a flush of sexual excitement racing through him. "Crawl over there and lick your stinking penis off!"

Tim was lying back on the grass, arms and legs spread, eyes clamped shut, his bronzed, athletic, piss-gleaming nakedness offered.

Duke crawled to him . . . lay out on top of him . . . let his face press against his slave's acrid-wet chest.

"Okay, Frank?" he mumbled. "I'm doing what you said, tight?"

"Lick!" He slammed the belt down on the upturned cheeks of Duke's pale ass for the first time, aroused by this new experience. "Start at his shoulders and lick all the way down! Put your tongue to work! Lick!"

He whipped Duke's butt again, and Duke began licking . . . lapping at Tim's shoulders . . . chest . . . nipples . . . armpits . . . doing what Frank'd ordered him to do — licking his slave clean!



He laid the strap on Duke's muscle-quivering butt again . . . and again

whipping the pale buns red-hot
watching Duke lick faster and lower

"Suck!" Tim gasped, body-tensed "I'm getting a hard-on!"

"So what?" Frank looked down at the naked blond and realized that Tim hadn't been talking to him . . . he'd been talking to that pisslicker Duke! "What's wrong with getting a hard-on, Tim?"

"I'm a slave . . . Duke's ordered me not to get a hard-on . . . I—I've gotta do what he says"

"Yeah?" He saw Tim's cock thicken and swell as Duke's tongue-lapped the tangle of pubic hairs at his crotch
dammit, Tim was hung! And he belted Duke's pimply tail again "Get down there and suck his balls. And his asshole!"

Duke obeyed . . . shifting down to lick Tim's bulging nuts . . . raising his legs and tonguing the hair-spiked ridge leading toward his tail . . . then burying his face in his slave's exposed ass

Tim whimpered, thrashing on his back and locking his hands into fists as if fighting his sex-excitement, and his massive, full-swollen prick slapped back against his taut belly

Shit, Tim was nuts-hot horny . . . like a goddamn trucker on a long haul!

"Suck his dick!" Frank ordered, sure that Duke'd do

whatever he said. "Suck him off, master"

"No!" Tim begged feebly. "I'm Duke's slave . . . he doesn't suck . . . never has . . . isn't—"

"Suck!" Frank repeated and laid the belt on Duke's quivering ass one more time. "Suck!"

Duke lowered Tim and took his rigid cock in his mouth choking, gagging . . . then sucking

Frank looked down at the burly stud, belt welted and hunched over to obey, and he ripped open his pants and tugged them from his legs

His cock bobbed free, full-hard

He spat in his hand and applied the juice to his throbbing tip

He knelt behind Duke and drove his prick into the cocksucker's asshole

Duke howled, the sound muffled, and Frank gripped the back of his head, jamming him down on Tim's rod again

Frank hip-pumped, ramming his prick into Duke's clenched butt repeatedly . . . getting his rocks off trucker style

"AGGGGHHHHHHH!" The climactic roar broke from his throat, and his cum was belching into Duke's guts. "AHHHH AHCCCCHHH" AGGGGRRRHHHHHHhhh!! . . . "

and he was vaguely aware that Tim was also yelling also getting his rocks off . . . both of them

with Duke sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass
"master" "slave . . ."

Frank relaxed slowly, and when he opened his eyes, the three of them were still locked together

"We'd better clean up in the creek, Tim." He withdrew his heavy, softening ram from Duke's battered tail and swung to his feet. You can wash your clothes at the same time

He sauntered through the trees to the swift-moving stream and dove into the cool water. When he surfaced and looked back, Tim was approaching, his piss-soaked pants and shirt in his hands

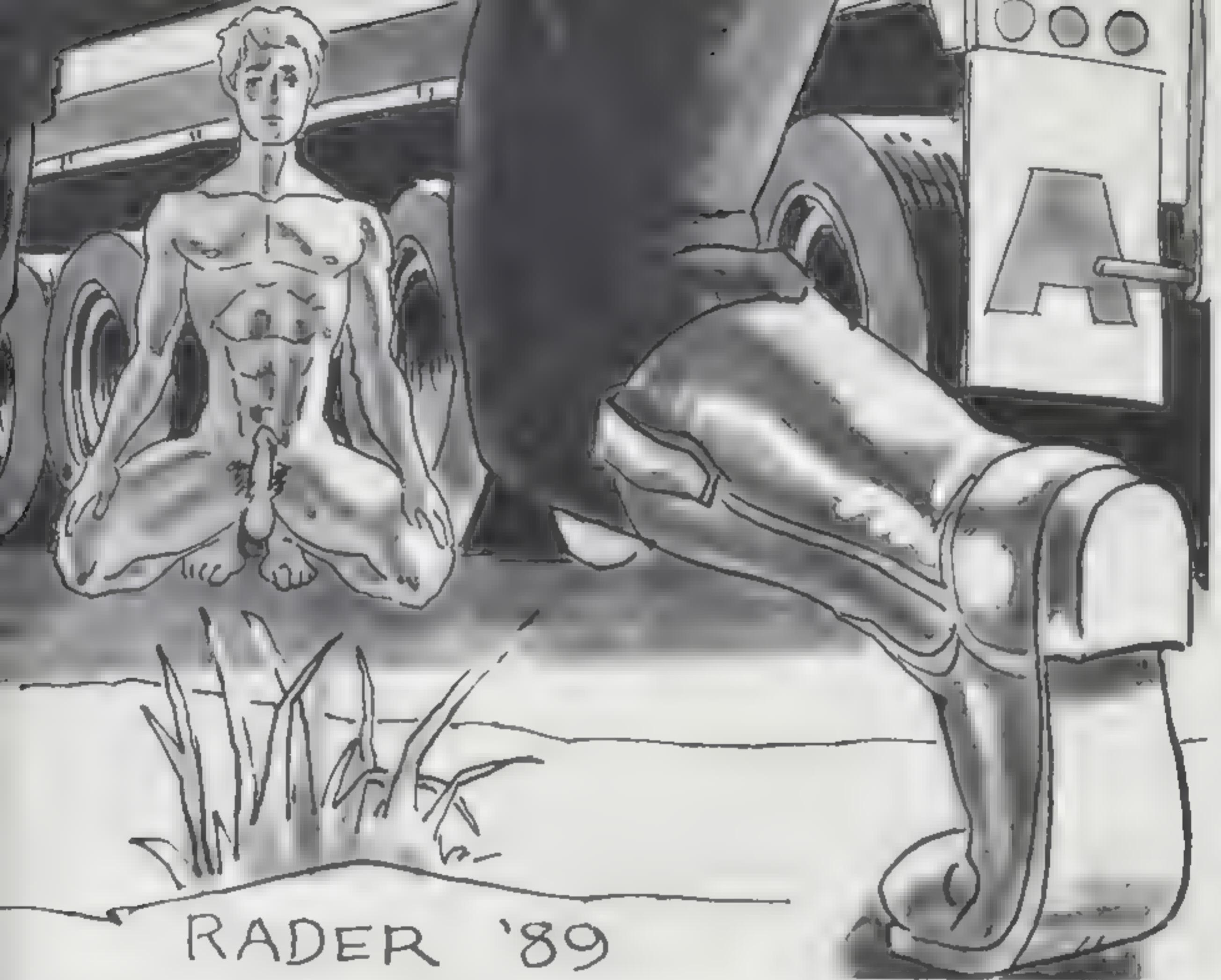
Good-looking stud . . . blond . . . tanned . . . strong, athletic build . . . plenty of meat . . . you'd never guess he's a slave

Tim scrubbed his clothing and piled it on the bank, and then he plunged into the water, splashing and washing his virile nakedness rapidly. Suddenly, he focused on Frank, as if noticing him for the first time

"Want me to wash you, Frank?" He sashed across the creek to stand in front of the burly trucker, head-down. Duke lets me scrub him in the shower'

"Hell, I'm not shy."

"Thank you, sir." He cupped his hands, filled them with water, then poured it over Frank, and he finger-marked the darkening bruises on the man's torso. "Duke put up a pretty good fight."



RADER '89

"He's a rough sonofabitch."

"So do you." He watched his hands move slowly over Frank's thickly-haired, barrel-chested torso. "He's never done that before . . . licked me . . . rimmed my ass . . . sucked me off."

"How do you usually get your rocks off, Tim?"

"He does whatever he wants with me. If I please him, he lets me jerkoff while he works on my balls." He stroked lower over Frank's solid naked torso. "You're bigger than Duke . . . bigger all over . . . understand?"

"Like I've said before, I'm finding out." He pulled away and tramped toward the bank of the creek, palm-wiping himself. "I didn't bring any towels so I guess we'll have to sun-dry."

Yes, sir.

Frank went back to the clearing.

Duke, the rugged stud he'd fought and beaten and whipped and fucked, lay face down on the grass, his welt-streaked back and ass exposed.

Tim, Duke's slave, followed, laying out his freshly washed shirt and pants on the turf.

"Bull me," Frank ordered quietly. "Bull both of us, Tim."

"Yes, sir." He went to the pile of personal items he'd dumped from his pockets, dug two cigarettes from the crumpled pack, lit them, then came up to Frank, pressing one of them between his lips. "Yes, sir!"

"I don't like being called 'sir,'" Frank muttered. "I had enough of that . . . before I started highballing a rig." He inhaled smoke, then put his free hand on Tim's peachfuzzed chest, stroking the taut curves and hard-tipped nipples. "That's another thing that makes me different from Duke."

He let his hand move downward, over Tim's muscled stomach and into his crotch, and he gripped the man's large, slippery balls deliberately.

Tim stiffened, and he grit his teeth as Frank's fingers tightened.

Frank pressured steadily, watching intently until his victim's expression indicated the level of pain, and then he eased off and released the sensitive organs.

Tim exhaled audibly, and his heavy prick thickened slightly.

They finished their cigarettes in silence.

"Duke works on your nuts a lot, Tim."

"Whenever he feels like it," the blond acknowledged. "He's my master."

"He is?" Frank asked pointedly, and he nodded toward the whipped male sprawled on the grass. "Go piss on him."

Tim hesitated, bewildered, and then he turned and walked slowly to Duke, standing over him and tugging his dangling cock.

The first spurt came reluctantly, and then the full-force stream was pouring down on Duke's hair and shoulders, his

we ted back and ass

Duke squirmed and finger-clawed the grass beneath him, but he seemed to accept his humiliation without speaking.

Finished, Tim walked back to Frank, knelt in front of him and lip-worshipped his exposed genitals.

Frank forced himself not to move, and the handsome blond licked his crinkle-sacked testicles . . . sucked them gently, first one and then the other . . . then his fast-rising prick, bulging head to choking base . . . all the way!

Good enough; the burly trucker growled, shoving Tim back from his newly aroused ram. "I've got a rig to push to Oakdale; that's the only reason I don't want you to make me pop again."

"Uhh—sir—Frank?"

"Hang your shirt and pants on the rear vision mirror. They'll be dry by the time we get there." He waited while the naked blond got to his feet, gathered up his clothes and headed for the truck, and then he sauntered over to Duke, boot-judging him in the side. "It looks like you've lost a slave and I've picked up a co-pilot."

"Crap!" Duke sneered. "You don't know how to keep that shiteater in line, asshole!"

"I'm finding out," Frank declared once more, stooping to pick up Duke's belt from the grass. "I'd better take this with me . . . in case Tim needs to be reminded who he belongs to."

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



CLUB MUD INTERNATIONAL MUD OLYMPICS

Four years ago, in an effort to promote fun and games, an outdoor environment, and safe sex, Club Mud was formed in California. Most members enjoy wearing boots, Levi's, leather, and rubber while romping in the mud. The group has also experimented with motor oil, axle grease, and water. The first party turned out to be quite an encounter group; discrimination normally found in bars was nonexistent. People were divided into two groups, and competed in contests such as Mud Wrestling, Tug of War, Mud Volleyball, Horse and Rider, Mud Pole Pillowfights, and a T-shirt Rip. Prizes were given to the winning team members. Last year's party drew members from all over the United States.

This year's International Mud Olympics is planned for May 12th on the beautiful Russian River. \$40.00 includes a barbecue, hot outdoor showers, and two tons of the finest modeling clay money can buy.

The club has grown to over 100 members worldwide, and distributes a quarterly publication that contains erotic stories, articles, and personal ads. They also sell videos, T-shirts, photosets, and other mud-oriented items. The establishment of a national

900 phone line connects mudders across the country.

Contact Club Mud at its headquarters on the Russian River by writing P.O. Box 277, Rio Nido, CA, 95471, or call Duke directly at (707) 869-0546, 7-9 PM Pacific Time. (Photo by Jim Moss)

THE BATTERED COD

A monthly dinner group, the "Battered Cod," has been organized as an opportunity for Dreizehn (Boston) members and their friends to gather and socialize apart from the bar scene. The name grew from a menu listing at the Oyster Club in Portland, Maine. A group of Dreizehn members had gathered there for brunch during the 1987 Mr. Drummer Contest sponsored by the Harbor Masters.

The first meeting of the "Battered Cod" was held in June 1987 at the Dubarry restaurant on Newbury St. in Boston, MA. Since that time not a month has gone by without a get-together to eat, drink and be gay (merry, too!) Restaurants have varied from the formal tie and jacket to the informal where denim and leather has been comfortable, and the group has varied monthly in size and composition.

(reprinted courtesy Dreizehn)



YOU MIGHT GET WET

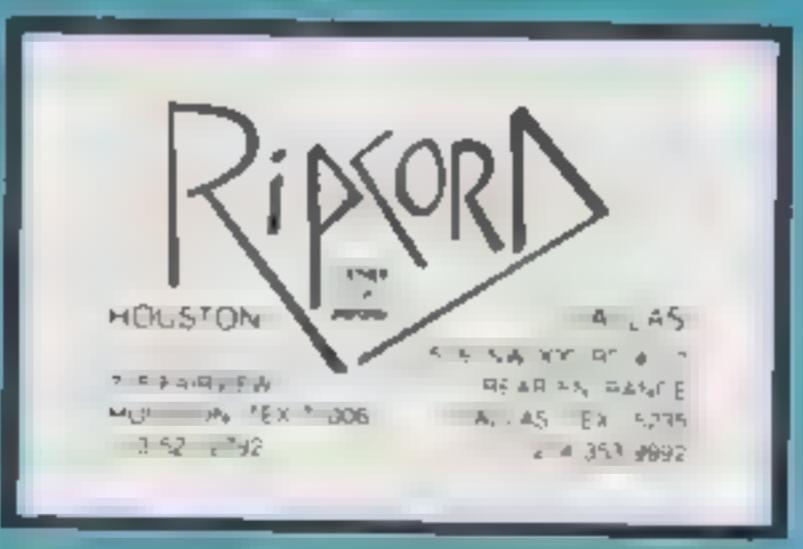
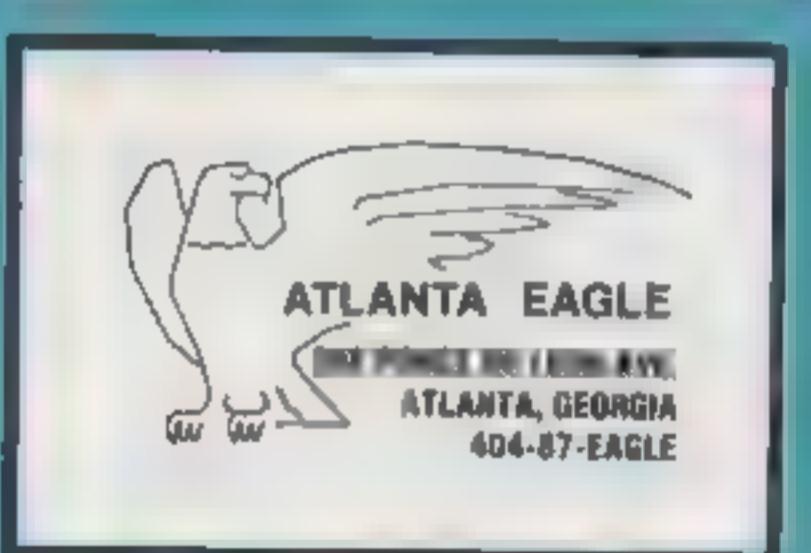
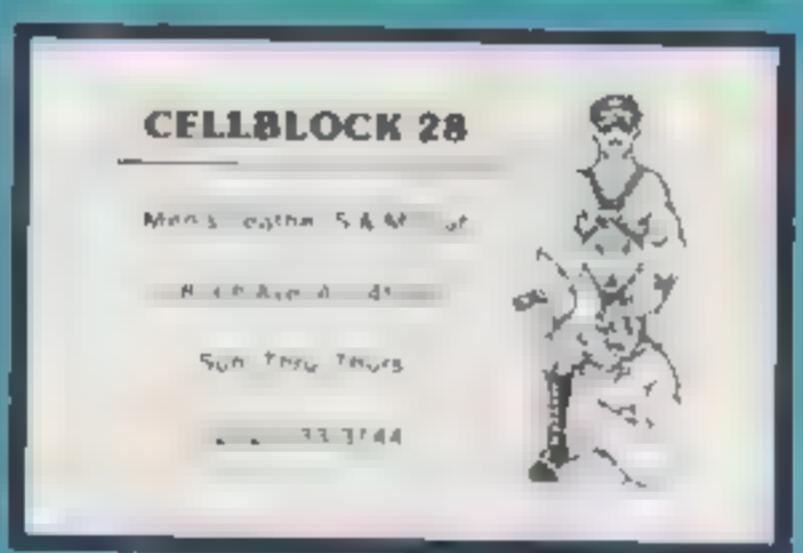
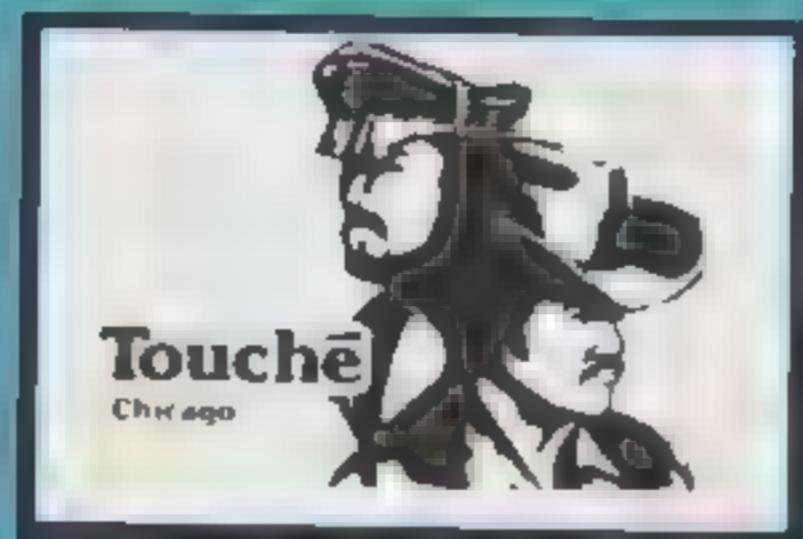
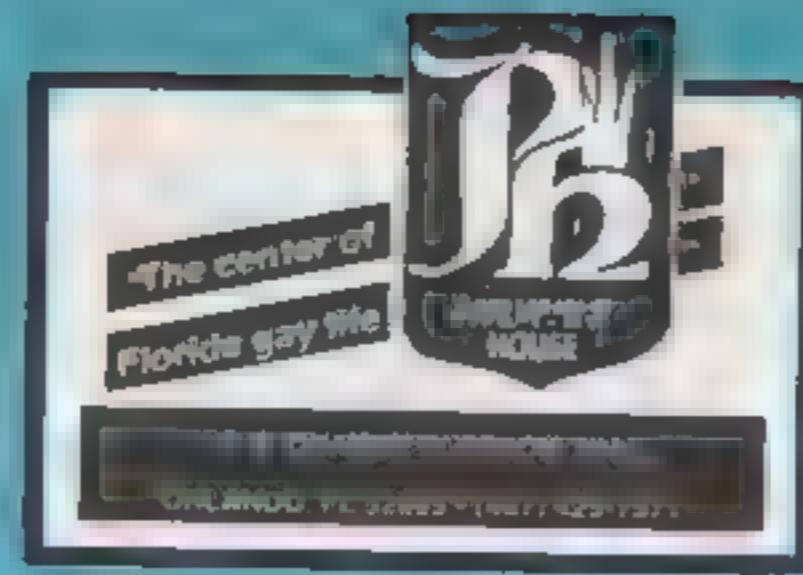
Bryan Anderson, Mr. British Columbia Leather and Mr. Vancouver Leather sent us this reminder about Celebration '90 Gay Games II and Cultural Festival, which will take place this summer of the week of August 4th to 11th in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The games promise to be the biggest event to hit Vancouver this decade, with more gay people and more activities happening than ever before. Everyone is welcome to participate, and while there are no specific leather events, the week celebrates gay life in all its aspects.

Be sure and bring some rubber along—Vancouver is famous for its rain. It never hurts to be prepared.

ZODIACS

As of the end of January, the Zodiacs (British Columbia) are "closing up shop" for good after sixteen years of service to the leather community in Vancouver, B.C. The Zodiacs were the second oldest nonprofit gay organization in British Columbia. They were always active in fundraising events, and were directly responsible for starting up the Pacific Northwest Mr. Leather Contest. Geoff Mains was one of the club's presidents during the early 80s, and the Zodiacs were proud of their association with Mack MacKinnon (see Drummer 129 for a Drummermen feature on Mack). A "Hail and Farewell" Dinner will be held Saturday, March 3, at Thurlow's Restaurant, 1221 Thurlow St., Vancouver B.C., to which all past and current members, friends and supporters of the Zodiacs are invited. (Information: 604/253-1258.)



LEATHER CALENDAR

APRIL

- 1 ■ Mr South of Market SF Eagle/ AEF
- 3 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 4 ■ SM Unlw Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touché, Chicago
- 5 ■ Fantasy Masked Ball/ San Francisco/ AEF
■ Evening Social/ SLUG/ The Heat, San Jose
- 6 ■ Ms. Black Elegance Ball/ San Francisco/ (MsL)
■ Club Nt/ Tradesmen Brass Rail, Charlotte NC
- 6-8 ■ 18th Annw/ Shipmates/ Baltimore
■ International Ms Leathers/ San Francisco/ (MsL)
- 6 ■ Mr Leather Tennessee/ Memphis/ Drum Prod
- 7 ■ Forum Party/ A-Mono Club/ Arhus, Denmark
■ Mr Leatherman Toronto Finals
- 8 ■ Party/ Links/ San Francisco
■ Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT
- 8 ■ Bar Nt/ Rocky Mountainers/ Compound, Denver
- 8 ■ Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
- 8 ■ Bar Nt/ Trident R/ Galaxy Providence
- 9 ■ Sunday Social/ SLUG/ The Heat, San Jose/ *
- 9 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
■ JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
- 10 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
■ Program Meeting/ SigMar Washington, DC
- 10 ■ Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- 11 ■ Program Meeting/ Dreizahn/ Boston
■ SM in Focus/ GMSMA/ NYC
- 12-16 ■ Easter Break/ MSC Berlin
- 13 ■ Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
- 13-16 ■ Easter Run/ Jeckaross/ Melbourne
- 14 ■ Bar Nt/ Stallions/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
■ MR GERMANY DRUMMER/ R/ Berlin
- 14 ■ Easter Party/ SLM Copenhagen
- 14 ■ Slave Auction/ ORGASM & Gay Pride/ Portland, OR
- 14 ■ Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- 14 ■ Party/ Bar Francisco/ Leathernecks
- 14 ■ Program Meeting & Bar Nt/ NLA, Arkansas/ L.R. AR
- 14 ■ Bar Nt/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis
- 15 ■ Evening Social/ SLUG/ The Heat, San Jose
- 20 ■ Bar Nt/ NLA Detroit
- 20-22 ■ Trail's End 15/ KC Pioneer/ Kansas City, MO
■ 12.5 yrs Birthday Party/ MS Rotterdam/ Netherlands
- 21 ■ Electricity Party/ Brotherhood of Paint/ Houston
■ Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
- 21 ■ Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco
■ Bar Nt/ Hartford Cottu/ The Pub, Springfield, MA
- 21 ■ Electrotorture Demon/ Griffin MC/ Newark, DE
- 21 ■ Bar Nt/ Rangers MC/ Adams St, Akron
- 22 ■ JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
■ Sunday Social/ SLUG/ The Heat, San Jose
- 23 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
- 24 ■ Demo & Social/ VASW/ G&L Centre, Vancouver
■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 25 ■ Interrogation Scenes/ GMSMA/ NYC
■ Program Meeting/ Aviator/ Los Angeles
- 26 ■ Evening Social/ SLUG/ The Heat, San Jose
- 27 ■ MR. N CALIF DRUMMER/ Intro & Auction/ S.F.
Eagle
■ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago
- 27 ■ Beer Bust/Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno, CA
- 27 ■ Pub Nt/ VASW/ Ms. T's Cabaret, Vancouver
- 27-29 ■ Alamo Run W/ Texas & River City Outlaws/ San Antonio
■ Maneuver Weekend/ Regiment of Black and Tan/ LA
- 27 ■ MAFIA meets Detroit W/ Motorcity Men of Leather & MAFIA, Detroit
- 27 ■ Mr. Philadelphia Leather/ Philadelphia/ GMSMC
- 27 ■ Dr Shock Electrical Play Class/ OSM/ San Francisco
- 28 ■ MR. N CALIF DRUMMER/ Club Townsend/ San Francisco
■ Anny Event/ Pittsburgh MC/ Pittsburgh
- 28 ■ Bar Nt/ Trident Cent/ Masser Mailbox/ Worcester

MAY

- 1 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- 2 ■ SM Jny/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touché, Chicago
- 4 ■ Bar Nt/ Tradesmen Brass Rail, Charlotte NC
- 4-7 ■ 9th Annw/ Satyricon MC/ Las Vegas
■ Riverside Run/ Phoenix
- 5 ■ May Day 4 & MP & Ms NLA/ Seattle/ NLA, Seattle
■ 4th Army/ Ultra Tr. s MC/ Jtcs, NY
- 5 ■ 4th Army/ East Anglia Bikers, England
- 5 ■ MP GREAT PLAINS DRUMMER/ St. Louis / Drum Prod
■ Mr Tennessee Leather/ Men of Leather/ Memphis
- 5 ■ Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT
- 5 ■ Bar Nt/ Rangers MC/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 6 ■ 7th Annw/ Beer Bust/ Triangle, Denver/ City Bikers
■ Cinco de Mayo Beer Bust/ Cal Eagles/ SF Eagle
- 6 ■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC

- Program Meeting/ SigMar Washington, DC
- Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- 9 ■ Program Meeting/ Dreizahn/ Boston
■ Medical Instruments/ GMSMA, NYC
- 12 ■ M. San Francisco Leather/ California Club/ SF
■ SM Party/ SLM Copenhagen
■ Mud Party/ Club Mud/ Rio Nido, CA
■ Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
■ Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks
■ Program Meeting & Bar Nt/ NLA, Arkansas/ L.R. Rock
■ Bar Nt/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis
■ Mud Olympics IV/ Club Mud/ Rio Nido, CA
- 13 ■ MOTHER'S DAY
■ San Welly Sherwood Look Alike Cont/ San Francisco
■ Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
■ Bar Nt/ Trident R/ Galaxy Providence
- 14 ■ Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
■ JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
- 8 ■ Leather Cocktails & Conquistadors/ Orlando
■ Bar Nt/ NLA Detroit
- 18-20 ■ Annual Run/ Blue Max/ St. Louis
■ 3rd Birthday/ The London Blues/ England
- 19 ■ ARMED FORCES DAY
■ MR. AUSTRALIA DRUMMER/ Canberra
■ Cape Escape/ L.L. & Entre Novo Boston & Providence
- AH Ohio Club Night/ Columbus
■ Flea Market/ SLUG/ San Jose
■ Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco
■ Bar Nt/ Hartford Cottu/ The Pub, Springfield, MA
- Everybody's Birthday Party/ CDG/ Chicago
■ Bar Nt/ Stallions MC/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- 20 ■ 22nd Annw/ Beer Bust/ Rocky Mountainers/ Denver
■ Bike Run & Beer Bust/ Golden Gate Guards/ SF CA
■ Special Event/ Griffin MC/ Newark, DE
- 22 ■ Demo & Social/ VASW/ G&L Centre, Vancouver
■ New York Bondage Club/ NYC

US/Canada Club Listings M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (*), are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed. If you can provide a correction please do so.

(SM) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in SM, (W) indicates a women's leather-SM club; (Mixed SM) indicates an SM club that includes men and women, hetero- homo- and bisexual (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs, (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fishing, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc., (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster, they may or may not have periodic meetings, (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside Leather-levi-motorcycle or social clubs for men only; (M&W) indicates the club has both men and women members, (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed please let us know.

Listings for Europe, Australia, and other areas outside of North America will appear in the next issue of *Drummer*.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

Male City Cruisers
601 Village St
Kaukauna, WI 54908

M.A.F.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

***M.A.S.T. (FN)**
■ Masters & Slaves Together
PO Box 41076
San Francisco, CA 94141-0261

MC Faucon
CP 4029 Station C
Montreal PQ H2A 3M2

Men of the Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St
Lakeview, FL 33805

Menamore L.L.C.
PO Box 7364
Wilmington, NC 28406

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave
Memphis, TN 38104

Men Shaving Men (FN)
PO Box 78
215 Davis St
Vancouver BC V6B 5N4

Midnight Leather Club
M. LLC
c/o Hwy 44X
Penfield, NY 14526

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33804

Moar Cuckoos MC
PO Box 701
Cornwall, NY 12518

***Motorcity Men of Leather**
21474 Civic Center Dr #214
Southfield, MI 48034

Motorcyclists of New Mexico
PO Box 34844
Albuquerque, NM 87128-5844

Muscle Mates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
390A Hudson
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against Censorship (X)
123 W 43rd St
New York, NY 10016

National Leather Association
(Mixed SM)

***NLA, National Office**
PO Box 12461
Seattle, WA 98107
(206) 784-8996

***NLA, Arkansas (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 4191
N.W. Little Rock, AR 72216

NLA, BC (Mixed SM)
1170 Bute St
Vancouver, BC V6E 4Z6

***NLA, Dallas (Mixed SM)**
c/o Richards
4012 B Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

***NLA, Denver (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 18968
Denver, CO 80218
303-861-8344

***NLA, Detroit (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 72536K
Berkley, MI 48022

***NLA, Los Angeles (Mixed SM)**
2985 Santa Monica Blvd
West Hollywood, CA 90046
213-656-0218 X.17

***NLA, New England**
(Mixed SM)
PO Box N-1
New Bedford, MA 02740

***NLA, Portland (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 586
Portland, OR 97208

***NLA, San Diego (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 104
San Diego, CA 92103

***NLA, San Francisco Bay Area**
(Mixed SM)
484 Lake Park Ave, #B
Piedmont, CA 94610

***NLA, Seattle (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 20674
Seattle, WA 98102

***NLA, Virginia (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 4286
Richmond, VA 23220-8286
The New Tribe MC (TNT MC)
PO Box 9004
Columbia, SC 29209-0004

New World Rubber Men (FN)
c/o Bill Harvey
1602 Lincoln St
Port Townsend, WA 98360

***New York Bondage Club (FL)**
c/o John Strong
PO Box 457
New York, NY 10018

***New York Strip & Paddle Assoc. (FL)**
406 A Hindostan St Suite 94
New York, NY 10014

New York Wrapping Club (FN)
10 West 20th St
New York, NY 10010

Nimbus MC
PO Box 6823
Grand Rapids, MI 49516

Nine Plus Club, Inc.
P.O. Box 1267 Atlanta St
New York, NY 10024

***Northern Chaps**
PO Box 1243 Edmonton Mall
Edmonton, AB T5J 1K3

Northern Knights
c/o A Man's Work
1909 Detroit Ave
Cleveland, OH 44113

Oberons
PO Box 12423
Milwaukee, WI 53217

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Oklahoma Leathernecks
PO Box 42491
Oklahoma City, OK 73121

O'Leather
484 Lake Park Ave, #B
Portola, CA 94060

Omaha Meupackers
PO Box 6474 Elmwood St
Omaha, NE 68104

The Order of the Marquis & The Chevalier (SM)
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48390-5014

Oregon Guild Activists of S.M.
(Mixed SM)
c/o RGASM
PO Box 5707
Portland, OR 97208

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (SM) PO Box 93643 Los Angeles, CA 90091	Reading Redmen PO Box 1024 Reading, PA 19601	Seattle Dungeon Guild (SM) PO Box 2191 Seattle, WA 98101	Stiletoes F.F.A. PO Box 5811 Jacksonville, FL 32247	*Trident International—LA 1064 Myra Ave #77 Los Angeles, CA 90026
O.R. R.O.C. PO Box 40731 Chicago, IL 60614	The Recruits (W) PO Box 72521 Berkley, MI 48022	Seattle Men in Leather PO Box 23226 Seattle, WA 98101	Stiletoes MC c/o Phoenix Bar 1440 San Mar... Blvd Jacksonville, FL 32205	*Trident—Central Massachusetts PO Box 34 Northboro, MA 01531
Outcast (W) PO Box 13368 San Francisco, CA 94133-0260	Regiment of the Black and Thins (FL) PO Box 825616 Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716	Seattle Wrestling Club (FL) 432 Dewey Place East Seattle, WA 98112	Stringgrass MC PO Box 1041 Henderson, FL 33402	*Trident—Kingston 75 North St., Rd. #12 Kingston, ON N1M 2W4
Outer Limits (W) PO Box 22825 Seattle, WA 98122	Renaissance Men 1616 Putnam Detroit, MI 48208	Selectmen of Detroit PO Box 1835 Trolley Sta. Detroit, MI 48221	Stundance Cattle Co. P.O. Box 1641 Houston, TX 77066 —S.M.—	*Trident—Montreal 7162 Le Bourgogne Montreal, PQ H2K 3X2
Pacific Coast MC PO Box 454 Los Angeles, CA 90021	Riders MC PO Box 549 Boston, MA 02234	S.F.L. (FL) Club PO Box 42031 San Francisco, CA 94143	Saturn MC 1725 Mayes St. Hollywood, FL 33021	*Trident—New Hampshire PO Box 4224 Manchester, NH 03101
Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club (FL) 268 25 Davis St. Vancouver, BC V6E 1N4	River City Outlaws 2522 Avenida Primo San Antonio, TX 78218	Sheila (W) PO Box 416 Florence Sta. Northampton, MA 01061	Satellite Athletic Assoc. Robert Karr 1900 N Andrews Ave., #244 Weston, Florida	*Trident—New York PO Box 1041 New York, NY 10101
Panther L.L. (M&W) PO Box 8039 Atlanta, GA 30306-0039	Rivermen 1417 Logan St. Grand Rapids, MI 49506	Shipmates of Baltimore PO Box 1232 Baltimore, MD 21203	Sweet Muses (W) PO Box 10000 Indianapolis, IN 46201-2314	*Trident—New York (P) 401 Parker St. Newark, NJ 07104
Pegasus MC PO Box 1937 Wichita, KS 67201	Road Riders MC PO Box 1246 Corpus Christi, TX 78404	SigMa (SM) Mainly gay men, open to all; PO Box 1054 Washington, DC 20008	T.B. Boys 3215 Meadow Rd. #1011 Dallas, TX 75231	*Trident—New York (P) PO Box 4224 Manchester, NH 03101
Prismen PO Box 401 Pittsburgh, PA 15208	Rochester Rams MC PO Box 1727 Rochester, NY 14601	Silver Dolphins LLC PO Box 612 Corpus Christi, TX 78406-0129	*T. Bears of Boston 7 Van Krevel Rd. Milton, MA 02186	*Trident—Philadelphia PO Box 1041 Westborough, MA 01606
*People Exchanging Power Dallas (Mixed SM) c/o Neal 1002 Enterprise #216 Grand Prairie, TX 75051	Rocky Mountaineers MC PO Box 2624 Denver, CO 80201	Silver Spurz of Dallas 414 N. Winnetka Dallas, TX 75208	TM4—Atlanta PO Box 1641 Atlanta, GA 30306	*Trident—Rhode Island 653 Rumney Providence, RI 02907
Philadelphia MC PO Box 20220 Philadelphia, PA 19120	Rodeo Riders 1516 N. Boworth Chicago, IL 60657	The 1/2 Society (SM) PO Box 7762 San Diego, CA 92107	*Texas MC Inc. PO Box 152 San Antonio, TX 78201	*Trident—Rochester PO Box 30155, Midwest Sta. Rochester, NY 14615
Philadelphia Uniform Patrol PO Box (FL) c/o The Bike Shop 20th & Quince St. Philadelphia, PA 19107	Sacramento Leather Association 1908 Taft St. Sacramento, CA 94104	Shots for Sensation (W) PO Box 14474 San Francisco, CA 94114	T.E.S. T.A.C. Boston (Mixed SM) The Ecstasica Society The Couples Club PO Box 37 Randolph, MA 02368	*Trident—Toronto 209-A St. Clair Ave. West #2 Toronto, ON M4N 1Q2
Phoenix L.L. Club c/o Greg Adams 701 NJ-Res. St. Miami, FL 33138	Saddleback MC PO Box 56 Los Angeles, CA 90028	Small MC (FL) PO Box 294 Bayside, NY 11706	Texas Cadre PO Box 1041 Arlington, TX 76010	*Trident—Upstate New York 29 Pleasant St. Poughkeepsie, NY 12560
Phoenix Uniform Club 12 Sanchez San Francisco, CA 94114	SSLS (SM) JO 1414 1/2 Union St. PO Box 42901 San Francisco, CA 94101 —Sam Browne Society (FL) PO Box 8291 Phoenix, AZ 85066-8291	SMALLERS (FL) PO Box 90626 Pittsburgh, PA 15231	Texas Conference of Clubs PO Box 66671, Suite 100 Houston, TX 77066	*Trident—Washington, DC 422 Second St. Alexandria, VA 22314
Pioneers L.L.C. c/o W. Curran 1017 D. Commonwealth Ave. Arlington, VA 22205	San Andrews MC PO Box 4034 Orange, CA 92664	Society of James (Mixed SM) PO Box 6792 San Francisco, CA 94101 —J.W. 0452	Texas MC PO Box 5746 Dallas, TX 75237	*Trident—Wilkes-Barre c/o Trident House 1231 King St. West Toronto, ON M5K 1K6
Pittsburgh MC c/o Luis Cereola 1133 Sutherland Rd. Vernon, PA 16477	San Antonio Mustangs PO Box 12511 San Antonio, TX 78206	South Bay Leather & Uniform Group (M&W) S.L.L.C. 1405 Hester Ave. San Jose, CA 95126 408-290-5626	Texas Riders MC PO Box 66121 Houston, TX 77266	*Tri-State Gay Rodeo Association, Inc. (FL) 126 E. Eighth St. Cincinnati, OH 45202
Piccolo Warriors PO Box 144 P.O. Chelsea St. New York, NY 10011	San Antonio Rough Riders PO Box 554 Helotes, TX 78050	*Southern California LeatherWomen Assoc. (W) PO Box 5744 San Diego, CA 92108-0200	The Texas MC c/o Don Lechner 950 NW 26th St. Rd. Miami, FL 33136	Tri-State TUC (Mixed SM) PO Box 9966-6 Pittsburgh, PA 15211
Portland Leathermen PO Box 16704 Portland, OR 97216	S&M Men of Columbus (SM) PO Box 16129 Columbus, OH 43216	*Southern California Wrestling Club (FL) 7419 N Lincoln Ave. Altadena, CA 91001	Threshold (Mixed SM) 1541 Lincoln Blvd. #31 Marina del Rey, CA 90291	*Tri-State (FL)
Portland Power and Trust (W) PO Box 1780 Portland, OR 97208	SAN Franciscans PO Box 611 San Francisco, CA 94101	Southern Junks (W) PO Box 1618 Decatur, GA 30032-0014	Thunderbolts MC (FL-Balis) c/o Jacques Carte 49 Burnett Ave. Norwalk, CT 06854	cisting PO Box 14544 San Francisco, CA 94114
Re-Past 5116 Knight St. Vancouver, BC V5P 1V2	San Francisco Jacks (W) 2116 Market St. #4127 San Francisco, CA 94104	South Florida Eagles PO Box 331565	Toronto Moto-Mix (FL) PO Box 14, Station P Toronto, ON M5S 2B	Southern Junks (W) PO Box 1618 Decatur, GA 30032-0014
Power Circle (W) PO Box 1264 Santa Cruz, CA 95063	San Francisco Leathernecks (SM) PO Box 94151 San Francisco, CA 94141	St. Louis Wrestling Club PO Box 1024 St. Louis, MO 63101	Toronto Motorcycle Riders PO Box 172, Station F Toronto, ON M4Y 2E4	Toronto Moto-Mix (FL) PO Box 14, Station P Toronto, ON M5S 2B
Primumethus (SM) PO Box 5727-1 Memphis City, TN 38117	San Francisco Wrestling Club (FL) 12 Prentiss St. San Francisco, CA 94101	Spartan MC 451 E. Estam Plaza PO Box 22115 Washington, DC 20026	Tower City Corps c/o A Man's World II 2004 Detroit Ave. Cleveland, OH 44113	Toronto Moto-Mix (FL) PO Box 14, Station P Toronto, ON M5S 2B
*QSSM (Mixed SM) 525 Broadway, Box 520 Oakland, CA 94601 415-428-332	Satyricon MC PO Box 18058 Las Vegas, NV 89112	Spearhead PO Box 293 Station A Brookline, Ontario N5X 1B1	The Tradesmen PO Box 36712 Charlotte, NC 28204	Two Wheeler's of Omaha c/o Troy Zamudio 405 Turner Blvd. #K Omaha, NE 68107
Rangers, Inc. PO Box 6504 Cleveland, OH 44101-0504	Savages MC PO Box 131 Los Angeles, CA 90018	Stallions c/o The Leather Staff 7703 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, OH 44114	Tribe MC PO Box 52796 Detroit, MI 48223	Two Wheeler's Auxiliary Group (W) PO Box 16 San Jose, CA 95114
*Rainbow MC 587 Fell St. San Francisco, CA 94107	Scorpion MC PO Box 26527 Washington, DC 20013	Stiletoes International—Detroit PO Box 19436 Old Railroad Sta. Detroit, MI 48214	*Trident International—Detroit c/o Rick Ragan, Founder 4 Southgate Dr. #305 Franklin, TN 37067	*Tri-EZ 1100 N. Western Avenue Los Angeles, CA 90007

Drummedia Rides Again

by Joseph W. Bean

You're right, you're right. We've been short-changing you, giving you too little media news, too infrequently. But, we've got a raft of videos to tell you about this month—quick glimpses all around—and another new magazine you may not already know. So, without further delay, allow us to present *Daddy*.

In October a major contingent of mature men, identifying themselves as "Prime Beets, Aged to Perfection," appeared in my office under the banner *Daddy: The Magazine*. It's a tight little 5½ by 8½ inch package of 64 slick pages. The Rogue, who is the editor of *Daddy*, calls his new publication "Smut that loves you back!" By that, apparently, he means simply that if you are a mature man—"generally 35-65"—or someone who appreciates mature men, you'll be ready to start a lasting relationship with *Daddy* as soon as you find him.

You'll find photo features of real people, the kind *Drummer* readers have learned to appreciate, but without the leather/SM slant. You'll get hot "bedtime stories." And, of course, you'll find the back pages of *Daddy* bursting with classified ads written to and from Daddies. And just to get YOUR attention, *Daddy* number two (published on schedule or thereabouts) features a former regional Mr. Drummer on the cover and inside. That's Carl (Fetterman), Mr. East Coast Drummer 1985.

If you want *Daddy*, and you've already checked out your local smut shops and bookstores, write *Daddy: Ganymede Press, Inc.*, P.O. Box 5325, Harrisburg, PA 17110-5325. Send \$18.00 for four issues, \$34.00 for eight issues.

LOTS O' VIDEOS

Palm Drive Style: Video tapes from Palm Drive have a style that is all their own. Where most erotic entertainments leave the viewer entirely out of the action, a voyeur contenting himself with other people's sex play "over there," PDV grabs the viewer—imagination, gut, butt, and groin—and drags him (me!) into the scene. The concept is simple, the performer plays with and very directly to the viewer.

Christopher Rage does the same thing at times, notably with the star pisser in *Raunch II*. At a slightly different angle, Zeus Studios' *Tightropes* videos open up in a similar way. But PDV does it like nobody does, every time. Each producer has his strengths, but this gotcha-good style belongs to Palm Drive.



An Ordinary Example

As an "ordinary" example of PDV's go-for-the-guts, direct-involvement style, *Blond Sadist* with Bobby Stumps will do nicely. On the other hand, this is a far from ordinary leathersex video.

At first, Stumps is just a hot man in longjohns and a cowboy hat strutting his considerable muscular charms. Soon, though, he eases into the PDV gear. Coily, barely confessing that he knows we know he's on video, he glances

back over his shoulder as he swaggers confidently away. "Comin' with me?" he asks, sure that we will. And, who wouldn't?

Where we go with him is into a shed where he sits in a saddle and proceeds to Top the viewer. This Stumps man knows how to do it. Fucking, fistng, riding you like the animal he knows you are. Using his spur to prick you, bit and bridle to control you, reins to whip you, he'll put you through your paces till it's all you can handle. Meantime, you do whatever you can to feel what

the cowboy is doing

It all very hot, very personal, and as real as video gets.

Extraordinary Example

The Palm Drive idea seems safe, sane, and—because it's up to you to turn on the VCR—consensual. Wrong. Carried to its far less than obvious extreme this kind of viewer involvement crosses the line and becomes becomes a totally different kind of experience. That experience calls to mind words like transcendent, impossible, irresistible; and the perfect example is *Mud*.

J. D. Slater is the performer in *Mud*, but the act is so intense, so gut-first, so grit-on-grit that the idea of performance will never occur to you. What goes on as Slater's tough, POW, caged-character reacts to his detention is incredible. If you get it, you'll either want to release the filthy prisoner (but you can't, you don't dare) or Or you'll want to flop your TV onto the floor, none too gently, and stand over it jerking off, pissing to add to the mire Slater is wallowing in, spit for pure effect, and who knows what else.

This is not a video for everyone. Not by any means. As Cocteau moved the visual language of poetic film to an almost incomprehensible level with *Beauty and the Beast*, Jack Fritscher of Palm Drive moves erotic video to a never before imagined level. If you can resist the urge to abuse the image on the TV screen during *Mud* (or run from it), you are very, very strong (or you don't get it).

Doubt your strength? Put *Mud* away for a few weeks, brace yourself, try again. On one level, only a Top can be the viewer half of the *Mud* equation. From another side, anyone can get there. Hell, so Slater's captured, caged, filthy, muddy, raging . . . so give him half a chance and he'll get you, supposing that's the inclination of your imagination.

THE ENLIVENED ARTS

Over the years there have been plenty of programs of works for home viewing—portfolios, slide sets, and 8mm films, not to mention coffee table books and the more moderne art exhibits on video. Through it all, apart from owning the originals, nothing has really been more than a record of the two dimensional art works. Now, something new is happening.

The Hun Up Close

Rainy Night in Georgia is Palm Drive Video's treatment of a group of closely-related full-color paintings by the Hun. There are a lot of ways of handling art on video, and PDV found just the right approach for these outstanding "Hun-works." Rather than making any attempt to discuss or explain the art, this tape just blends the pieces together, collage macrophotographed details and letting us examine every delicious, thirst-quenching detail.

The images here are black men and blondes getting together in their jail cells on a moonlit night, doing all the outrageous things you imagine in your most fantastic dreams. PDV's track is all mood, no commentary. For the most part, the sound is something like zillions of

OCT 10 - COUNTY JAIL & PRISON (R)
OCT 17 - TURNER LE HALL (R)
OCT 24 - STATE PG SON (T)
OCT 30 - CHAIN GANG (R)
+ HOME LIVING GAMES -
NOV 7 - COUNTY JAIL (T)
NOV 14 - JUVENILE HALL (T)
NOV 21 - STATE PRISON (R)
NOV 22 - STATE WATER PRATICE



drunken warlocks chanting, as if casting a spell to bring the painted figures to life. Credit the chanters or Palm Drive as you will, but somewhere in the course of the tape the movement seems to shift from the camera to the writhing Hun-made super-bodies.

Tom of Finland: The Moving Picture

While the "life" of the figures in PDV's Hun tape comes from the combination of camera effects and hypnotic effects, the movement in Altomar's Tom's Men video is produced by video technology. In the beginning, we are visually informed that the images are in a JO book. Then we are moved into the book.

By means of cut-outs, moving video inserts, colored areas added to the black and white drawings, and other "tricks" of the editors' trade, a genuine animated feeling is developed. In fact, in these days of Saturday morning cartoons based on such limited animation, the

techniques used to give the impression of motion to Tom's drawings compare very favorably with most of the inked-motion film and video we are exposed to.

One of the stories animated (yeah, animated, but without doing any violence to the original drawings) on this tape is "Sex on the Train," a Tom classic. This is the one where two guys meet on a train, do it all with each other, then are half-willingly joined by the steward . . . who, of course, becomes an enthusiastic participant when he sees what they have to offer. The other story is a camping scene, and the techniques used here are a little freer, meaning that for a Tom fan they're better. Sketches are mixed with finished drawings, live shots of water, and some very interesting color work.

If you want to examine the art from a fan's point of view, the PDV tape of the Hun is easily better than Altomar's Tom of Finland tape. If you



want to see the possibl ties for bringing a story to life, the Tom tape is easily superior. And yet, if what you want to do is have highly-charged erotic stuff—background for real action?—either will do. With that in mind, though, you should be warned that there is some archival footage at the end of the Tom tape that will refuse to be pushed into the background. The images are just too striking and too unfamiliar to be ignored.

Sin? What sin?

J. D. Slater, who is the performer in Jack Fritscher's *Mud*, is the "host" and producer of *Guilty*, released by Izzat Productions (San Francisco). This is definitely a video that should be in every leathersexual male's home collection. Maybe you can do without the preamble on the tape, a speech about "It isn't really sinning if you're . . . being true to your own nature." I certainly could. But, on the other hand, an anthology tape needs some excuse to be pasted together, I suppose, and this intro is short and not as annoying as most. Besides, Slater knows what he's doing.

After the mercifully brief intro, Slater washes the slate clean. Close up on a very handsome cock aimed straight out at you. It starts passing

Directly onto your TV screen. A very satisfying effect. If you're anything like me, you'll want an endless video loop of this moment, if only there were a way to get such a thing. Ah well, you get to see it every time you sit down to enjoy *Guilty* again.

Speaking of enjoyment, the anthology here includes three major scenes. While only the third got my blood boiling, I know plenty of people who'd pop their corks half way through either of the others. So here's what to expect:

Scene One: a hot blonde hunk with tattoo, big dick, very big cigars and powerlifting balls jerks off for you. There are freezes and fades and other effects throughout that extend the scene and boost its erotic tensions. That is, most of the effects work that way, but some of them seem to get in the way (for me, they do).

Scene Two: a pair of leather/levi cocksuckers who are believable, as Slater's men always are, and real-world beautiful, as his performers usually are. What is most unbelievable about these guys is that they both have such superior dicks, especially the Top. While this is a sucking scene, the sucking is not confined to dicks. Such lovely pil-sucking!

Then comes **Scene Three:** This is one of the hottest, sweatiest, sexiest, most heart-wrenching leathersex scenes I have ever found on a video tape. Heart-wrenching? Yes. The problem is they are there, out of reach. The bottom in this scene is a hungry, hungry boy who just can't get enough rimming, ass whacking, foot licking, fucking, or degradation. In fact, you definitely get the idea that this kid's picture is probably used in uncensored dictionaries next to the word *insatiable*. And the Top is no slouch either. He gets into a good deal of tit-play (his own tits included), uses a vacuum pump over his own cock and balls, and generally gets with the program.

Guilty? Absolutely not. These guys are doing anything and everything, doing it with uncontrolled enthusiasm, and doing it well. The only reasonable reaction to *Guilty*'s third scene is to get up and do for yourself what these guys demonstrate."

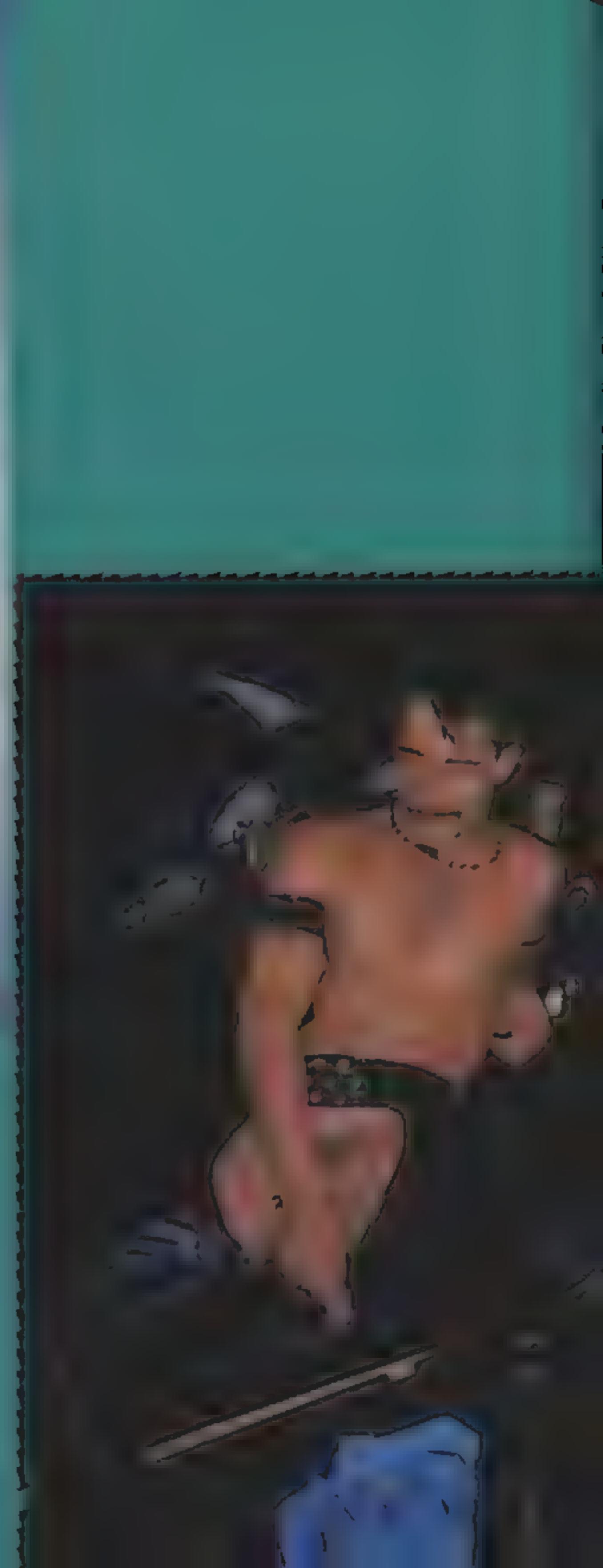
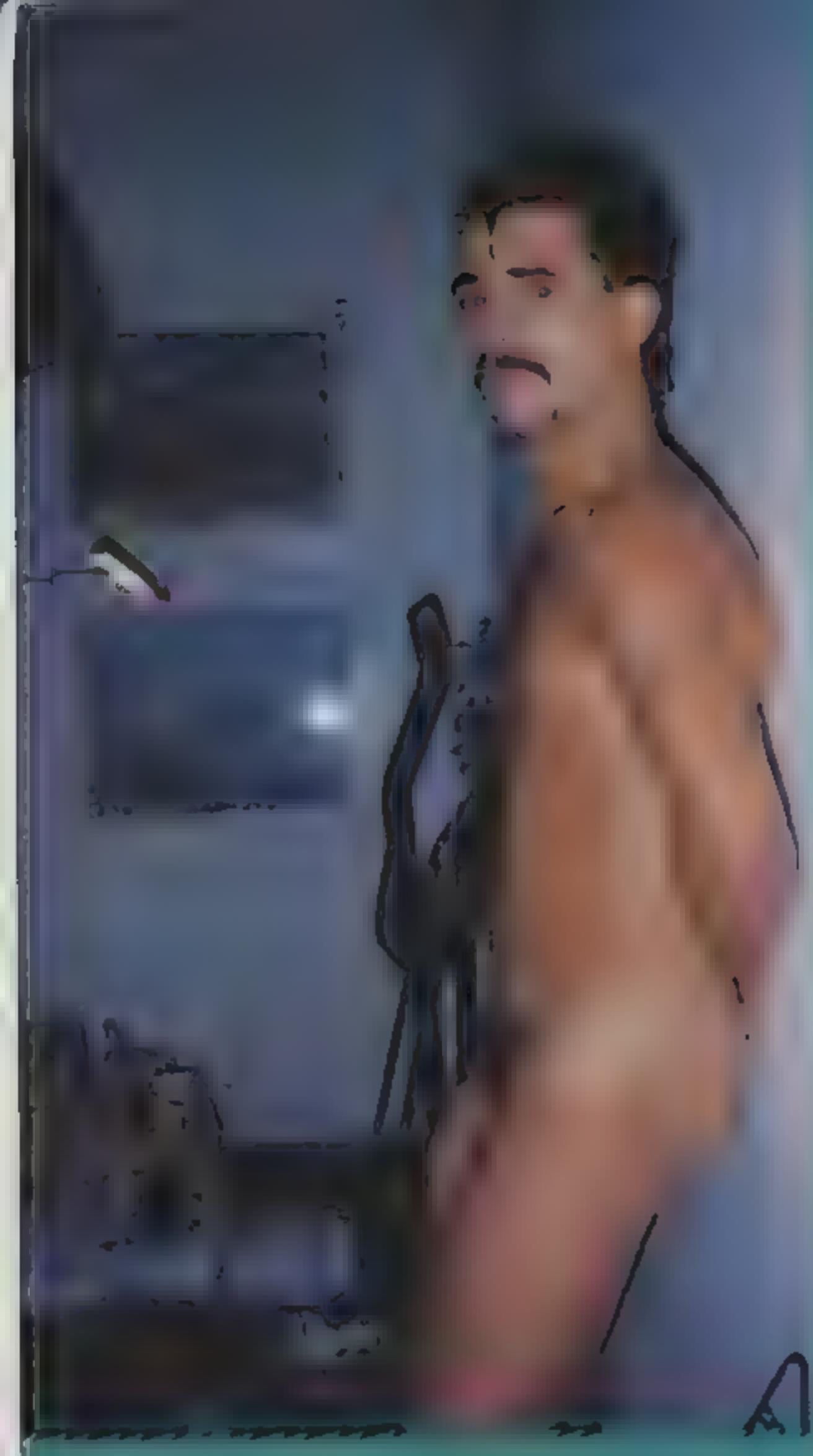
CUMMING DISTRACTIONS

Next time, Drummedia will look at some new video titles from Adam and Company (Keith Ardent fans take note) and a new crop of picture books worth a look or two.

A NEW
Video By
J.D. Slater
From Izzat Productions













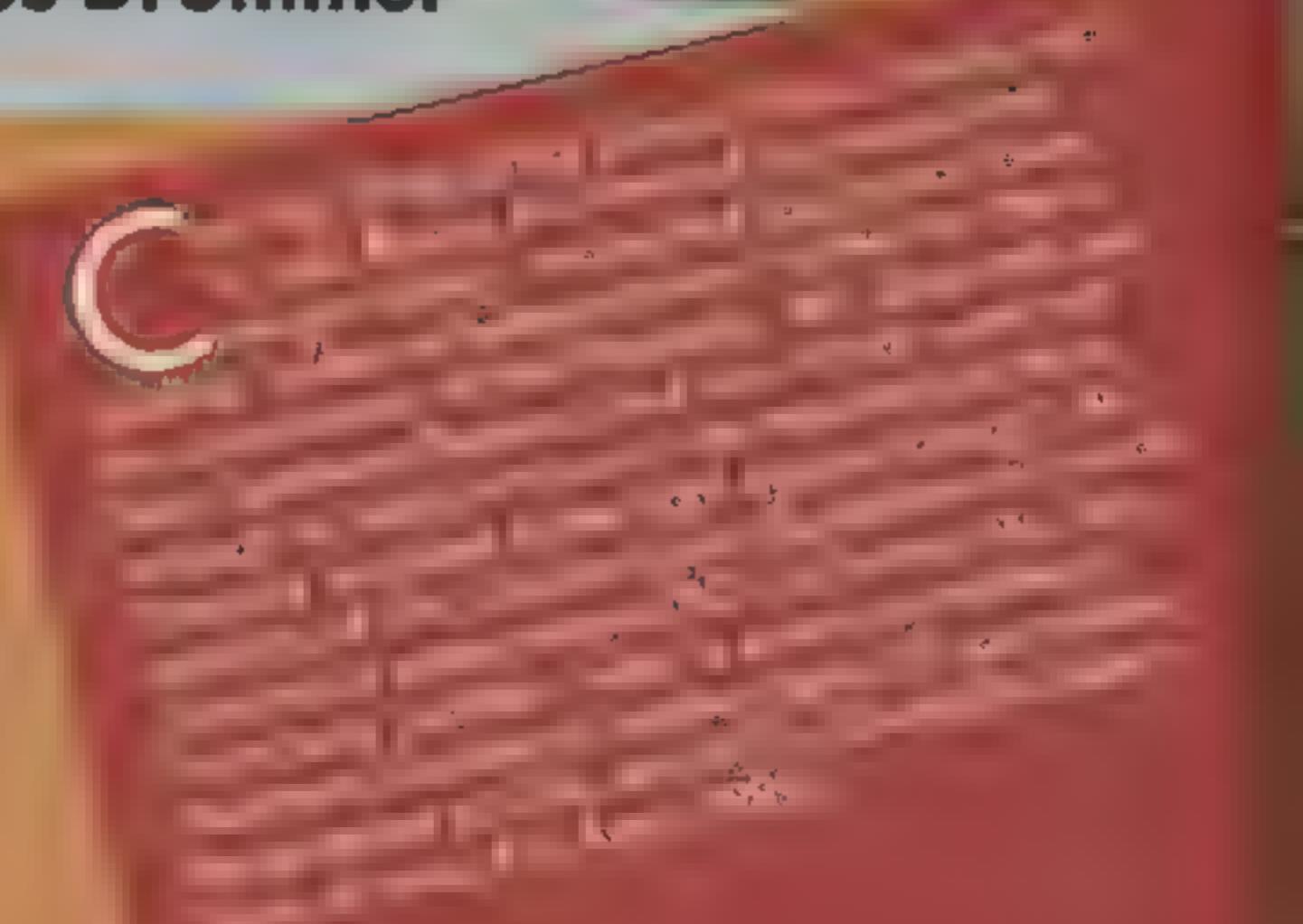


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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

On New Year's Day, I watched with horror as a group of AIDS activist crazies threw themselves in front of a float, trying to disrupt the Rose Parade. I'm sure that most of our Community would agree with me that this isn't the way to get whatever it is that these people want. In other instances they have thrown paint on the front doors of Catholic churches, and I understand that in NYC they even invaded Saint Patrick's Cathedral and threw the sacred Eucharist onto the floor. I know that in the past you have been involved with several responsible groups within the Gay Movement, and that you have spoken out against this type of unreasonable behavior. What can we do to stop these people before they turn the whole country against us?

—Concerned, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Concerned,

The best way to stop these crazies, of course, would be for the government and the Catholic Church to make some response to their legitimate grievances. However misguided they may be, or may appear to be, (insofar as their behavior is concerned) they are trying to make some changes that would be very beneficial to all of us. The ones who did the number at the Rose Parade were from a group called "S.A.N.E." which is not the same organization that has been going after the Catholic church. (That's the ACT UP people.) Whereas I am distressed to see gay activists making fools of themselves by physical attacks on church property, I am even more distressed to hear the supposedly responsible Archbishop of Los Angeles condemning the use of condoms as a means of preventing the spread of AIDS virus. In many respects, our government and some of our churches are unrealistic, prejudiced, and way behind the times. I'd like to see these attitudes change. Desperate situations stimulate desperate responses. Although I think the kids are going about it the wrong way, I don't think it behooves us to condemn them out of hand.

Dear Larry,

I would just like your opinion on the apparent "gouging" which is going on in the sale and distribution of AIDS medications. The price of AZT, although recently lowered, places it intolerably high and out of reach for many people who really need it. Pentamidine, which I think is the second most commonly prescribed drug, is also outrageously expensive. There are a number of other medications in use by people with AIDS that carry very high price tags, and I wonder if there isn't something that we should be doing—writing our legislators, etc.—to correct the problem. Do you know what's going on in this respect?

—J.T., Huntsville, AL



Dear J.T.,

The price of prescription medication is generally outrageous, not only for AIDS-related preparations, but for almost anything else you have to buy to sustain your health. Some of the problem lies with the failure of the federal government to subsidize the R&D, which forces drug companies to spend their own money to develop the drugs. They must then attempt to recoup these costs once the drug is finally approved for sale. In the case of AZT, there is some legitimate cause to question the price, since the government did contribute at several stages along its path to final development and release to the public. As to pentamidine, however, it is my understanding that little if any government funding went into its development. This drug, like many others, is the product of private enterprise. I don't know if it would be a wise move on our part to send a signal to the drug companies, that we as a community are going to make it impossible for them to make a profit on whatever they may develop in the fight against AIDS. We need them on our side, and we badly need the products they are capable of developing. If the Community has to bear the cost, or a portion of the cost, it's better that we do it and try to beat this wretched disease. This means, of course, that all of us should be contributing as much as we can to the organiza-

tions that are out there offering assistance to guys who need the medications. As an individual, you can accomplish much more by doing this than by bitching to your congressman—who is either on our side already, or pre-set to ignore your letter.

Dear Larry,

Gay men familiar with watersports might be interested in knowing that urine has also been used as a healing method for thousands of years and continues today. AZT-free PWAs are controlling oral candidiasis, diarrhea, and skin problems with their own urine. Disappearance of KS lesions has been reported within the group. Because of the intense taboo against urine, this knowledge is not easily accepted by most people. I suspect *Drummer* readers will be more open minded.

—Name Withheld

Dear Withheld,

I don't know if there is any validity to your treatment theories or not. My medical advisors all tell me you're a crackpot and I should ignore you; but that's to be expected, even if you've got something worth investigating. I'll list your address for the benefit of anyone who wants to check you out, but with the disclaimer that neither the *Drummer* editors nor I can make any recommendations one way or the other: Water of Life Institute, P.O. Box 22-3543, Hollywood, FL 33022.

Hi Larry,

I am new to San Francisco and in need of some guidance. I've been in the SM community in Chicago for 20+ years, and whenever I needed to learn a new technique, I could turn to Hellfire's SML. I've recently met a dynamite young bottom who enjoys things I've never dealt with (electricity and catheters). Is there a group where I can learn this? I don't believe that reading technique and doing hands-on learning can compare.

—Ed, San Francisco, CA

Dear Ed,

I don't live in S.F., so my comments must be secondhand from friends in the city. I understand there is an NLA chapter being formed in your area, and also some talk about starting a Gay Men's program group like GMSMA (NYC) or Avatar (LA). When and if these come about I would expect *Drummer* to do a write-up on them. There is also The Fifteen, who seem to be very active, but I don't know how much by the way of instruction they offer. I do know that some of their membership consists of former and/or active Hellfire guys. Their mailing address is: P.O. Box 421263, S.E., 94142.

THE DRUMMER

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LEATHER THERAPISTS

Guy Baldwin, writer of Drummer's "This That"

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What else?

Put anything you want in your ad, except references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs

Expect about a 60-day delay from the time we receive your ad to when it appears in print. Remember, it takes time for people to respond, too. So if you're looking for Christmas presents, it would be smart to send us the ad 90 or 120 days before Christmas. Also remember replies by International mail may take longer than domestic mail.

HOW TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR AD:

How to reply to a Drummer box number. Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1.) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2.) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish to letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3.) Put proper postage on the envelope—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. 4.) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address.

Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.



JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY!

Membership has its privileges: a one-year subscription to Drummer and a free 10-line classified ad (as measured on the order form in Drummer) for 12 issues. Leather Fraternity members also do not pay for a box number or pay forwarding fees when they write Dear Sir box numbers. Members may change their ads up to three times (non-members may not). A Leather Fraternity box number for your ad is included in the \$20 membership fee. And from time to time Leather Fraternity members are offered other benefits.

Add 1 up. A Drummer subscription costs \$30. A 10-line personal ad running 24 mes would cost \$354.60. Normal forwarding fee? No box fee? So, ever. If you never use the forwarding service, you're already saving a year's \$328.00. Do it. Just use the grid order form in this magazine. Your subscription will begin with the next issue we ship and your ad will begin usually two issues after that (there is always a 60-day delay from the time we receive an ad or a change to an ad, and when it appears in print).

Brad column is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles. He is now compiling a directory of LeatherSM-positive therapists and counselors. If you work in this field and wish to be in touch with others who share these interests, please write to Guy Baldwin, MS, cb Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. Please describe your licenses, degrees, special training, and areas of expertise. Also indicate whether you work with men and/or women, homosexual and/or heterosexual clients.

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive masculine 42 year old blond WM seeks a submissive, obedient, masculine affectionate son age 18-35. You should expect old fashioned woodshed discipline when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring strict daddy. Serious only write or call before 11:30 PM EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 7D19LF

EAST COAST LEATHER TOP

GWM 38-8-4, 190, brown/blue, hairy pants with hard nipples, seeks similar Tops/bottoms to 45. Am into work 30 and hot sale workouts. Educated, stable, professional. Jocks and Asians a plus. Send photo/phone to Box 7199LF

RAUNCH/SCAT BUDDY

Good-looking WM, 37-5-9, 145 Washington DC area seeks other hot men for top/bottom, mutual raunch and shilly action, sniffing dirty, stinkling assholes, rank, sweaty pits, smelly feet, farts, dirty shorts, piss dirty talk. I like ass sliding out a man's hairy asshole turn you on? send hairy letter, photo. Some travel possible. Box 7717

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

WM. 30s, lean, athletic, straight type; seeks same for sale, sadistic fun! Want other manly young for two enthusiasts for playful but sizzling adventures. Hendish tests of manhood and endurance whipping and torturing each other's hard bodies without injury or lasting mark! Want regular guys no sleaze, submission brutally! Box 7330LF

TALL ATLANTA HUNK

Seeks horsehung (9"+) studs for incredible daceep throat service. You won't believe I ate the WHOLE thing! Travel to NY, CA, FL. Bob 404-446-8716, ext. 24688

ITALIAN LIL DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for back-to-back encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/bop/BB pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ., PO Box 91181 Henderson NV 89009

COPS/OTHER BOOTTED MEN

Smartass Military, cocky airline pilots, swaggering cowboys, crewcuts, high and lights, no beards. Handsome sans but tough TOP will cuff, feed BOOTS and SQUARE AWAY wiseass BOOTTED men punished and confined when needed. 21+ photo/letter preference to uniformed sale sex white only! Box 7545LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Northwest boy, successful professional, former model, current bodybuilder. 5-10, 190, masculine intelligent and funny. I have everything except a topman to please. Bearded and/or bearding Daddy a plus. Let me fulfill your sale leather fantasies for a lifetime! Box 7647

SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking, 30, 6-2, 180, bi/bi, cock hungry fucker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome hung horny Master/Daddy

into hot sweaty leather/rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Sale/Sane Serious SM. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

HUNKY, HOT DADDY

Handsome WM, 40s, 6-3, hot hairy TOP seeks masculine bottom/son to discipline, caress your body and explore our sexual fantasies. Into creative BD, CBT, WS, light SM. Submit detailed letter with photo to Box 5063LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Do you crave hard labor on a real chain gang among muscular guys dragging heavy irons & sweating like steers? Then write Box 33, River VA 24149. Have irons, will chain - or be chained! 7352LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

WM 23, 6-2, 190, brown/blue, uncut, athletic, masculine, submissive, into BB, long hair, BD, shaving, piercings. Possible heavier scenes. Seeks dominant male 35 or younger or lover for mutual Drummer relationship. Graduating in spring (accounting.) Grades would make relocation easy. Write with offer I can't refuse! Photo please. Sam Box 7482LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Can you take it? Two hot GWM's (Top/bottom, 42/37) into all forms of bondage, disciplining, light SM and sale sex want to find out! Replies only from hard bodied men with proper attitude who need to be bound and abused for our pleasure. Limits respected. Expanded. No drugs. Northeast US Box 7620LF

BLACK LEATHER SEX

Dominante me in your tall boots, gloves, chaps/pants, harness, MC jacket, etc. the look, smell, feel, taste of black leather on a topman makes me rock hard! WM 5-10, 160+, brown hair, hazel eyes, 35 yrs. Moustache, non-smoker, no

drugs, no pain. Have Harley, will travel. Box 7686LF

TRUCKERS

Masculine guy likes nothing better than servicing 18-wheelers. Why sleep alone in your rig when passing through Houston? Get what you need the most; some TLC, too. Older men especially welcome but age looks unimportant. Drop me a line. I'll send you my number. All truckers answered. Mike. Box 7649LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Force me to my knees and wrap my cunt lips around your dick. Spread my legs and fuck my hairy pussy. David (714) 539-9551

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Very masculine, country guy, 46, 6-5, 200. Loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Hairy, uncut, 6 inches plus will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger, straight acting, masculine man. If you're not country, don't waste my time! Send photo and more! (Northwest of Houston, TX) Box 7122LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Masculine white male, 27, 5-11, 160, healthy, saleslame and good-looking seeks Black or Latin, masculine, dominant Top/Master to be serviced the way you like it. I will be your Yes Sir male bull trout & totally passive slave. This is for serious only, not fantasy seeking. I am able to travel both Canada & U.S. Photo a must, all answered. Box 7667

OLD FASHIONED SLAVE

Wanted: Cock-sucking, ass-eating, piss-drinking masochist! His unimportant looks age race unimportant just desire for good old fashioned sex and sadism. Must relocate to Bay Area. Photo, phone, address, and qualifications to Box 7613LF

SIR, TAKE TOTAL CONTROL

Please! Sir. this 35. GWM 5-10 HIV+ hairy slave.

semi-experienced in CBT, BD, piercing, Wax worshipping, catheters, shaving, electrocautery, rimming, WS, etc. Only limit is no permanent damage. Sir, I'm only fulfilled in body, mind, and spirit when serving my any age, race Master/Daddy completely! Box 7054LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN
I'm 5-7, 145, goodlooking BB. Need Daddy who can show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM, willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long-term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN
30 year old Harley biker looking for a tough, wild cycle slut into heavy SM scene and Harley lifestyle. Into cigars, sweat, beards, amala, leather, boots, beer, tattoos, dirt, dicks, spit and heavy SM mansex. Send letter and photo to PO Box 2456, New Westminster, BC, Canada V3L 5B8 (Canadian Postage Required) 661BLF

TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock/sass whipping, bondage, and getting Master a cock serviced. Am WM, 5-10, 145, 50s, moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF seal San Francisco Planning visit? (415) 469-0855 or Box 6993

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

seeks similar. I am booted, 40, 5-8, 160, into making out/fucking around in cop-tough macho black leather gear. Heavy duty Nazi/CSA talk. Crotch to crotch attitude. Smoke/beer. Get Hewell. PO Box 272364, Concord, CA 94527

INTERVIEW WITH THE HUN

Like to make Leather Events in N. America, Europe. Looking for traveling partner for double occupancy traveling on gay cruises. Also info med SM TT and CBT (408) 233-8588 5:30-10:30 CST

ARTWORK BY THE HUN

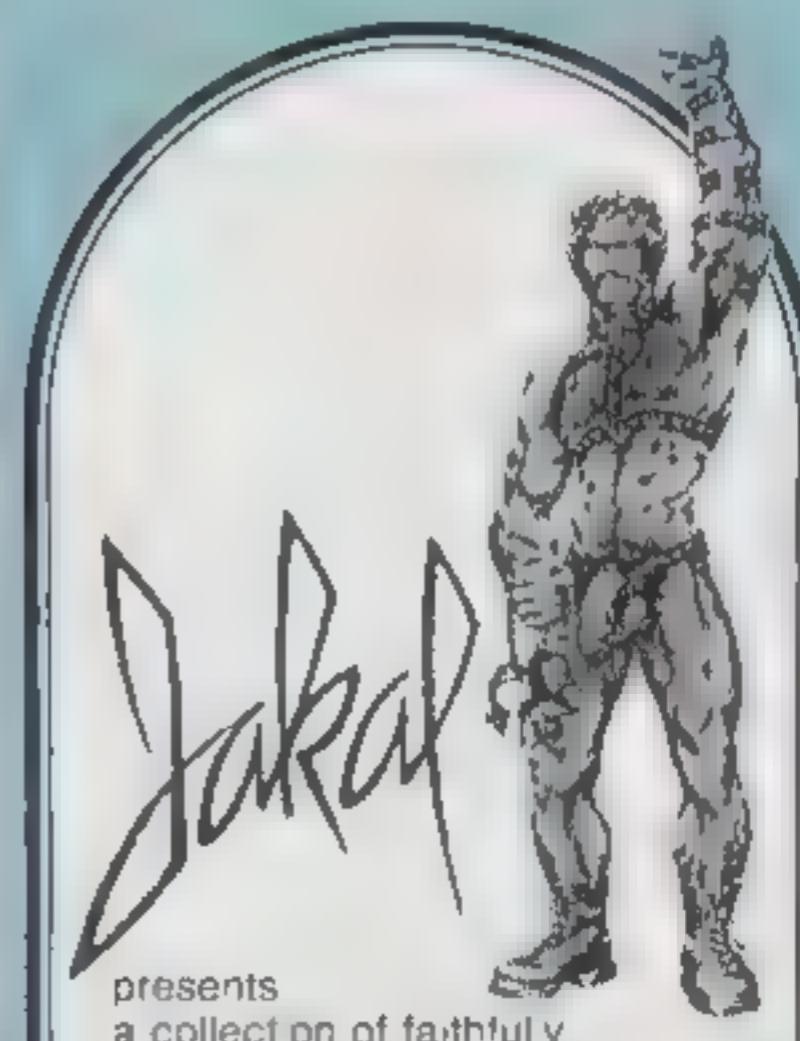
brochure of card sets & art books

HUNHAUS P.O. Box 11308
Portland, OR 97211
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drawings by DOMINO



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P.O. Box 20816
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New York NY 10025-1516



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CATALOGUE \$2.00

Purchasers must be 21 years of age or older. Age statement and signature required

JAKAL STUDIOS
P.O. Box 180506
Austin, TX 78718

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Handsome, hung, 34 yo, 6-2, 180 lb, country boy with very creative mind. Visits US often, desires contact with others into military or prison induction scenes with head and body shaving, torture and rape. Writer fantasy leading to real scenes during visit, top or bottom. Box 7262LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Leatherman serious about bodybuilding, posing, body worship wants to exchange photos and possibly meet other men who are proud enough to show it. Will also consider BB training for a slave with potential to be huge. Box 6237LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

For permanent ownership as this man's prized possession. You, no limit masochist, into real slavery not fantasy role. Ready to surrender your life, accepting total mind-body discipline, torture, permanent bondage, kink, foot-foot worship, public-private humiliation. Master dark Italian Scorpion, 35, 6ft, 165 hard, hairy lbs. Inch uncut-thick experienced sadist. Send mandatory biographical application, photos to Box 7262LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Master 43, 6-3, 210, blgr, hung, experienced with well-equipped playroom seeks live-in slave. Serving your Master will be your life. Slave must be slim and 18-35. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 7472LF

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM, 6-2, 175, working man into hot, intense sex! CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extra. If discipline is your desire submit your needs and expand your curiosities to PO Box 883, Ogden, UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter/phone/photo Box 6829LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

GWM, young 43, wants to hear from all men also fascinated by fire. Interested in responses from fellow sadists as well as masochists. Everything from CBT to human torches. Swap stories, fantasies, pix. Like jeans, leather, western, uniform. Suite K47 496A Hudson St. NY NY 10014

HOT AND HORNY COUPLE

Wants to be your fucking mirror image, matching you and your lover/partner/slave/son, stroke for stroke, position for position, side by side at the same time in our playroom. Your couple seeks visiting COUPLES for fun times. Join us. Occupants, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago 60641 8848LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

5-9, 165, average built seeks buddies into muck or mud wallowing scenes, clothed in boots, 501s, leather or rubber. Travel Northeast but answer anywhere. Have city cellar but looking for barn, barnyard or country facilities. Age looks secondary. Muck/mud action counts. Contact Box 7464LF

27 YEAR OLD

white guy interested in tattoos, piercing, crew cuts. Want to hear from others and see hot photos. Information on stretching the skin of my cut cock to make a foreskin, too. Post Office Box 196, Boston MA 02112 7118LF

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Stern, austrocratic Prussian Colonel, 44, 6ft, 160, provides strict training and discipline to legal-age stud boys of all nationalities and dispositions. Will safely test limits and punish failure without feeling until complete submission is achieved. No BS letter and hot photo. Box 7050LF

BONDAGE

30, GWM, slim defined, goodlooking, seeks young bondage bottoms. Tight inescapable ropes, restraints, belts, gagged, strained, stretched. Also spank, shave, 3-way, wax, TT, SAFE SEX only, novices welcome. Sensitive lits and non-hairy a plus. Southeast Box 7261LF

NEED DAD IN SC NC GA FL

22, blonde/blue, little guy. Good looking, into workouts, face fucking, tattoos, armpits and

assholes. Will travel and meet macho, white dad/brother. All with photo answered with photo nationwide. Box 455, White Rock, SC 29177

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Italian Lt. Top, 37 requires well/excellent built WM bottoms, other hot tops. Blond USMC, SEAL, cop a plus. Big pecs, CBT, bondage, oil, sweat, tattoos, outdo/add to stimulation of fantasies fulfilled. Additional man/gamerom possible. Phone, photo to occupant Box 91181 Henderson NV 89009 7466LF

SUBMISSIVE PUSSY BOY

wants dominant, aggressive, abusive Coaches Jocks, G1's, Cops to use and abuse me. Pete 213-874-5328. 7691LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

for young, sadistic stud. Be healthy, look under 30, and hot to dominate your 'Dad' Box 7669

MILITARY GUY

32, 6 ft, 160, bodybuilder with Hispanic looks, wants well-muscled White or Hispanic guys for fuck buddies. Send photo (the more skin the better) with reply Box 7120LF

STRICT FATHER 55- 60

wanted by 40 male. Just retired, free to relocate or just travel, my expense. Daddy who wants control of wealthy generous, obedient toilet, send phone to Steve, PO Box 160772 Irving, TX 75016

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER/LOVER

slave, 36, 5-8, 135 lbs, good shape, shaved head and body, live and a half inch cut dick, 2 gauge PA, experienced, seeks to serve in-control, skilled trustworthy Master/Lover 25-50 intense SM dominance/submission, service in one-on-one ownership relationship. Health, no drugs. Photo please, thank You. Sir Box 7514LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Dominant top, 38, 5-10, 155 lbs, will provide discipline, room and board, etc. for bodybuilding training. Build your body and mind. Become that muscle pussy you need and want. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS, 66502

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

for son/pet/slave. Looks not important attitude is. You are Greek passive, French active/passive (safe). Full training program, school, work as we feel best for you. Relocation required. If not looking for something permanent, don't waste our time. Inexperienced OK. Submit application to Box 7788LF

WANTED: MASTER, TOP OR?

Investor/partner/lover at a well established gay men's resort near Smoky Mtns. I am a bottom. WM 42, 6' hot ass, hairy. Into CBT, TT, Assplay, SM, leather sex in woods. Does 250 acres in the country interest you? Need genuine person(s) to help run lodge and my Ass. Box 7562LF

GRIZZLY BEAR

GWM, 41, 6-2, 225+ black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, HQ biker hung, cut. Into men reality, hairy, hung, honesty. Not into role playing bullshit games or closet cases. All answered. PO Box 572, Worthington, OH 43085-0572, or Box 6440LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Looking for Big d*cks and/or older queens that can be submissive. Fems & fames are fine. MS, BD, WS, BP toys, rimming, potty seat, piercing. All replies w/ hot photos. KWS, 1710 Independence Parkway, Plano TX 75075

THANK YOU

Gitchie Manitou/Great Spirit, Sir, Thank You. Master Tony Sir Sirs of Drummer, Thank You. For Through My Ad I Found my Spiritual and Sexual Master/Teacher/Lover May All You, my Brothers Find Your Path in Balance upon The Earth Mother As. Have Sirs Blessed Be

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

WM, 43, 5-9, 150, beard, pierced, seeks mature, in-shape Black or dark haired men. Into pain, torture, WA, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, shaving, all forms of raunch, animalistic

sex. Open to anything done safe. Satanic Sex preferred. Call or write Karl, 836 Wheeler St Woodstock, IL, 60098. (815) 338-9137 6508LF

MOTORCYCLE COP

I have a very good life, would like to find one man to share it with. I'm 5-8, 165, solid muscle, very goodlooking, honest, hardworking, compassionate, strong, caring, confident. Goals: have farm at the country, own my own bodybuilding gym. Fantasy: make hot movie with another bodybuilder Box 7222LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Hot, GWM in good health, 33, 5-10, 160, blonde/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into SM leather sale/raunch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352

AUSTRALIAN PIG

30-5-8 1/2 215, coming to SF and NYC, wants hot kinky master for total training, scat plus, bondage, humiliation and total degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photos and letters appreciated and answered Box 7575LF

TRAVELING DADDY

GWM, 5-11, 175 lbs, goodlooking, healthy, intelligent, sensitive. Am supportive, professional and have an up personality. Looking for submissive son counterpart between 20-35 for friendship, companionship and mutual satisfaction. Novice welcome. Am into bondage, shaving, great active. Am AIDS conscious, no booze, drugs, smokers. Photo phone to Box 7371LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue, blonde WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious, only write or call before Midnight EST (The number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054 Richmond VA 23240 7039LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Big, masculine male, 25, 6-1, 185, healthy, satanic & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes Sir male bull/wal and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking players. No smokers/drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

DOG/PIG/SLAVE

Craves humiliating boot licking existence. Foot worshipping bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot Master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Uniforms, rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and feet for your pleasure and amusement. 54, 6 ft, 180. Box 7195LF

BIG CIGARS - REAL MEN

Muscular, stached WM 28-5-8 160bs wants a cigar-smoking Top with a "take no shit" attitude if you're lookin for a real man - not a limp-wristed queen you've found one. Work me over. If you're into punching and pinching and p*ss driving face/butt fucking call (818) 889-5475 or write POB 8651 Canoga Park, CA 91309 6777LF

LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44, Son's qualifications: 21 - mid 30s, proportional build, preferably muscular GR/p FR/p, explore lit. cock and ball work and BD in monogamous relationship, must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate. If you qualify write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Lezherman PO Box 1189, Amherst MA 01002 7263LF

HOT PUP

30 year old, blonde/blue, 5-7, 150 lbs, handsome masculine clean-cut boy next door who can take it. No a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. Rare find boy offers ge-

nine commitment. See "Hot Pup." ad, issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Looking for Black or Latin Master who knows how to treat a prime piece of White meat. Need to be dominated and owned by masculine, handsome Master. My limits only exist to be broken and expanded. Slave, 6-2, 210, healthy, muscular, football player's build. Willing to relocate. Box 7320LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

GWM, 40, tall, lean, No B.S. Dad, into weight workouts, wrestling, heavy bondage scenes, seeks boy 18-30 to take full charge of. Call with photo to Box 6831LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

looking for top. Can relocate. I am 6, 170, blonde/blue, moustache, 34 years old. Photo/phone gets mine. Box 7646

PIERCED BOY WANTS PIERCED TOP

very hot, goodlooking, HIV+, college guy, 26, 6 ft, 165, 30 waist with 8-1/2 inch ringed urethra and cock with hot pierced boy-nipples. Muscular, skin, lean body, and shaved crotch. Seeking butch, intelligent, muscular, very goodlooking Top-man with Dad image (39-45) for heavy duty fantasy. Kink, games, torture, roles and above all else, an enduring bond in friendship. All letters with photo included will be answered. Canadian Postage Required. Box 6900LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Folk tale lover believes in fables. Me: she-male roles, Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty, you: Prince Charming, Beast, Bear. Tell sequel to my rescue to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. Box 6378LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

Leatherdad, 56, 6-8, 170lbs, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM. Fantasy fulfillment has life partner needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45 plus, to be dad's naked sextoy and to complete family. Lee, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265 Box 4733LF

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

GWM, 50, hard-working, own business, cultivated, well-travelled, requires slave/houseboy to maintain his beautiful waterfront home in the Florida Keys and cater to his personal needs. Slave will be 18 to 24, boyish, smooth-bodied, medium stature, willing to endure harsh but fair discipline, bondage, permanent piercing, controlled celibacy and compulsory bodybuilding. Small or underdeveloped sexual endowment a plus. If your life is taking you nowhere and you want guidance, instruction and a fulfilling future, this could be the opening you seek. Permanent relocation with small monthly salary banked on your behalf. Suitable applicant(s) will be invited to Florida at Master's expense for in-depth interview. Send personal biography, photo(s) (returnable) and phone number to Box 7711

ASSAULTED & ABUSED

WM, 23, blue eyes, 6 ft, 180, wholesome masculine young man needs a man who is by nature masculine and knows what he wants. My partner appreciates the respect, sincerity and security attainable through a monogamous relationship. QP FA enjoys BD, outdoors, unbridled passion, and related romantic moments. Need a balanced relationship outside of the bedroom. In the bedroom, I'm up to you. Sir C.J. Box 7198LF

DOMINANT COWBOY, BIKER

leather stud needed by very handsome, tight-assed, GWM, 26-5-8, 135, brown/blue, mustache, 9 1/2 cock. Must be very good-looking, muscular, dominant top, under 30, not balding. Must have 9" + cock, small waist, light stomach, no fat little ass, lots of tight black leather, restraints & toys. Fulfill my fantasies, cuff me, collar me, spank me, make me your body-worshipping, bootlicking, cocksucking, ballbanging fuck boy/sex toy. Safe sex only, respect my limits. Picture required for reply. Travel west frequently. Write with photo to Dick Ryder, 1617 Ogden Ave. #116, Leslie, IL 60532

THE LEATHER LINE

CALL NOW!



HEY BUDDY...
IT'S FOR
YOU!!

TALK LIVE WITH
HOT LEATHER MEN
24 HOURS DAILY!

TOPS - BOTTOMS
MASTERS - SLAVES

95 CENTS PER MINUTE
\$2.00 THE FIRST MINUTE

(You must be 18 or older)

Leather
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Alternate Line, Inc.

1-900-999-6576

1-900-999-OK-SM

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

WISE HORNY MASTER NEEDED

Physically ill experienced, masculine, imaginative, oral preferred but all honest inquiries a possibility all answered. Want to be trained to be your phzed possession, sex slave. Box 7535

WRESTLING/ASS WORSHIP

Professional male, 40, seeks Levi/Leather clad men into wrestling including heavy dominant/submissive scenes. Also into prolonged periods of face-sitting and ass-sniffing. Box 7864-F

SLAVE WITH EXPERIENCE

desired by 42 yr old W Master w/lover. If you know how to service a stocky, hairy, sadistic Master, then send letter, photo and phone now to Master Robert, Box 264-2 Dallas TX 75226. All letters answered, only one slave will be accepted. 7436LF

HELP! I'M SHRINKING!!!

Like to imagine you're a towering giant?? Or that you could shrink someone down to doll-size? I like to fantasize I've been shrunk to only a few inches tall. Humiliated by my size, look up in awe at colossus hairy eggs, towering over me like skyscrapers!! Box 7367LF

60s

60s, sexually 40s, has a 24 year old slave. Wants a 2nd slave. Slave in 20s to 35, around 6 ft, 170 lbs. Not fat nor facial hair. Master into Leather and HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant will work and have driver's license. Must be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 pm EST. No JO calls, only sincere slaves need apply. 7526LF

TRAINING

Top WM experienced, with specific drives: handguns, gun leather, physical control, SM, Nazi SS/SA, police, uniforms, tall black boots, being in command - want to meet all serious real men for action. Secluded meetings together are possible.

after exploring our similar interests. Box 7423LF

SEEK MENTAL DOMINATION

Healthy, mature, secure, 5'11", 160, trained bootlicking dogslave existing to serve. Seeking a MASTER into mental domination and mindfucking until my only thoughts focus to MASTER. Shows I am ready to surrender complete control of my mind in humble submission and exist as MASTER's property. 733-LF

HEAVY CBT

Masochist, 37, uncut, needs brutal punishment from sadists into electric & medical experiments, pyrotechniques. 919-723-9882 10 pm - midnight 2555LF

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tattooed weightlifter. Box 5338LF

SHAVING/HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24, wants hot men into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat-top, military high and tight. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ballwork being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shave off some fun! Photo and letter to Box 7042LF

BOOTS, BONDAGE, SHAVING

Agressive, virile cowboy seeks submissive partner. Send photo to Box 526037 SLC UT 84102

TIRED OF WIMP BOYS?

Rugged, active, mid-20s, sad si. Whipmaster same-and-same, seeks unmasochist slaves under 45 for intense weekend SM workouts. Not raunchy or overweight! Write detailed letter for application. Tom, Box 28852 St. Louis, MO 63123 \$760LF

GERMAN LEATHER TOP

German, 6'3, 180, uncut, is turned on by leather and SM. Want to get in touch with interesting and interesting leathermen. Top/bottom into CB/T TT BB, shaving, breath control and most other forms

of the leather scene. Will be in the states in summer 89. Send detailed letter with photo to Box 5755LF

SLAVE SLAVES FOR SALE

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel, needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. Need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 5338LF

ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL

handsome, 36 year old non-smoker, no drugs, wants muscular, stable man to share life. My interests include motorcycle touring, camping, hiking, travel and workouts. I consider honesty, integrity and a sense of humor valuable assets. Let's hear from you. Box 7-19LF

BODYBUILDERS

I've got a big dick. So what! I'm into servicing you and mutual titwork, ballstretching, and assplay. 6-2, 170, 37, tight gym body, stash, hairy chest (sometimes), nice nipples (like having two extra dicks!). Flight attendant, travel nationwide, Canada and Europe. Photo gets same (promptly). Rich, Box 5704LF

LOVE INNIES AND OUTIES

Love innies and outies. What's your fetish? Let's share. Box 7456

NO PAIN, NO GAIN

Not into playing games or roles. Into expanding as a MAN by inflicting and enduring pain. Tortured lots, cock, balls and ass. Muscles bulging and aching from rope and chain. Show me how much you can take, or how much you can give. Top, bottom or in-between. I am 40, blond, blue-eyed, BB. Travel the East coast. Box 7702

MASTER

Handsome muscular man, well-built 5'8-5'9, 45 lbs, seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent, temporary or weekend who is thin, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet-trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat, CBT, hot wax, electro-torture, piercing, BD, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

HOT YOUNG LEATHERMAN

Travelling JS, 22 year old adventurous man into leather, SM, FF, raunch, cigars and more. Willing to try new things. Am 5-6, brn/blue, 8 inches muscular. Seek older than self, adventurous types. Respond with photo and phone to Jordy. PO Box 125, Station H, Toronto Ont. M4C 5H7

BIKE FLAMICO PROTEx DEFENDER

Those names make you stiff? Me too! Lover of leather-traps, leather-boots, uniforms, and military (especially USMC) seeks like-minded men. I'm 39, 5-8, 150, trim hair, health careful, usually bottom but versatile. Travel widely. Photo appreciated. Murray, Box 33831, Station D, Vancouver, Canada V6J 4L8 (Canadian Postage Required), 7266LF

LEATHER BOTTOM IN D.C.

Hot muscular leather bottom, 28, thick moustache, pierced nipples, seeks hot tops/master(s) to serve. Should have mustache/beard & be part of leather lifestyle. Uniforms, cowboys and cops plus. Need to have my lace and tight ass tucked. Slings, mirrors, smoke, aroma, DC area. Box 7707LF

MASTER

Slave is looking for Masters in US and Europe. I am 28 and into TT, CBT, whips, hoods, dildos, humiliation, piss, bondage. Aroma and smoke OK. Please write to Chris Nilsson, Mossabergg 17, 16134 Bromma, Sweden. 8492LF

CB BONDAGE BOARD



GET IT UP AND TIE IT DOWN!

This clear acrylic sheet has one large hole that goes on like a cockring and lots of little holes that allow you to lace your or his equipment down for the sheer joy of bondage or to keep it in place for more diabolical procedures. Great for Do-It-Yourselfers

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HOT NEW DRUMMER/ZEUS S/M VIDEO

USSM/ONE



USSM/ONE is the first of a series of S/M videos produced by DRUMMER/ZEUS PRODUCTIONS specifically for leathermen who insist on their S/M **REAL**. Accomplished Tops practicing their specialty skills on consensual, experienced bottoms stretching their limits to guarantee a level of style and reality for the S/M aficionado here-to-fore unavailable from any other video producer. USSM/ONE was shot near San Francisco over the Mr Drummer contest weekend... inside and outside a mountain top dungeon. Promising prominent practitioners of S/M to star in DRUMMER/ZEUS videos, USSM/ONE starts out at the top of the heap. Performance "stars" of the Chicago Hell Fire Club's annual INFERNO, New York City's hottest S/M duo Fred and Henry virtually guarantee USSM/ONE becoming an instant collectable. In USSM/ONE, Fred (Bondage Master/Whip Master/Sadist) spread eagles his breathtakingly handsome bodybuilder lover between two trees, rip-strips him out of his T shirt, and lays a L-O-N-G, hard flogging on the whip-scared back of one of the most beautiful bottoms in the country. And if this flogging doesn't drain you dry, Henry is then taken down into a dungeon and handed over to DRUMMER'S infamous Fledermaus. Stripped and spreadeagled standing, Henry is thoroughly inspected by Fledermaus' skilled hands and violet wand. Intricately retied into a sling, strategically wired and hooked up to Fledermaus' electro-torture machine, Henry is endlessly jolted with enough juice to light up your life. It just doesn't get much hotter than a former Mr Leather New York muscle-wrenching against his restraints, and screaming at the top of his lungs as Fledermaus counts out the volts as he cranks up the dial; or watching this same bodybuilder bottom get his beautiful broad back brutally flogged by his Whip Master lover. Two highly skilled Tops stretch the limits of one very hot take-it-all bottom just to get your nut. Both sessions on the same 60 minute tape.

USSM/ONE \$69.00

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ASS W PE SEEKS MASTER

ASS W PE SEEKS MASTER
 36, 5-10, 175, black hair, beard, pierced, looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair, piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine! Let's get together! Box 7397LF

WANT YOUR SCALP

WANT YOUR SCALP
 short-haired guys also wanted
 PO Box 2291 New York, NY 10185

EROTIC MASSAGE

When in Minneapolis or St Paul give me a jingle
 507-284-1111

TORTURE - FEET

Want photos male torture, execution-fantasies especially hangings, beheadings, boots, bare feet. Want for want list. Boxholder Box 9414 W B S Dayton OH 45409

WICCAN MASTER

WICCAN MASTER
 36, 5-10, 175, smooth muscular body, masculine, professional. Enjoy safe muscle sex, fit work, JO. Want masculine, well built muscular men with similar interests. Prefer late 30's to late 40's. Tts, muscle and masculinity essential. Box 7701



EAST COAST

TOTAL ENSLAVEMENT

Offered by handsome top 10 two blonder healthy full-service cocksuckers and asslickers. Master is

MAN TO MAN

for mutual physical spiritual sexual and emotional growth. I'm intensely sexual, spiritually aware, physically healthy (HIV negative). Pierced tits or big pecs. Like lifting, bondage, beat. Photo if possible. Box 7477LF

ASSPLAY MARATHONS

Versatile, 25 yo, 6 ft, swimmer's build, attractive, bondage toys, leather, TT/FF groups, one-on-one. No heavy pain. Very verbal. I'll tell you

men OK no bottom only. Versatile preferred. Work in DC NYC travel often. Write TS PO Box 2976 Washington DC 20016 Photo appreciated, phone gets faster response. 7218LF

ASSASSINERS

Goodlooking Top of German descent. 33, 5-10, 145. Big w/ oversized dick and dirty asshole travels

Francisco CA 94107 Box 7117LF

DAD SEEKS SON

GWM, 36, 6-1210 seeking obedient son. I have no physical preferences except that my son must have extremely short, heavily bitten nails. This is a real turn-on for me. Send photos of hands and feet. I will reimburse you for the expense incurred. (I am a very generous Daddy!) Send letter/photos to Box 7661

ALABAMA

LOOKING FOR BUDDY/LOVER

HOT, horny, 32 yr old WM, 200 lb, black hair, beard pierced, looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair, piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine! Let's get together! Box 7397LF

ALASKA

LONELY ALASKA BOY

seeks hungry hunter friend(s). Companion discrete Dad. 30-45 in Southeast Alaska. I'm 32, 5-9, 140, blond/blue, beard. HIV-neg widower, ready to start living again. No leather, latex, BD, CBT and more. Willing to travel, Juneau to Ketchikan year round. Box 7674LF

ARIZONA

PHOENIX PECS & NIPPLES

Handsome gwm, 36, 5-10, 174, smooth muscular body, masculine, professional. Enjoy safe muscle sex, fit work, JO. Want masculine, well built muscular men with similar interests. Prefer late 30's to late 40's. Tts, muscle and masculinity essential. Box 7701

CONFIDENTIAL

TOP MAN WANTED

28 year old male looking for a top man. Must be over 30 years old. I am 6 ft and 178 lbs and I am hairy. Anyone interested in a possible relationship please call (408) 379-8047, San Jose.

UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WANTED

WM, 33, 6'11, 175, boot dog needs training in care of Boots/Leather/Uniform for military/LE type. Have many fantasies that need to be turned into realities. Interested in cigar smoking Tops with arrogant cocky attitude who want a bootlicker to use and abuse BD: verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred. Photoletter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

HOT HAIRY TOPMAN

GWM, 38, 6'160, Blk/Blk, beard. Looking for fuck buddy. If you can throw your legs up and worship my hairy body while I ram my thick 10 1/2" cock up your ass and drive you into ecstasy, you're my man. Into leather, cock & tit play creative sex. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 14054, SF CA 94114

BONDAGE TEACHER NEEDED

GWM, 26, 5-11, brn/blu, beard. Looking for 25-40 muscular w/c teacher of toes, stocks, etc. Not looking for love, just hot times. Willing to try anything once. Photo/phone gets mine. Box 7467

SPREADEAGLE BONDAGE

Handsome, clear cut GWM, 32, 6-4, 180, hung out, blond/blue, tight runner's build. HIV+, hungry to satisfy handsome, hung, clean Master(s); to 40, any race. Strip me, strap me down, torture my cock, beat my ass, make my body writhes. Stuff hard cock down my throat/up my ass. Teach me to serve. Safe, BD, Fk, Grp, assplay, sand SM, 3-way, humiliation exhibition/video. Letter with photo to 584 Castro St. Box 202, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

WANTED: MATURE TOTAL TOP

Masculine, white, submissive (57 to 150 lbs) odds interim service to hung dominant (60+ 8+ 5+) Took early refinement to be owned body and soul. Tattooed at Master's request. All my teeth were removed to please my Master. Would agree to castration if you wish. Totally passive and exclusively bottom. If you are serious, you have found an HIV-neg slave who will worship you as a god. Box 7644

ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, loud mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way. Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Train, tease and abuse this c**t. Amuse yourself while teaching lesson in humility.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

For fun service. GWM. 40. 60, 5-6, 10 drugs. Box 7324LF

NIPPLE TORTURE

Cone-shaped nipples on a smooth, pumped, lean chest. I have them! Do you? GWM - early 40's, tall, educated, defined moustache. White-hot safe sex. Mutual pain/pleasure. No fats or heavy body hair. Boxholder, Suite 406, 3315 Sacramento St. SF CA 94118.

RECRUITER
44 y/o brn/brown, 5-4, 125 lbs. wants you for switch hitting, with my collection. Prefer experienced but will train as necessary. Peter Figue 631 O'Farrell, 9f CA 94109 (415) 673-0452

IT'S A TIGHT HOLE

Is what I'm told. I keep it hot & healthy just for you. Sir! Please take me in the middle of the night whenever you desire - live for your gifts of pain & affection. My masculine, hairy body 35 yo, craves your black-haired instrument of discipline. 406 South Bascom #149, San Jose, CA 95128

SS OFFICER FOR THE 90s

German master gives the orders. You obey. Your ass has one duty: to serve my dildos, fingers, 8 inches and desires. Restraints and punishments applied. Me' attractive 35-5-9, 160, blond, blue, taut, demanding. You 20-40 thru attractive, white, obedient. Photos with subservient letters only. Box 7565

EASTBAY SHITHOLE SNIFTER

GWM, 44, asshole lover eager to meet men who turn on to having their holes snifited, slurped and fingered. Forget the Dial soap and smell like a human male. A fat uncut cock is great, but hell, I'll enjoy whatever you have. Hot note & phone to Box 8371LF

BONDAGE SEX

I'll use leather restraints, rope and chain to put you exactly where I want you and then I'll use you exactly as I want to. I'll bind you, hood you, piss on you, beat on you just enough to get my dick hard and then I'll fuck you (with condoms) and let you if you can take it. No heavy SM, just bondage, leather & little rough stuff, and sex. Looks aren't important, body isn't important. The way you respond to my touch is. Box 7584

NUDE HOUSE BOY SON

Sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40, white or Oriental, drugsmoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter photo phone to Box 6123LF

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5-6, 145 seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Expect a guy to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco CA 94101

RECRUITER

Prolonged immobilization restraint, mummification, ace bandages, tape, harnesses, suspension, playroom mirrors, stretched balls, hoods, swiveling armpits, muscles, crotches, lockstraps, spandex, latex, rubber leather boots, uniforms, gasmasks, catheters, clamps, electroshock wax, shaving, 42 muscular, trimmed beard tattooed, ringed tits. Experienced fit tops/bottoms, safe only. 415 648-2844 until 10 PM

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD
18-35 years old, WM, who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Need safe sex with tight boy. Call me and let's talk. 415 661-0581, 7155LF

WORSHIP ME

WM 40, 5-5, muscular BB, silver beard, balding and severely goodlooking wants boy/buddy to play hot, hard and intense. I'm into leather, SM, boots piss, etc. TT spit outdoors, grease and dirt. Daddy can be gentle and caning. You goodlooking relationship oriented. Photo with honest letter. Serious only. Box 7284LF

MASOCHIST SEEKS SADISTS

WM, 45, 5-10, 183 lbs., enjoys a combination of various tortures applied safely. Serious, skilled, equipped, mean, caning, intense, creative relationship desired. HIV+, healthy. Descriptive letter explaining your needs and experience with photos, phone. No bullshit, please. Gary Richards, PO Box 781, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-0781, 7386LF

I WANT YOUR MIND SLAVE

You must seriously have a compelling need to serve, want to relinquish decisions and have a desire to focus on the wishes of your Master. Also, you must be naturally submissive, docile, have an

3 COWBOYS SEEK TOPMAN

2 WM looking for hairy topman between 30-50 to ride us good. We are 31-5-10, 175 and 35, 6-5, 195, both hairy with moustaches. You are well hung and G/A who loves to fuck. Take turns with us. Truckers and uniforms a plus. Send picture and letter to Randy and Mike, 2443 Fair Oaks Blvd. #140, Sacramento, CA 95825

WANTED: OLDER EXPERIENCED

Dad by 25 year old (bottom or mutual) boy. I'm looking to explore/realize my sexual fantasies including toys, bondage and uniforms. Buy loved beefy daddies with moustaches and chewable tits. Boy is

TRAIN ME

GWM, 38, 6-1, 170, moustache defined build, bugling leather codpiece, hot round ass, looking for young leathermaster in control to slowly expand my limits. Teach me to take what you have to give, expand my hot hole with dildos, admit the hot ass you're in control of. Teach me to satisfy you. Your scenes are my turn-ons. If you're looking for a regular sexual partner or one hot session for mutual exploration, write, include photo and phone. Safe but hot sex only. Box 7730LF

DAD NEEDS DOM NANT SON

Submissive, affectionate Dad is GWM, 49, 6-2, 175. Dad is home oriented with many interests, a non-smoker, self employed. Dad is sucker, summer tucker. You are slim, looks and race unimportant. Kink (except scat) enhances submission. Middle-aged capped Dad will answer all serious responses. Box 7556LF

SILICON VALLEY SM SLUT

WB/M, youthful him 40s, HIV-neg, hot and horny professional, an experienced, sensitive top-bottom with inseparable nipples into leather, bondage and SM needs playful, articulate, reasonably fit buddy for hot, safe SM play and sex. SF Bay area. Photo appreciated, exchanged. Box 7435LF

SF LEATHERMASTER

38 accepting applications for slave/dog bootlicker nonsmoker to 35. Training will include prolonged leather & steel bondage, hood & gag, shaving, whipping and cigar branding. Replies must include photo and phone. Box 7439LF

MASCULINE SLAVE WANTED

I am looking for a masculine guy that has a deep need to be punished and disciplined. You must also be willing to commit yourself to lifetime dedication. You should be under 40 and in good shape. I am 40, 6-4, 240, masc dominant and nasty. Safe but mean! Box 7203LF

LEATHER CODPIECE PANTS

A man in leather cod piece pants really turns me on. I want the opportunity to wear my tall boots, leather cod piece pants and leather hood as I abandon myself to servicing your leather encased cock and balls. Box 7579

HOT, HUNKY LEATHER SLUT

Handsome muscular WM, 40, 6-2, 200, brown/blue and healthy. This over-sized stud enjoys heavy fit workouts. Needs training from an experienced Top to explore and expand my limits in bondage, CBT, asplay, spanking and other SM activities. Ready to open up emotionally and sexually. Jim. Box 7650LF

SHOCKING!

RelaxAcizor, WalkMaster, Titillator or whatever you use, these attachments will provide hours of shockingly great sensations.

A new artisan is producing these electrical attachments from clear lexan and space age conductive materials. Each piece has one or more receptor-sockets for banana plugs (RelaxAcizors fit!) and will also work with alligator clips or bare wires.



Cockrings

Cockrings are available in four diameters: 1 1/4", 1 1/2", 1 3/4", and 2". Each size is available with a single electrode and conductive material running the full circle, or with two electrodes and separate areas of conductive material on each half of the circle. Specify size when ordering (if you don't we will select for you), and use the product numbers here to indicate single- or double electrode.

ElectroWand

This is a lexan rod with conductive material at the business end. Connect one electrode in a convenient place — a cockring for instance — and use the ElectroWand to play with other areas: cock balls, thighs, ass, feet, anywhere below the waist.

ElectroWand DEB 009 \$59.95

ElectroPlate

This is a concave oval of lexan with two electrode straps. It was designed to stimulate the lips of the vagina, but works well anywhere on the male body as well. Try it on the scrotum, inside of the thigh, bottom of the foot.

ElectroPlate DEB 010 \$59.95



Sparkler

This is a short length of conductive rubber (approximately 6" long by 1/8" diameter). It works well in any moist opening or crevice: ass, crotch, urethra.

Sparkler DEB 008 \$34.95

This one really delivers a jolt! (NOT FOR NOVICES)

Butt Plug

The charge of a lifetime. A lexan plug (approximately 8" x 2" diameter) with two electrodes that stimulate the anal sphincters. With a Titillator or other power source that has an adjustable pulse, this is a real fucking machine! Expensive, but worth it! Made to order, a low eight weeks for delivery.

Butt Plug DEB 007 \$149.95

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Specifically made to connect the electrodes on these attachments to your WalkMaster or Titillator with appropriate male plugs at all three ends.

Titillator Lead DEB 011 \$29.95

All-Purpose Lead

A pair of wires with banana plugs at one end appropriate for the sockets of three electrodes, and alligator clips at the other end.

All-Purpose Lead DEB 012 \$29.95

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All prices subject to change without notice.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

INTELLIGENT, TOGETHER

Bodybuilder, short, handsome, honestly dominant and experienced sadist looking for a similarly together body builder with a taste for genital pain 415-864-5568 Don. This is not a sex talk service. Do not call in the middle of the night and expect a good reception.

Looking for same. Wrestling, bondage, muscle builder 215#, sweat, pits. No fakes, items, phones. Adventurous, all round, rugged, straight acting and appealing. Steve PO Box 800, Guerneville, CA 95446. Send picture and sincere letter 7224LF

WM 5-7, 145, 32

WM, 5-7, 145, 32, br/bt moustache, sexy, defined body. Likes playing from in-shape studs 28-40. Likes raw sex. Am cute, versatile. Let's have sex fun! Answer with photo. Box 7577

ANAL ATTENTIVE? WE ARE!

Two handsome, versatile, leather top men in our 30's would like to share our lean, gym toned bodies, rigid dicks and tight bubble butts with similar leather buddies. If you are no extended sweaty Greek action with MEN, drop us a line with your photo. Box 7713LF

WANTED: MASOCHIST SLAVE

Tall goodlooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather, safe surface fucking, CBT, bondage, SM, whips, chains, dildos, bootlickers, VA, piss, hooded grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weeknight scenes. Photo, phone, espec to Box 7053LF

SELF ASSURED MAN WANTED

To piss in my hair spit on me, call me names and anything else that he wants to do. I'm 26, tall, thin brown hair and eyes, moustache. Let's exchange photos. Write Fred at Box 7578

SEEKS SAME FOR SM, TT, BD, JO

Seeks same for very physical SM, TT, BD, JO battles. GWM, 40, 5-5, 145, BB, aggressive verbal. 415-285-3304

SEEKS SAME FOR SM, TT, BD, JO

SF leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM sex. Have toyroom and experience. I need training and have the facilities/equipment to do it right. Skilled trainer planning to visit SF requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

NOT HORNY LIBIDO SEEKS MEN

GWM 39 5-2, 175 lbs of horny man. It brown hair/ beard, 7 in. cut. I please the man I'm with. Looking for GWM, 30-45, who likes fucking, sucking, dildos, (FFA, bondage Top,) 3 or more plus whatever our horny minds cum up with. My body awaits to please men. Box 7298LF

HUMILIATE ME!

Relish my degradation as you lie me up, spank me, shave me, piss on me, torture my tits and balls. Make me your dog, your slave. Goodlooking 28 year old WM needs severe discipline from cruel but sane Master who really enjoys my humiliation. Safe sex only. Box 7202LF

SLEAZY BOTTOM

Scat and/or FF top sought by lean, horny 35 year old. Phone 415-995-4920 or write Box 7630

WANTED: TOP LEATHER BOY

Hot good-looking leather guy, 40+, to meet hot looking boy or man to take charge of or train novice, submissive bottom. PO Box 640278 San Francisco, CA 94164-0278

pers. spirt understanding, music and empathy. 42, 72 inches tall, 185, br/hz, moustache, pierced. 86 Virago 700 P/P to 175 Monroe St., Pomona CA 91767 5412LF

PRE-OP TS MISTRESS

seeks Latin, Arab or Italian slave. Mostly straight man would be best. Mistress, 34 presently male is considering sex change. Slave should be 18-40, mature and dark. Bears welcome. Permanent position. White Box 3868, Alhambra, CA 91803

WHITE FEMININE DOMINANT

wanted by white bottom Teddy Bear. 38, 5-11, 200 lbs. Husky, hairy, brown/hazel, hot tits, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, jockstraps. Am G/p, FA/p front/rear, SM, BD, WS, toys, tfplay. Sincere only. Sir Peter L A, Calif Area Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles CA 90087 7483LF

INTIMACY, DISCIPLINE

Want relationship with man who expects obedience. I'm 26 (look 20), 5-9, 150, brown/green considered a 7. Interested in almost all Drummer scenes. Am independent, but would consider lifestyle change for right person. Be White, no smokers/drugs. Westminster. Please send demands to Box 7115LF

TED E. PIG

Pig slut embodied in teddy bear. My right pocket favorite bandanas: CHECKERED (always!), light blue, dark pink, yellow pale yellow, mustard, gold, hunter green, cocktail napkin, doily, mosquito netting. Me 6 ft, 165#, 29 dark hair. Wanting pig AND teddy bear relationship. 75% monogamous. Pic fave and phone gets same. PLEASE SIR! Box 7611

BIKE CLUB RED/GRAY RIGHT

seeks happy Leather Bear to trust, grow, build, laugh and hibernate with. Phil is bright, solvent, organized, affectionate, teachable, non-closeted, HIV+, and healthy, doesn't smoke/drugs, lite drinker. Commitments: friends, our community

MUSCLE AND LEATHER

25 year old Italian male seeks big Latin man into weight-lifting, leather, outdoors. Smoke OK 1 m 6' 170 dark hair, blue eyes. Send letter and photo. Box 7726

CALIF NIPPLES/LEATHERSEX

Handsome muscular GWM 40. Six feet, 170 pounds. Moustache, kissable nipples. Top/bot tom. Seeks well-built versatile men for extended nipple work body worship, leather/uniforms, SM, BD. Smoke/aroma. Your hot body, moustache/board, and kinky imagination are pluses. Photo and letter to Box 7447LF

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TOILET PARTIES

35 year old avid giver or taker of clear piss, trim 5-10, artist seeks invitations to major piss parties Available as human animal for any other kind of party Am curious about scat parties, are there any? Box 7723

LEATHER/VET/HARLEY BUDDY

seeks confident, in-charge, the successful and whole person with opportunities for loyal, quality service, respectful partnering & good mansex over trust-scenes. Graham: open spirited, self-employed, assured, malleable, lascivious, 42, 72 inches, 190, stache, brown, hazel, HIV+, good health tinged, some earned L gear, change worthy 175 Monrovia, Pomona 91767

DWM submissive Dad, 53, 6-3, 185, smooth looking for tops or mutual players into bear piss, poppers, heavy job, uncute, leather, underwear porn fantasies, clothing (parties to business suits) and uniforms. No recip, nec. No greek, no scat, no fags. Married and bi A.O.K. Box 7587LF

GLORYHOLE

Hot leather guys, 18-35, in good shape, to report to private glory hole to be serviced by a leather slave 28, 165, 5-11 just out of the navy. Very private scenes. Sessions happen often, so leave name and number if not in. Call Master Paul, West Hollywood (213) 657-5327 7048LF

PROFESSIONAL

sah & pepper haired with short beard, hairy 5-1 tall, 170 lbs, blue eyes seeks similar versatile men with vivid imaginations. F/f/p. G/f/p or jo sessions outdoors, especially enjoy mutual milking and ploughing and expanding limits. If you desire discipline, submit your needs, expand your curiosities (714) 758-1522 JAK POB 4382 Anaheim, CA 92803-4382 7346LF

TORTURE QUEST

Wild, depraved, perverted fuck/torture animal unconditionally submits its steel-collared balls, by choice, and without any shame to an excessively evil-minded, cold-blooded Sadist who's criminal enough, knows how to hellishly torture an animal. Degenerate fucker hungers for a no bullshit Master/Sadist to probe and increase its tolerance and endurance to heavy physical pain through progressive training in unrestrained verbal abuse, rough contact, and controlled torture brutality. Proper attitude motivation are essential. Torture and sex to him must be a brutal act of cruel aggression and relief, and a marked symbol of his virile masculinity. Torture animal is hot, muscular, hairy masculine white male, healthy, young, early 40s that needs to struggle and sweat as he's enforced to submit repeatedly in prolonged inescapable bondage at new thresholds of torture pain. No bullshit! No limits! Just dick hard training. Detailed letter/photo to Box 4827LF

CUT THE BULLSHIT

Blond bodybuilder, 6-3, 190, needs genuine psychological domination from overbearing, extremely possessive, low-mouthing MAN who knows who's BOSS. In and out of bed. Enforced chastity, subtle public humiliation, dog collar/leash. Teach disrespectful boy to keep his fucking mouth shut. Box 7471LF

SADISTS SOUGHT

Mexican masochist seeks sadists with the need to punch, kick, abuse. Does inflicting pain, the sight of welts, bruises turn you on? Are you a Master at the art of applied pain? I seek safety with perverted sadistic men. Boxholder, PO Box 86322 Los Angeles, CA 90086, 7150LF

DUNGEON SLAVE

Needs to serve experienced Dungeon Master on a part-time (possibly permanent live-in) basis. In-

to sale, serious leather/rubber SM sex, bondage discipline, and more. Slave is handsome, trim, 31 6-2, 170 lbs. Please send photo and letter to Box 7059LF

SAN DIEGO BEARDED PUMPER

WM, 30, blue eyes, dark brown hair, tattooed, bearded, body builder, hung who is into VA Pumping wants to meet other bearded studs 30-50 with silicone enlarged cocks or who are hung and into pumping for play and ?? Relationship possible. Photo/letter gets mine. Box 7715

INTERESTED?

Me G/g, F/f and more for right man. 32 5-6, 140 masculine, into outdoors and country life. Very hot man looking for another to share good time with. You 5-10+ 35-45, masculine, hung, very hot and total Top. Box 7197LF

WANTED HIV+ MAN

who is healthy, happy & hung and would like the company of a young looking 50 year old (5-3, blue eyes, beard) to go into the 21st century with. Photo please Louis Rodrigues, 6201 Sunset #312 Los Angeles, CA 90028

NEED HARD BODY TOP

I'm a well-defined, hairy chested, gym bottom 37 masculine who enjoys spanking, verbal abuse bondage, ball play by serious minded top who is health conscious and in good solid shape. Box 7727

NEW ASSHOLE TO L.A.

GWM, 40, 6' 185, BB, built defined hung, big hot hips. Deep-throated, open, insatiable asshole cunt likes to get stuffed with huge dildos. FF like big open pushed out holes pumping, bi-play. Seek asshole oriented stud. Young built a plus. Sale \$500

ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN

WM, 5-11, 175, 50, younger looking, average build and looks. 6-1/2 in uncut, shaved balls. Looking for

Top to fill needs. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits, you take control. HIV+. Answer with picture. Box 7121LF

DEAR DAD,

My name is Larry and I'm searching for you. I'm 5-9, brown/brown, 34, mostly smooth, husky, completely honest and sincere. I'm neither weak nor ignorant but need you to complement my life. I'm naturally submissive with unlimited potential with the proper motivation. I've got the abilities and aggressiveness, but lack discipline and structure to achieve greatness. I want you because you're a teacher and leader. I hope to share, learn, grow and achieve greatness through our association. I want to make a difference individually and collectively. If you know me or want to know me, call and let's see what you need. (714) 220-0513, 6566LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 48, into serious BD (mummification, immobilization, sensory deprivation,) SM CBT TT, whipping, candles, shaving.) Have a fully equipped playroom that's waiting for those special Tops with imaginative and creative minds for family action. No drugs. Sale sex only. Call between 9AM-11PM (816) 843-5428, 7393LF

FF MANHUNT

Los Angeles, climb on top and slide inside of this handsome, healthy, versatile ponyboy - 30, 5-9, 160lb, moustache, trim body with hot receptive butt and talented hands. Seeking 100% masculine Top/versatile big brother/mentor for regular good times. I exhibit all roles, expanding limits to doublewide proportion. Photo/details Box 7242LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/LOVER

Healthy (HIV-), trim WM, 5-8 seeks submissive slave/lover/friend over 50 I'm into any and all these scenes. foot worship, face-fucking, face-sitting piss drinking, spanking (no pain), dog training and

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complete humiliation & degradation. Permanent relationship desired. Photo/phone to Box 7728LF

COLORADO

YOUNG WHITE/ORIENTAL

for role bondage and spanking. m GWM. 52, very stable, generous. Tennis, hike, travel. No SM. 303-972-4177

CONNECTICUT

SLAVE SEEKS BODYBUILDER

Novice, bottom. 5-10, 150. seeks extremely muscular bodybuilder, 26-40. to safely explore limits in locker room scenes, body worship, sweaty workouts, sports/military discipline. Box 7853

MASTERS SEEK REAL SLAVES

This dominant white male couple ages 25 & 28 seek willing dedicated slaves for hot, safe, sane, and wild scenes. Sessions to include anything except FF and scat. Send a detailed letter with your description and fantasies, including your limits. Professionals, uniformed, and married strongly urged to reply. Box 7580LF

CONVERSION OF A SINNER

Punk wants straight X-offender to abuse him sex daily. Must believe fags can be made into real men through rough, jagged sexual contact. You are virally abusive, deceptive, a smooth talker, into self satisfaction and violence. You enjoy face and ass fucking with fist and dick. If choke on your meal you get turned on. Make this punk your human animal and shit hole. Job position also available as caretaker of Eagle, requiring discretion. Call John 203-787-0654

BKS MATURE MASTER CT/NYC

GWM. 6' 190. 47 brown/blue, uncut. 44' chest, well built body seeks loving Master. With the right Master most things are possible. One hour from

NYC Box 7710

BLUE COLLAR CONSTRUCTION

Bear, trucker type, 37-54, bearded, hairy, self-employed, blue collar tradesman desires to meet same, 25-35. Drive 4x4, bike. Sex: vanilla to junk. PO Box 2402 New Preston, CT 06777. 6677LF

DC METRO

WANTED

Been doing it since the days of Catacombs, Loft Studio, Shaft, Mickeys, Ben & Marty's, Sea Drift and so on. I like bottoms like Brooks G. and tops like Art N. If you're still into the intensity, width, depth and total contact, let's do it. Photos get response. Wool? Box 7720

WANTED

WM. 42 5-11 175, 45 chest, 30 waist, well built together. Toner, erotic, lean/muscular, non-smoker user/abuse, whipping, salessex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, Story of O', 9-12 Weeks, "Image," "Beauty Trilogy." JW PO Box 44029 Ft. Washington, MO 60744. 5030LF

WANTED

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex. 40, 5-10, 44 ch. 33 waist, seeking submissive level-headed bottom men for play times in SM, BD, CBT etc. No raunch. am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & Phone to Box 6100LF

FLORIDA

PASSIVE DAD/DOMINANT SON

Submissive White Dad (49), slim, well-built desires either a Dominant Black or Oriental son 18-35. Dad into hot versatile sex BD VA its ass play, armpits, police uniforms, leather tall boots, toys, and your desires. No SM or FF. Possible long

term relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7272LF

ROUGH FUCKING TRUCKERS

Do you enjoy abusing and fucking a tight hot ass? This 29 year old white male is looking to have his ass worked over by verbal rough fucking trucker tops. Cigar smokers given special attention. Orlando area only. Box 7271LF

WANT TO GET IT?

A working over in bondage, that is. For those who know, or want to know the erotic ecstasy of straining against restraint while in another's power. All limits strictly observed. I am a middle aged professional. You must be youthful, defined, smooth body Ron Bryan, Box 1557 Naples, FL 33939

BALL ACTION/BALL FIGHTS

Bisexual bodybuilder, 6 ft, 195lbs, great looks, looking for other dudes into ball contests, ball tug-of-war, cock fights, ball wrestling, and hot ball action. Susie 7272LF

WANTED

No limits for handsome, healthy, athletic white sons." Tampa area. Face photo. Box 7432

WANTED

Thank you can do whatever you want. Not with this central Florida experienced, excellent shaped 42 GWM Dad. I'm going to spank your butt. For firm 18-35 who deserve/need to be punished and to get some control into their lives. I'm serious, sane educated and real. Box 7489LF

WANTED

Dad, 56, 5-9, 165#, white, discreet, most sex uniforms, boots, leather, etc. AUA member, enjoys home-life, sports, gym, horseback riding, and pul-

doors. Seeking young son or slave nonsmokers/drugs, straight appearing, self supporting, any race. Photo/letter R.S. Box 150271 Cape Coral, FL 33915. 7047LF

WANTED

Experienced safe and sane, Leather Master, GWM member of an International club and a central Florida club. Into TT CBT BJ, shaving, bondage and more. Not into fucking (let toys & plugs do that). Seek gay males 18-35, Florida residents and those in Florida for business/vacation. Will accept limited number of newcomers to scene. Would also be interested in talking to Masters with slaves to expand your slave's limits. Call: 407-851-0979 Ask for Sir and mention this magazine. Advertiser also sells body jewelry., 7879LF

HOT HANDSOME BOTTOM

needs masculine, dominant, aggressive, good-looking, verbally abusive, arrogant TOP am 40 GWM. 5-B, 150. Cock-worship, ass & face slapped, collared with leash and being submissive gets me HOT Photo & phone to Angelo, PO Box 39-8082 Miami Beach, FL 33139. 7692LF

HOT BUTCH JOCK

30 year old 5-11, 160 lb guy seeks real man or man to enjoy hot times. Levi/Leather, BD, SM, Frat Hazing, etc. Get off on bull job and service, long or short term. Get off your ass and write. travel USA Photo/phone to PO Box 18135, Tampa, FL 33687. 7680LF

BLACK MASTER

30, 5-9, 182, very stern, safety oriented, seeks clean drug free, nondrinking, nonsmoking, lascivious, whipping boy. I demand totally obedient slave, no games. Slave must be under 30, 5-4 to 5-7. Enclose photo, phone. Box 7123LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

Active, well-experienced white slave desires strong rugged muscular hairy dark complexion

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Only for those who want to see big dildoes and greasy fists! Rosebud assholes stuck in all sizes of dildoes and every available fist in a tape that's fast, fun and furious. Chris Burns, James Silver and Lee Baldwin fuck with their hunky wolf (Jake Corbin). You'll also find out about what a dick-pump can do to a fat ugly cock. \$59

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

blue collar men for hot funky sex in light well-worn levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather. G & FA, into WS, SM, ass and tit play, dildos, rimming, licking sweaty body. Provide your hot sweaty body. I'll do the rest I'll serve you best. Brief dirty vulgar letter gets you a picture and phone # 900 NW 7 St Rd Miami FL 33136-3026 7733LF

TEST OF STRENGTH

Tests of strength, endurance, between real men, the winner chooses the torture scene! Roman Medieval Inquisition, Indian using rope, chains, imagination. Short or long term WM 43 bodybuilder, 145 5-6, br/b, seeks muscular men ink sweat endurance. Impressive results. A man's land what he wants Box 7052LF

HEDONISM

Achievement is limited only by imagination. Hot pierced ass, moustached white, 41-6-10, Ft Lauderdale. Bot om/versat le. seeks stable aggressive, imaginative, leather/levi top. Limits respected; willing to experiment. desires pleasure. No tats, tems, druggies. Photo, phone required. Real men need only respond Box 7562LF

GEORGIA

WANTED: BOYTOY(S)

By masculine Dad 5-8, 160, moustache. Into hard sex play, exhibitionism, photography. boy is 20-35. Slim, taut, bottom, needs to serve, must be ridden long and often. Is open to new experiences. Photo/application to: Man, PO Box 52948, Atlanta GA 30355 6727LF

NOT ANOTHER BOY TOY REQUEST
Hot guy, 38, 5-11, 160, salt & pepper hair, hairy blue eyes, moustache, talented hands and hungry hole seeks similar versatile guys. Box 7116LF

SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

WM 22, 6 ft, 175 lbs, br/b and moustache. Into SM, WS, some rough and all safe and hot, also in

to camcorders. Like Men over 30 with moustache also like beer belly and rape fantasies. But most of all, to be himself. Write to Box 7148LF

MY ASS, YOUR TOY

Wanted. Good-looking, GWM all top, 30-50. I'm GWM all bottom, 35, 130, 5-3. I love my ass worked on. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine, all responses answered. Write to Thomas Williams, 3298 Oaklawn Dr, Doraville, GA 30340. No pain drunks, hard drugs. 7693LF

MAWAN

RECRUITING MEMBER

wanted by 33, 5-10, 175 ft top for sale games. Serious assplay, TT bondage and fantasy are part of the games we'll play. You, 25-45 and fit. Heavy & plus. Reply to PO Box 231 Honolulu, HI 96838. No photo no reply 7716LF

RECRUITING MEMBER

Bondage and Discipline, yoga and meditation workouts, hikes, beach and sunsets. Fun and gags tape, rope and leather. Turtlenecks and tight jeans give and take. Hawaii calls. Seeking younger guy. Write J Hunter PO Box 89364 Honolulu Hawaii 96826

RECRUITING MEMBER

Basic down home kind of guy. 33, 165 lb, 6 ft, lean who occasionally likes to play rough. Looking for other men around my age who enjoy weightlifting, running and other athletic activities. Let's exchange photos, letters, and possibly meet. MC 2542 DATE St Apt 1405, Honolulu HI 96826 7553LF

ILLINOIS

RECRUITING MEMBER

6 ft one and a half, 205, 6'1 engineer Master wants any age, 220 lbs + BB or muscular heavyset slave

to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. Mutually pump iron. Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, sale sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395 Melrose Park, IL 60160 901LF

YOU WANT IT! YOU NEED IT!

Your life is miserable without it! Firm, unyielding discipline on your bare ass with hand, hair brush and strap. Write Mr Jon Grayson, 4201 Weber Dr Rolling Meadows IL 60028

RECRUITING MEMBER

Seeks experienced, responsible Tops: GWM, 36, short, moustache. Chicago area & Midwest. Into leather, boots, bluecollar gear, rubber, uniforms, hoods, gags, blindfolds, tits, cigars, duct tape lots more! Seek intense, creative, & kinky bondage forced cigar smoking, immobilization, confinement, mummification, bondage in layers of leather/rubber/work clothes/gear. Box 6841LF

RECRUITING MEMBER

Master 38, experienced, attractive 6-2 blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, boot licking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, CBT, whippings assured. Attention social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to PO Box 148434 Chicago, IL 60614 5835LF

SEEKING YOUNG SON/SLAVE

18+. Shaving, spanking, dildos, belts & bondage will be used by very well hung Dad. 39, 6'180 I want cute & pretty, under 28, white or latin male. Discipline assured. Send photo & application. Box 7637

DISCIPLINE NEEDED

by hairy bottom 3t 5-11 145, brown/brown. Seeking strict top to ensure obedience. Into VA, WS, TT, locking uniforms. Awaiting orders. Box 7642

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUITS GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear, 39-6-11, 175+ into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay Box 179, 606 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657 7687LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM 43, 228pussy needs plowing from hung, in-shape tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, heavy assplay, spanking, TT, CBT, VA, shaving. Love big cocks, some groups. Relationship, relocation possible. No scat, FF damage. Me 5-4, 128 lbs, moustache, submissive Hank, 312/989-4238, Box 25182 Chicago, IL 60625 7732LF

INDIANA

By GWM 35, 6 ft, 190, brown hair and eyes, into receiving prolonged cock, ball, and id torture. If you get off on inflicting pain, then I'm for you. No WS, scat, VA, fags or fags please. Let me put my balls in your hands, and let your imagination run amok. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all Lafayette area & plus, but can't swear. Box 7585LF

IOWA

Leather sex slave 32, 6-3, 180 a real dick please!, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass leather, cigars, beer, piss, sweat, aroma, semis and bikes a turn-on for a gang of macho bikers truckers or for that one-on-one action (safe sex only), see PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines 50309 7285LF

KANSAS

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS. 66502

LOUISIANA

DADDY SEEKS SON/BOY

Masculine GWM Dad, 33, 6-0, 185, seeks masculine non/hairy boy under 30 for a permanent relationship. Mixture of love, nurturing, cuddling, punishment, discipline, shaving and potty training. Let me see how much of a little boy you are. Serious only. Photo Travel throughout Louisiana and some in Mississippi. Occupant, POB 410+ Monroe, LA 71203. 7487LF

LEATHER IN LAFAYETTE?

Top (or bottom) GWM good-looking, 28 years old tall & thin seeks fuck buddies or guys into leather in the Lafayette area. Write with photo to Eric Box 7708

MAINE

MASOCHISTIC GM SLAVES!

wanted by some experienced GWM Sadist Master 46, for medium to heavy SM/Bd torture sessions. Tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work. Hot fucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. A few limits OK. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 6431-LF

MARYLAND

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Horny bottom seeks masculine and demanding Top(s) for sweaty SM sessions. I'm 33, 6ft, 175, 8 inches cut into bondage. Jockstrap, dildos, CBT VA boots, leather, chains, hoods, boots, etc. Total servitude. Only limit: health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 165 lbs, good body. stash Box 7697LF

EXPERIENCED M

Hot bottom. This piece of shit ready to take if you can give. Total M into BD, VA, CBT dildos, leather levi's, chains, hoods, boots, etc. Total servitude. Only limit: health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 165 lbs, good body. stash Box 7697LF

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT MUTUAL ASS GAMES

Healthy, ultra-hairy, pierced, 35, trim, 5-10 brown/blue seeks versatile partners 25-45 for long ass sessions. Dildos. Pumps! Plugs! FF Let's get our asses sore - then let's really play! Visiting Northern Europe Feb. April 80 PO Box 1615. Princeton MA 02557 7377LF

BLACK LEATHER AND BONDAGE

WM, 31, 6-1 190 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, heavy bondage (hoods, gags, immobilization) and forced safe sex. Thank You, Sir, for your consideration. Box 4576LF

WANTED-MASTER

Sir would like to be a male sex slave. Would like intense, in-depth, and thorough training sessions. Keep me naked. In bondage, and shaved of all hair. My loyalty and obedience will be given. I'm 36, 5-2 125 lbs and have a muscular build. Please write with instructions. Box 7429

MATURE LEATHERMAN

GWM 35 yrs, 6-10, bld hair and bearded. very hairy, seeks bottoms to expand with long sessions and to explore and experiment. Send detailed letter with photo for response only. Box 7386LF

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Master, 38, tall, well-built, construction workers body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slave, 18-28, smooth, hard well def'ed bodybuilder needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks + plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train men experienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school or pro BB as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY Relocation for top quality appl-

cent. Physique photos, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St. Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437 1821 5304LF

TOPMAN WANTED

Bottom, 37 5-1 170 in need of training and direction. looking for a TOP with the proper attitude and stamina for ongoing sessions. Send description and areas of interests with photo to Occupant PO Box 134, Worcester MA 01602 7725LF

WORCESTER AREA HOT SLAVE

seeks hairy, hung leather Master into bondage whips, TT, hot wax, toys and more for the right. Master Slave is 32 5-3, 135, bearded, moustache hairy Waiting to serve you. Sir Box 7660

BOSTON LEATHER DADDY

Black Daddy, 36, looking for white son stud who wants to be used. Daddy knows you're a whore and wants your hole. ME? 6-4 bearded, in-shape Top. 200 thick dick. You? Bearded asspussy into VA, submission, spanking, admiring Daddy's leather. Age unimportant. Smoke, booze, booze NYC, SF OK. Box 7529LF

BOSTON MASTER SADIST!

Mean Leather Daddy, age 42 5-11 198 lbs, wants Friday and Saturday night slaves at local SM Clubhouse. Must enjoy TT/CBT bondage, spanking and nude display. I have access to slings, racks, crosses, and whipping posts. Enjoy Daddy Boy discipline trips. DO IT! boy 'Master G' Box 7594LF

WANTED, GWM SLAVE 18-35

Dissatisfied with your life's direction, your career and now ready to give yourself totally mind and body to your sadistic master, with full rights to shape his slave's new body, expand his mind and receive any service. You are a true masochist ready to surrender your being to your master - your ass, balls, cock, tits, mouth and even your breath. Master is well educated. GWM 49, 6-0, 210 lbs seeking a total relationship. business, well being of mind and body sex and play. Write a biographic sketch including education, career family friends hobbies, desires and why you know you can give yourself completely to your master. All such letters will receive reply. Drummer Box 7681LF

ANIMAL TRAINER

wants unwilling piece of meat to break in gagged hooded chained stripped shaved put to work on your Master's boots, muscles, sweat and cock. Thick collar, dog dish, confinement, leather/rubber military uniforms for both imagination. Other tops invited to challenge authority. Box 456, So Chatham MA 02559

STUD BONDAGE

Dream of spreading your legs for your Uncle? Gym teacher? Dominant, muscular intellectual Boston top, 45, looking for a tough little brat stud. Be my personal property, private fuck toy pride and joy. Be smart, cute, strong, literate, submissive, eager to please and not over 27. Inexperienced OK. Box 7652LF

LEATHER BUDDIES WANTED

Two men, both married, uncut, hairy, slim, varied interests, seek same. Boston area. Safe, sane No one-nighters. Open to mutual agreement. Box 7612

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncut couple. Master is 31 5-10, dark hair/moustache, 175 lbs. His lover is 28, 6-1 195 lbs, dark hair/beard. Both UNCLUT. HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well equipped playroom with sling. Facial/body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect and obedience from their property. (617) 282-7196. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF

MICHIGAN

NIPPLE BITING

Bearded GWM 36 wants to meet young guys who want to have their nipples gnawed off. Reply to Box 7595LF

SEEKING MASTER TOP

36 yr old GWM, S.E. Michigan slave/bottom seeks Master Top for TT, bondage, discipline, humiliation,

spanking and whipping, fantasy and exhibitionism. Reply with photo. Box 7046LF

MEDICAL EXAMS

Strip searches, shaving and enemas performed by 39 year old GWM. Send fantasies and photos to Box 7671

BUTCH LEATHER SEEKS SAME

WM 34 ft 160 bearded, healthy, safe, stable seeks tall butch, healthy buddies 7-40 into cocksucking, JO, rimming, sweat, pits, titwork, leather, levis, jockstraps, boots and 77. Smoke/drink OK. No tats, ferns, drugs, or pain (Detroit area.) Penpals welcome. Reply with letter/photo. Box 7275LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Will start by cleaning your boots. You decide from there. GWM 5-9, 182 lbs, 37 yrs old seeks top for real scenes. Loves leather, asswork (mine) cocksucking, wax TT and your scenes. Please sir, tie and train me. PO Box 2965, Ann Arbor MI 48106 7684LF

DISCIPLINE DADDY WANTED

Son 25 6 215 brown hair beard, needs discipline by a loving Daddy over 35. Boot-fucking, bondage, CBT TT WS, SM, leather. No scat, drugs, ferns, JO. Permanent relationship possible. Photo requested. Sir. Boxholder Box 9, Flat Rock, MI 48134

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants young, trim, submissive, masochistic slaveboy. into all scenes, no limits, experienced novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You in to pain, total servitude, anything. Serious only. Master 45, 6ft 180 lbs NY Miami. Travels. Supply detailed experiences, desires, photo, phone. Box 345, 7D-A Greenwich Ave. NYC 10011 7200LF

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave. 39 and 30 both construction workers, 6ft, 178, mustached, hung, uncut and cut respectively want goodlooking stud Masters and slaves who are versatile for 3, 4 or more ways. Safe action only. Photo, phone or no reply. Box 7079LF

NORTHEAST BARBER

Tall WM thrives interested in giving haircuts from trim to very short cuts. Also into bodyshaving. Thinking of getting that military look? Taking off that moustache or beard? Want the feeling of a baby smooth cheek or crotch? Then write and let's discuss it. Box 6768LF

NYC STUD SEEKS PUSSYBOY

GBM, dominant, handsome, and hung heavy needs devoted male pussy to use at will. I'm 24, 6-1, 175 lbs. Pussyboy is any age/race, Grp. Fri. Stud also enjoys spanking, CBT TT assplay and body worship. Safe only. NYC area. Send photo/phone Box 7376LF

STUD BONDAGE

your ripe, full, and bare ass is long overdue for a good hand spanking, then your already tender glowing cheeks are positioned for a hot stripping. Owl! You might seek revenge on this 48 WM bearded hairy chested disciplinarian and blister my naked behind. PO Box 123, Midland Park, NJ 07432

GIRLFRIEND TOTAL SLUT

Rugged biker type seeks to be used as a slut, curv, whore. Make me service you and your buddies. Have wet mouth, tight ass and big tits. Any ideas? Reply Lennie Suite F4, 495A Hudson Street, NYC 10014 Tel: (212) 367-7484 6389LF

BOY FOR THE BREAKING

Reluctant, cocky boy, out of training for 2 years, needs to be broken of new independence and brought groveling and desperately obedient. Slap man's feet again. Boy is 25, 5-7, blond/brown, muscular 155 and responsible. Have experience with whips, wax, enemas, some CBT TT. Challenged by electro torture, sensory deprivation, WS, extreme humiliation, anything designed to destroy will and replace with unhesitating obedience. Please Sir, seriously breaking this resisting boy is half your fun, the unquestioning service and worship that follows will be the other. Box 7722

NEVADA

FISHING BUDDY WANTED

Mutual/bottom seeks experienced hairy top for safe sessions with huge toys, gloved hands. I'm 6 205, good-looking. Essence, smoke, party favors. Can travel, entertain. Photos exchanged, all answered. Boxholder 2250 E Tropicana #206, Las Vegas, NV 89119

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Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordianarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725 after 8 PM 8888LF

HOT TIMES

South Jersey/Philadelphia GWM, 5-10, 28, br/bl beard, looking for bottom or mutual partners. In to almost anything. Prefer hairy bodies. Age and tools not the most important things. Travel nationwide. Will answer all responses. Box 7230LF

NEW YORK

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants young, trim, submissive, masochistic slaveboy. into all scenes, no limits, experienced novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You in to pain, total servitude, anything. Serious only. Master 45, 6ft 180 lbs NY Miami. Travels. Supply detailed experiences, desires, photo, phone. Box 345, 7D-A Greenwich Ave. NYC 10011 7200LF

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seeks others in North Central MT to enjoy and share cop uniforms, leather breeches, boots. Have large collection of Boots. Leather, Rubber magazines, videos, plus playroom/dungeon. John Philips, Box 164, Sweetgrass MT 59484 (406) 335-2331



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Italian. 38. 5'8. 215, cigar smoker, seeks chunky dog/pig into heavy whippings, torture, CBT, TT WS, FF bondage, scat, dog food, leather, complete humiliation degradation. Shirt that wants to be treated like shit. Photo, detailed letter qualifications to Box 7322LF

SCUM-BUCKING PUSSYBOY

31. 6ft, 155, cleanshaven, married, needs to get fucked - weekday mornings in NYC (Chelsea/Village areas preferred) by masculine well endowed TOP MEN/DADDIES. Dark complexions (Italian/Latino/Black,) hairy, muscular and/or uncut are all turn-ons. 70A Greenwich Avenue 1467 NYC 10011 (212) 978-3692 7295LF

TALL/BROAD MEN

Do you need really exciting service (especially those big feet?) by a hot WM. 33. 5'11. 185, very attractive, masculine, works out, and sincere? Then Top or bottom please call Burl between 8pm-12midn (212) 875-7352, to meet in NYC. No phone JO. For your regular locker room pleasure total explosive action and more 7292LF

WILLIE'S BOY

In Western NY needs a Master or playmate for regular fun and games or phone sex. Heavy into rubber and latex, leather, sports gear and jocks. I like bondage, boot licking, water sports, heavy verbal abuse, etc. Sir, I'll take care of all Your needs 'm 38, 6ft, 175, bearded, pierced tits and dick. Sir need to serve You, please Box 6699LF

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 2B, 28 Ninth Ave. New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs) Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM and parties on till ?? FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP For more information, stop by, write, or phone (212) 733-3144

LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN

Lay me back, spread my legs, and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent, affectionate, trusting, and need lots of mutual intimacy and slow non-reciprocal cock sucking. I'm 43, 5'10, 185. Br/Gr, bearded hairy, chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

PISS PG CAN'T GET 'NUFF

of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, TT deep rim, vacuum, divides Top, bottom, mutual, FF Top, 44, in shape, 5-10 150, big tits, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped Deep ass and mouth. No tails or furrries Photo/phone: Box 7051LF

EAST VILLAGE SADIST, 33

Decent looking slaves under 40 wanted who can take heavy pain and body piercing. Slaves must be prepared to submit to my straight friends, including females. Send photo with physical description or phone & limits. No answer without photo. Box 7663

BUTCH BABY BOTTOM

seeks hot, masculine top man (25-45) in Toronto/Buffalo region. Boy is 5-8, 140, nice body, absolutely straight looking & acting with dark brown hair/moustache. Into leather, motorcycles, bondage, gags, hot wax, verbal abuse, forcible restraint (body contact), military/cop scenes, cigars. Your photo will get you mine. Box 7724

WANTED: HOT LEATHER STUD

Must be turned on by the smell, feel, and look of black leather. Handsome, masculine, blond, 35-6ft, 185, good build, needs safe leather sex with hot men in full leather. Let's gear up and explore leather. SM, BD fantasies. Kingston area. Letter, photo, phone. Box 7452LF

HOLESOME

Bottoms wants to serve endowed Topmen. Open

my holes wide to dominating use. I am a hungry fuckmouth, a perverse who needs his ass plunged in, beer, grease/grease, bondage, aroma, salessex NY area. Photo action. Box 6427LF

BE A SICK COUPLE

WM. 6ft, 175 lbs, need someone to keep me naked and exposed. Forbid me clothes, shave my body, show me off. Enjoy TT, CB, bondage, aroma outdoor and long term nakedness. Other exhibitors welcome. Write with ideas. Box 7542(C4)34 and then t39CT 140PA, 141NY

LIVE IN SLAVE GWM 18-30

into heavy CBT, TT, WS, whipping, confinement. Have extensive basement playroom. Want an assistant to my consulting practice with PC programming/data base skills. Only call if interested in live-in answer questions on answering machine and leave your number. CJ (201) 974-6909 7113LF

CIGAR BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Cigar smoking GWM. 31. 5-8, 145, blue/brown masculine, attractive, inexperienced in leather and SM seeks Top/Master to expand my knowledge of CBT, TT, BD during long smoke-filled sessions. Box 7045LF

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, fucking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a job letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 7045LF

Dominant DADDY BEARS

130's-180's. This eager, submissive 34 year old cub wants to serve you. Enjoys SM, BD, WA, French play, threesomes, leather, fantasies and non-restrictive friendships. Sorry, no anal. Your ap

pearance less important than your kinky imagination and genuine heart. 718-458-3534

HOT YUPPY TOP

Very handsome, blond, 30, 6ft, 160, dominant (bottom to select few,) with all-American looks and firm hand seeks masculine kid-brother/slave to slap around, service me, cigar in one hand, your hot butt in another. We'll take things from there. Also bottom buddy available for 3rd.) Photo/phone: POB 1955, NYC 10025 7374LF

MUSCLE BOY-POWERLIFTER WTD

by NYC hairy Dad with good build. 45, 6-0, 180 br/bl Son must have big powerful legs. Live in be into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless pec-nipple work. CBT and guidance. Photo/phone to Box 4717LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my malon ass cheeks molded hard. But this healthy 41 WM Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5-7, 135 lbs, bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b into mutual heavy ass work ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks and jocks. Absolute turn-on to overweight, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN! 5575LF

ROCHESTER NOVICE

24 brown hair/eyes. 6-1, 180, beard and moustache, into leather, TT CBT shaving, piercing, BD, waterports, needs non-masculine Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind having the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

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MALE LAW OFFICER

Handsome, 28, 5-8, 140, tnm. Full black hair, thick mustache & Biatch Latin Fury. Latin Passion. In full leather/police uniform! Crave. Top, Macho, tnm, hung, Handsome, 28-45, demanding prolong-

ed, hot-throbbing, pulsing, oral service & action in full leather/uniforms/rubber and BD, VA, TT, salient/Lahn. Beer/smoke aroma. Send photo & note NY & NJ. Box 7556LF

MAN TO MAN
Latin boy. White, healthy, cleanshaven, submissive, 5-4, 130, 40, in-shape, hairy, uncut, seeks Top bearded Daddy, caring, for relationship domination, leather, spanking, VA safe kink. No cigarettes. Box 7151LF

MAN TO MAN
wanted by leather Master 6 ft 1 inch, 200, good looking, hot. Young, blond or bubble butt a big + A. PO Box 20004, London Terrace Station, NYC NY 10011. 7699LF

MAN TO MAN
Hot and horny ass hole into FF looking for versatile huge dick to use me 24 hours, if it is your fantasy call me, I am good looking 39 5-9 150 lbs. No overweight & unexperienced. 212-315-5859 432 W 56 St # SW. NY NY 10019. 7201LF

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Seeks masculine, blue-collar Dad for lust and companionship. (919) 983-6977

MAN TO MAN
46, 6-1, tnm WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while flog your ass. Can switch. Cycle cruising with your

ass plugged. No drugs, aroma OK. Cigar smoker preferred. Relationship possible. NC, SC, VA area. Photo if possible. Box 7042LF

CIGAR SMOKING BIKER DADDY
47, 6-1, 175 WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for dildos and FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I flog out your ass a couple of sizes larger. Trainees welcome. Can switch if you think you can handle it. Cycle cruising with your butt plugged. NO drugs, aroma OK. You don't have to be a cigar smoker but you gotta like me. NC, SC, VA area. Some travel on weekends. Write with photo Box 7152LF

OHIO

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Trainee, masculine bottom/slave, 5-2 170, 30s tnm, healthy, hung. Slave is very eager to service and be used hard by a dominating, aggressive demanding, physically & mentally controlling Master(s). Naturally submissive to Stud(s) who

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MAN TO MAN
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5-10, 175, needs chiseled to average masochist partner. Sane, gut, nb, body punching, varied torture games under blindfolded, gagged restraint. Fight experiences, needs, shirtless photo, phone to PO Box 19830, Cincinnati OH 45219. 7536LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP MASTER

Kinky, submissive, goodlooking, muscular gay white male, 37, 155, 5-7, blond/green eyes. Exhibitionist into light SM, bondage, dildos, FF, enemas. Display me naked in front of your friends. Piss on me, verbally abuse me. Can travel. Send letter and photo (a must) mine. Box 7152LF

MAN TO MAN
GWM, 35, 185, 5-11, bearded, brown hair, green eyes, 7 inches cut. Fr/A, Gr/P submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy Tops, 24-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

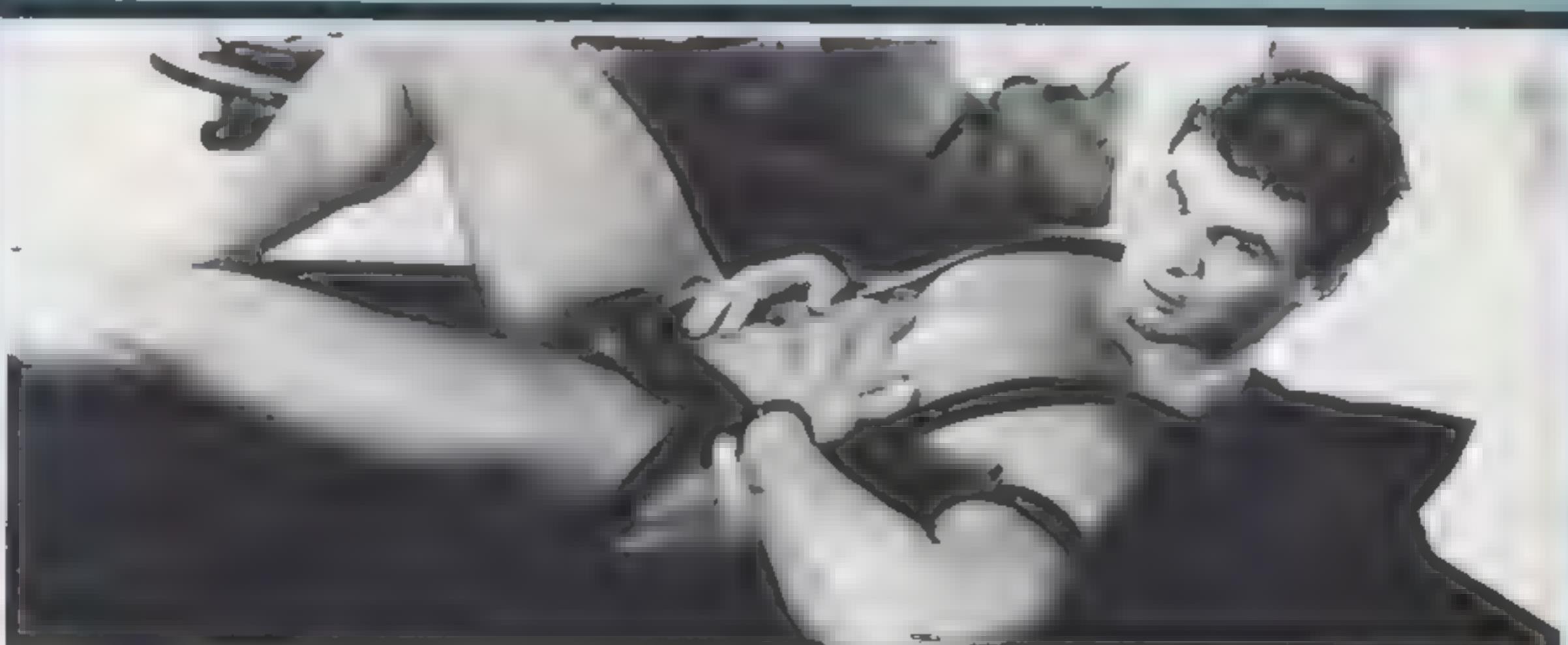
NEWCUMERS' TO OHIO

GWM, 25 and 40, attractive tops, professionals fun-loving, anti-bar, new to Columbus. Seek singles, couples, groups or clubs for friendship and/or mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, BD, TT, SM, photos, videos, etc., inexperienced OK). Introduction to Ron Zehel a plus. Your photo gets ours. PO Box 652 Dublin OH 43017. 6894LF

MAN TO MAN
Handsome, muscular GWM bottom, 6-7, 175, healthy, 33. Into bondage, CBT, gags, blindfolds, discipline. Seeks Tops, especially blacks, into expanding slave's experience. All letters with photo answered. Box 7236LF

BROTHERS IN LEATHER

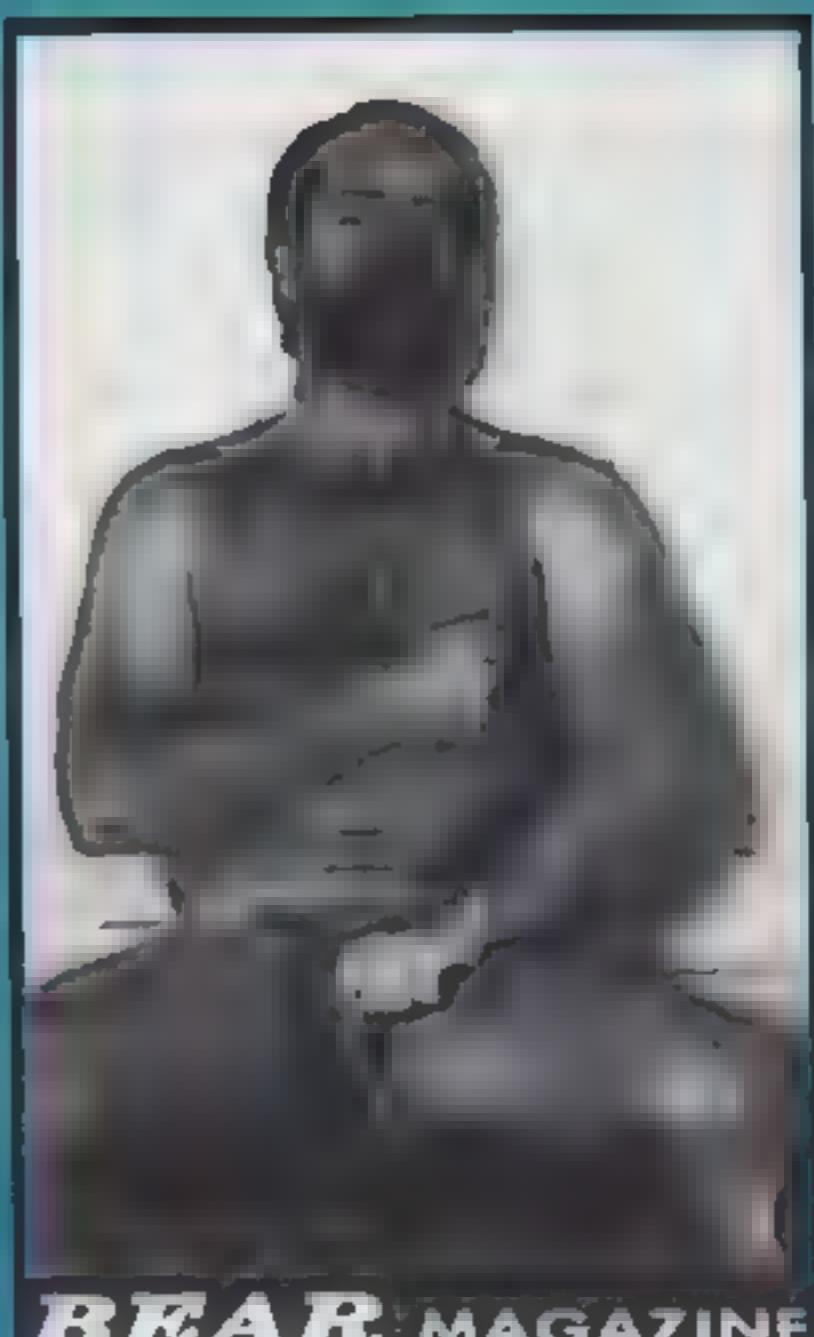
We share, care, play, grow, respect, foster acknowledge, openly, warmly, sincerely, communicate, touch, bottle, massage and SAFELY ENJOY building friendships, SM and MORE! I AM gwm, 36, 6-1, healthy, tnm, bearded, educated professional. NO smoke/drugs. YOU respond appropriately! PO Box 12650 Toledo, OH 43606 7685LF



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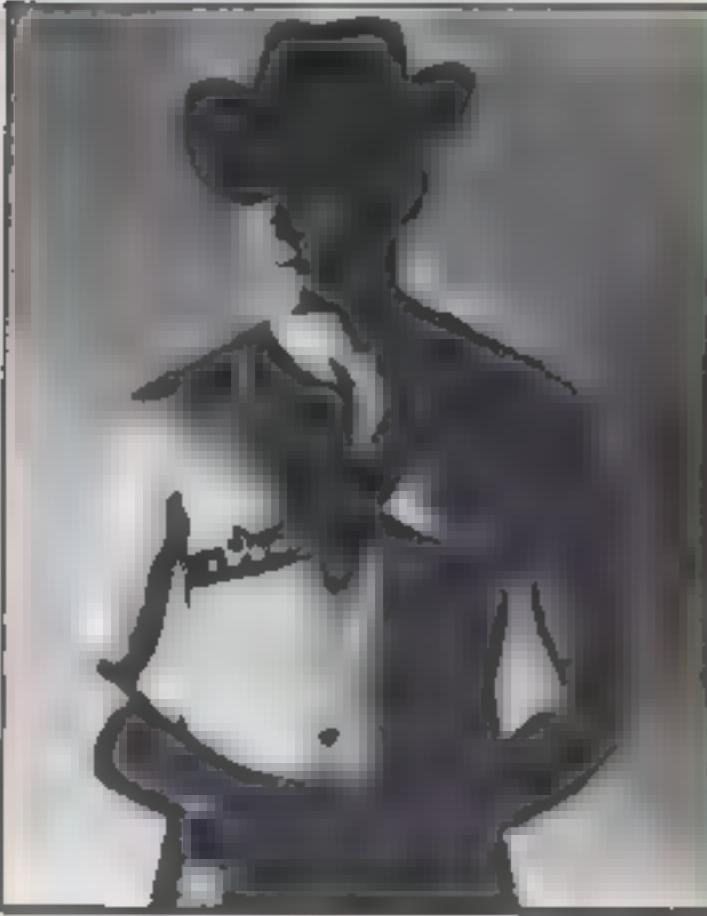
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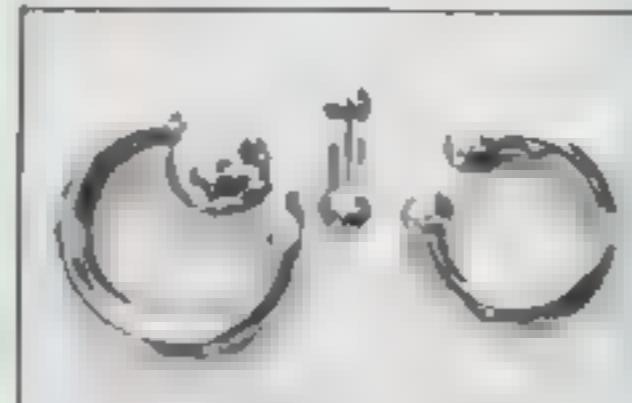
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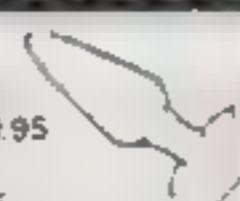
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MISSOURI - KANSAS CITY AREA

Muscular Dallas jock WM 5-8, 180 lbs, 36 yrs., into heavy restraint with straps, gags, and heavy duty ropes for tight inescapable bondage. Forced sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Also into TT and CBT. Discreet sale and expect the same. Box 6 58LF

HOT MEN WANTED

Beaumont area GWM 36, 5-9, 163, good build, hung, HIV+, into SM, leather wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. I'm mainly top, but will switch for hot dominant studs. Looks unimportant, brain, build, and attitude are. Letter with photo and phone to Box 6269LF

MISSOURI - KANSAS CITY AREA

Sweaty, stinky Latino, 6-3, 200, 45, seeks slave(s) Corpus Christi, Texas area only. Pigout on my 18 inch high engineer boots, gloves, jeans, till your face is black with axle grease, oil, mud, asphalt grime. Master will administer chain bondage, whippings, CBT, TT, etc. Only letters with photo will get response. Box 7153LF

YOU'LL SUCK MY 10" COCK

While I torture your tits and balls and spank your ass. You'll say, Thank you, Sir. Send description to PO Box 7602, Houston TX 77270

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SLC, 25 yrs, 5-11, 150 lbs, brn/brown, Leo, moustache, good looks. Seeks similar hot man for brother friend interests camping, hiking, skiing. Enjoy

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VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

57 5-9, 180, gray hair and beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM fantasy fulfillment, and more, seeks men 21-50+ for laid back to heavy encounters. HIV neg Novices OK. Am patient teacher. Lee, Box 511285, SLC, UT 84151-1285 Box 4733LF

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Sir! Sincere, white, 25, ex-army, 5-6, 145, 3' cut, brown eyes, bright hair, shaved body. Sir! needs total discipline, humiliation, domination to serve and service masters in tri-state Hagerstown, MD; Charlesstown, WV; Leesburg, VA. Will submit mind and body to Master's commands. Boy awaits your orders, Sir! Box 7706LF

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HIV+

Cute 37 (looks 25) 5-8, cleanshaven, 150, nice body, seeks confident, stable, mature Caucasian or Black Master/Daddy into ownership, training sex domination of virgin slave boy. Please, Sir, use mouth as animal, tongue like paper. Am lonely and hungry for serious, lasting SM relationship. Box 7264LF

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White, considered handsome, serious bodybuilder 5-9, 190, HIV-neg, obsessed with leather seeks white, leather maniac, 30's, HIV-neg nonsmoker prefer hung, built, cut, tall. Irre or no torso hair, average to good looks. Reply with photo. Box 7618

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

34, 5-10, 177, hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build seeks buddies into leather. Lewis, boots, uniforms, fucking, flogging, SM BD, and more. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Jag taker norsk. Hablo espanol. Photo to Bridwell 3318 Lincoln Way, Unit A, Lynnwood WA 98036

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

48, 5-11, 210 brown hair, thick moustache, seeks companion for medical scenes. No humiliation, gay SM and enemas are pluses. Prefer photo/phone, old fashioned hairy rolling sex OK too. G.B. Box 8126, Spokane WA 99203. 7056LF

SUCK

Seaside op 40, with gut wants cocksucking, rimming, ass-in bottoms. Any age/race. No smoke/drugs. Photo/phone to Box 7607

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GENTLE MASTER NEEDED

Am 30 but look younger. Looking for construction worker, biker, trucker, pro wrestler types into leather wear. Lewis, all boots, peds, muscles, arms, pits and abs. Need him expanded to getting naked for the first time by a real macho stud. Any age. Noize/no scene. Not into torture scenes. Send photo. Box 7204LF

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Masculine bondage bottom, 36, WM, 6 ft, 160 lbs, into ropes, gloves, feathers, hoods, gags, levis, restrictive bondage seeks sensitive nonsmoking leather top for firm, careful scenes. No pain. Straight acting, younger, athletic a plus but all answered. Limited travel possible. Possibly switch for right person. Box 7581LF

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CANADA

Clean shaven, moustached, piss-trained bottom 4-5-6, 180 lbs, good body average equipment would like to hear from mature big muscular brutes, pro military or police types a plus, who can advance my training. Can travel for my medicine. Looking for top who knows what is required. Photo and phone preferred. Jerry B. Box 15882 Station F Ottawa Ontario, Canada, K2C 3L4

29, 5-11, 135, brown/blue, moustache, 8 inches cut into shaving, leather, underwear, piss, sweat, tits ripe crotches, boots, dirt, looking for Daddy or Big Brother to share life experiences and fantasies, head to toe shaving, bondage, short-term slavery. All answered. Box 7300LF

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WM good build into jackboots and other highly shined boots. Looking for men who thrive on boots like I do. Leather uniform a must. BD, TT, CBT. Age, race unimportant; attitude, desire are. Box 7712LF

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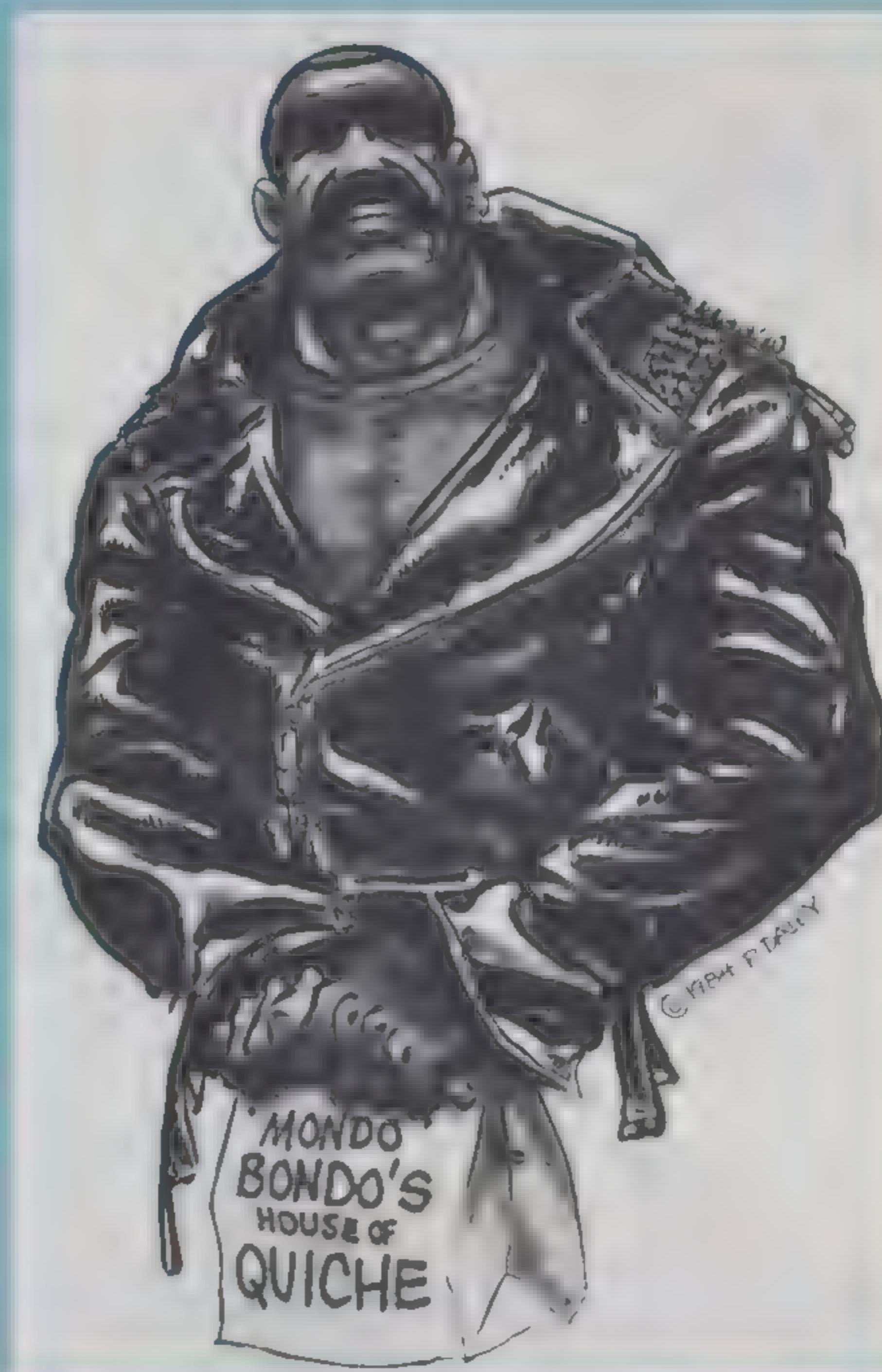
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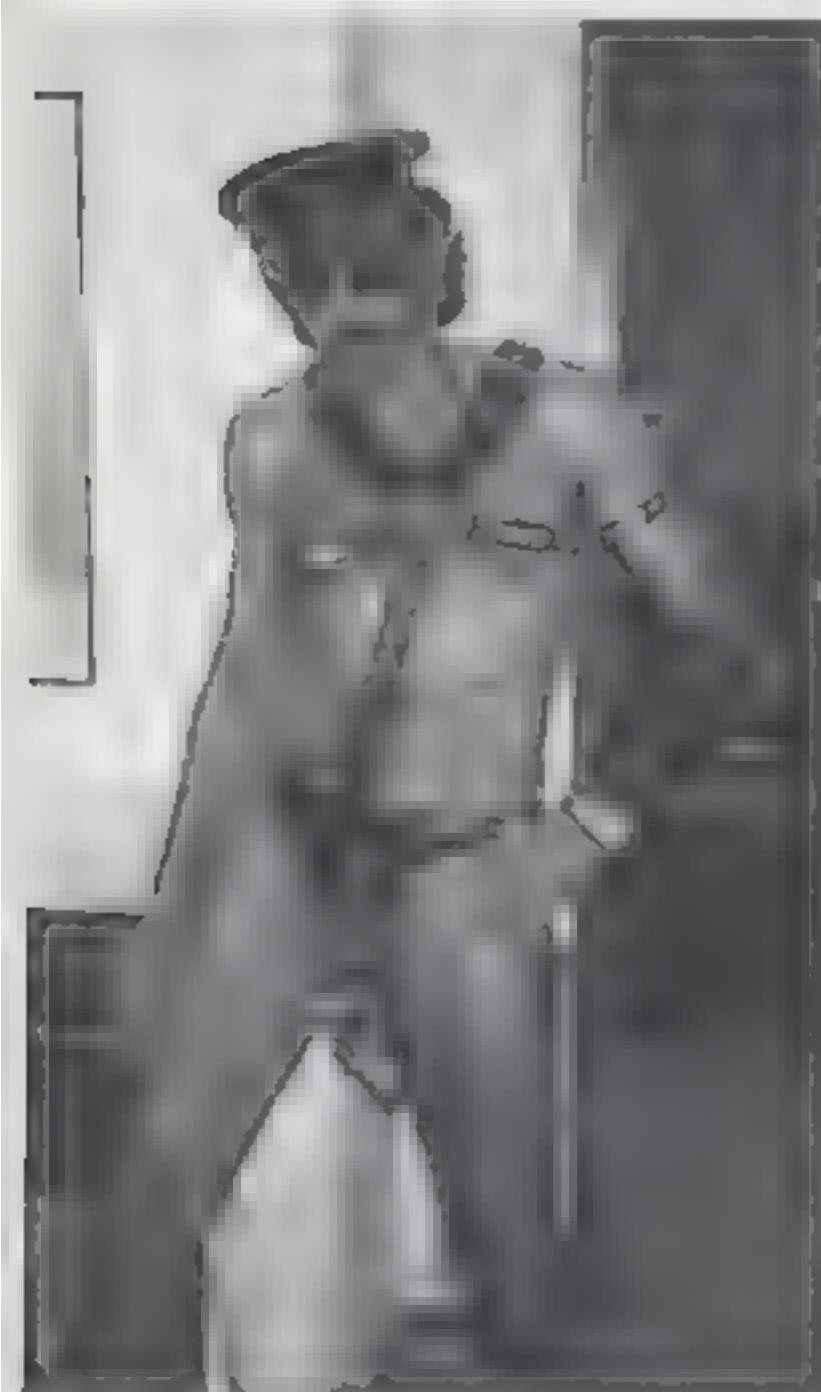
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TOUGH CUSTOMERS

BE A DRUMMERMAN! Leathermen ARE Drummer. These photos were contributed by Drummer readers—YOU should be on this page. Send us a black and white photo (color is acceptable but does not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, along with a statement that you are of legal age, and your signature. If you wish, we will assign you a confidential TC Box Number—this is a FREE classified ad with your picture in it! Or if you just want your picture in our pages and don't want any mail, just say so. We can't show penetration, and photos are not returnable.

To answer a TC ad, put your correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage, and write, in pencil, the TC Number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to: Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.



TC-138-01 SONS, RISE, CUM TO DADDY

This Wisconsin Daddy means business.



TC-138-02 SIZE SEVEN

Ticklish feet in the Netherlands. Let your fingers do the playing, then see what develops.



TC-138-1216 FAIR TRADE

Hard body wants hard bodies for muscle play, plus.



TC-138-1343 INSPIRE HIM

Indiana artist always open to new muses.

TOUGH CUSTOMER SPECIAL PUBLICATION!

Drummer readers tell us that the Tough Customers pages are among their favorite features. And we get lots of pictures all the time, more than we could ever fit into Drummer. Quite a problem, isn't it? Too many hot men sending in private pictures of themselves, hoping to hear from other Drummer readers. The solution: A sizzling 84-page special publication with nearly a hundred NEW Tough Customers and more than forty of our favorite TCs from past issues (some of them shown in previous yearpub shed pictures). And to raise the ante even further, we're reprinting about 350 current personal ads from Drummer in the same special pub. That adds up to contact information for over 500 men looking to connect with other men. We expect to have Drummer Tough Customers ready to ship around the end of March, on newsstands shortly thereafter. Watch for it. Better yet, order your copy from us: Desmodus Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Send \$6.95 per copy plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

\$5.95/CHEAP!

How To Create
That Classic
Flogging Tool:
A WET
NOODLE WHIP

lick that
dunny,
boy!

The Hottest
New Scone
In Kink



BEST KINK

DISTRIBUTION TO MINERS PROHIBITED



puts his boys through the ultimate

TT. No, it's BSL—Bunny Slapper
Licking

Get In Step, Buddy!

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DOWN ON YOUR KNEES

by Tom W. Kelly

Transubstantial erotic fiction

DEPARTMENTS

OUT OF THE BOTTOM

Do As I Say Not As I Do!

THE MALE REVUE

'S MARRIAGE NOTEBOOK

100 1990 LEATHER BALLET BROAD

VERY TOUGH CUSTOMERS

DEAREST SIR

Fantastically Hot Men
You Are Just Swanning to Me!

COVER:

Sylvester Stallone, George Bush and Muhammad Khadafi share a significant moment with Roger Rabbit
Photo by Bob Maple Thorp.

Stand on your head to read

DUMMER 720

OUT OF THE BOTTOM

by Pipistrelle

Because I said so,

THAT's why

San Francisco says one thing and Los Angeles disagrees. New York says no one in California can possibly know what they are talking about, and Chicago says obviously no answer yet considered can be right because CHICAGO was not consulted. Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, Orlando, Houston, Dallas, Phoenix, San Diego, Denver, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver join in the general disagreement. So does Montreal, in French.

Establishment gay men say that it does not properly conform to tradition and leather women refuse to participate further until there is a full and complete financial accounting. Straights say that they do not understand what all the fuss is about and bi's say they are being left out again, as usual. Bottoms say it is too demeaning and Tops say it is too silly.

But I know that all of this is just hog-wash (pig wash?). After all I am THE expert. I am THE recognized authority. I am THE arbiter of correctness in all aspects of life from weight control to banner design. So you will do what I decree and decide-no contests, no negotiation, no arbitration. I AM THE SUPREME WORD AND MASTER . . . The Editor of DUMMER! Do as I say (not as I do!).

I have decreed: It is HOT to lick bunny slippers! Do it now. Safety, of course.

MALE BITCH

HOT CUISINE

I must strenuously object to the use of *unsterilized* vegetables in "Cuke Me, Daddy!", issue 130. Surely in this era of safe sex, it is your responsibility to present only hot, dick-hardening *safe* fiction! Please—30 seconds in a microwave or 5 minutes in a bamboo steamer before penetration!

—PW / Taterville, ID

We thought it was pretty obvious the story was pure fantasy—particularly the scene with the Vegematic. And by the way, your "safe-sex" information is out of date. The most recent report from the Surgeon General warns us all not, repeat, NOT to irradiate vegetables for use in anal penetration in a microwave oven. Since the inside of the vegetable (for instance, a potato) can retain a great deal of heat, it is possible to cause severe internal damage, first to the veggie, then to the veggier. And besides, steamed veggies are much too mushy for a good, hard fuck. A condom is still the best protection from unsterilized vegetables, etc.

TAKE A MEMO

I am a slave. my Master ordered me to write you this letter. I am, however, at this moment, encased in a leather straitjacket, hanging upside down from the ceiling, so I am dictating this letter to my Master (fortunately he does shorthand). Thank you, Sirs

—a slave / Los Angeles, CA

MORE ABOUT SOMETHING

J.Z., in a letter in issue 135, took exception to R.F.'s comment in reply to G.K.'s riposte to L.B.'s response regarding T.S.'s letter (issues 109, 114, 122, and 131, respectively). May I just add, "Bravo, J.Z.!" I couldn't agree more

—M.G. / NYC, NY

A lively debate, indeed! Let's hear some more on the subject!

A TYPE FOR EVERYONE

I've had just about enough of these goddamn bearded, muscular, hairy hunks! Whatever happened to skinny blonde fourteen-year-olds in borrowed leather, lounging around the swimming pool? Come on, Dummer, get with the program!

—C.W. / West Hollywood, CA

Be sure to watch for our special "Skinny Blonde Fourteen Year Olds Lounging Around the Swimming Pool in Borrowed Leather" issue, coming soon.

A MAN OF LETTERS

I love leather. The feel . . . the smell . . . the taste . . . The texture . . . the aroma . . . the flavor . . . I love to feel leather . . . and smell it and taste it. In fact, my dick gets hard just writing down the word. leather, leather, leather, LEATHER!! Ooh! Unnh! Unnnh!

SICK, BUT SOMETIMES TRUE, TALES

BAR BELLE'S
BY RAM Q 3/90

**PERSONAL AD MIX-UPS
-CASE STUDY #186-**

WHEN YOUR AD MENTIONED A COMPLETE PLAYROOM,
THIS IS HARDLY WHAT I EXPECTED!

AAAAAAAUGH! AAAAH!!!

P.S. • Please pardon the cum stains on this letter. Sometimes I just get so hot!

—J.M. / Tapioca, KS

You've obviously got a future as a professional writer of gay male erotica. I'm sending you a copy of Dummer's editorial guidelines. Crank up that word processor and do it, baby!

A GENEROUS OFFER

I was curious about Leather sex and S&M for a couple of years, then I came across your magazine at a bookstore and decided to buy it. I did not realize that it was a gay leather magazine, in fact I am a bit innocent when it comes to the gay lifestyle. It was very interesting. I started fantasizing myself being tied up and forced to submit to another man.

After several months of fantasizing I feel it's time that fantasy becomes reality. Unfortunately, I live in a small town that has no S&M or leather bars. At 23 and still a virgin to sex, I feel that it is time to lose my virginity.

I came up with an idea that I'm sure no one has ever thought of before—hold on to your hats! It's a hot one!

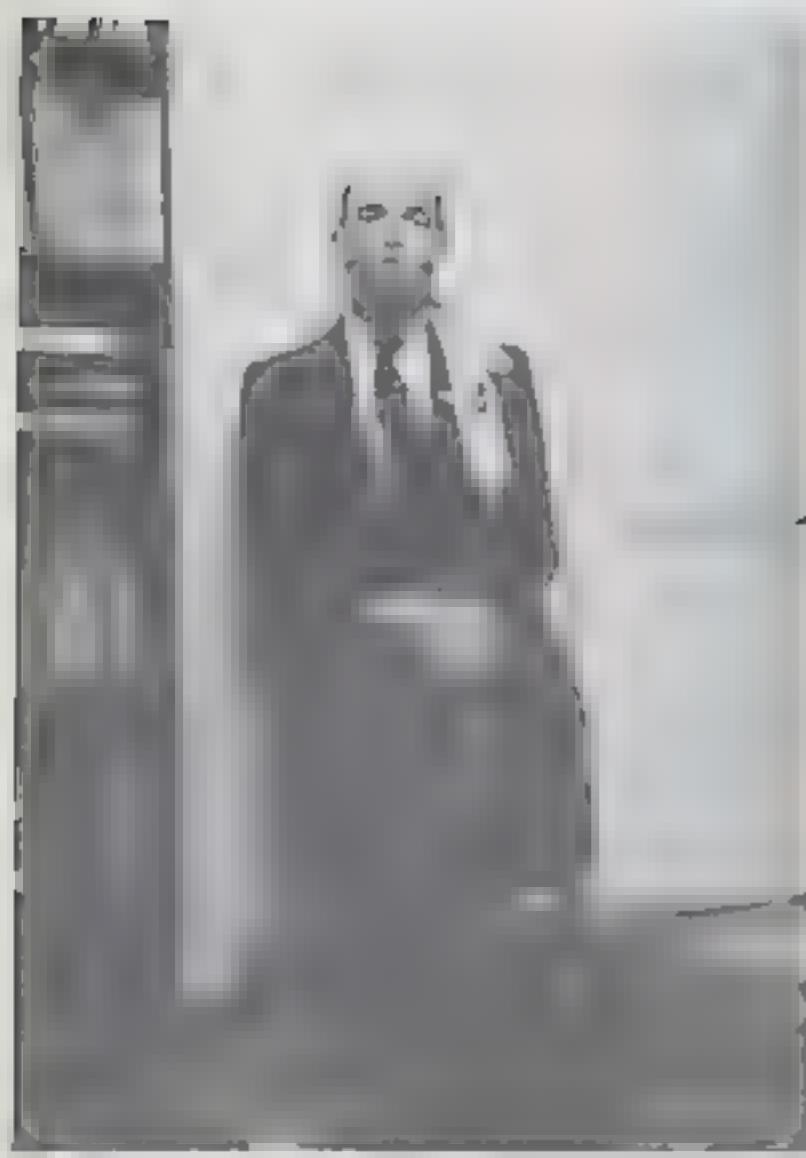
I thought it might be possible for you to get a couple of men together—one should be tall, blond, and

muscular, clean shaven, preferably former USMC, cut and very well hung, and the other should be shorter, dark haired, again very muscular and with thick chest hair and a moustache or perhaps a beard, and uncut—to use and abuse me and teach me all about S&M and leather sex. In return you can photograph a man (namely me) losing his virginity, and write yourself one heck of a feature!

I am really ready to lose my virginity, but I want to do it in style. That is why I am writing to you. I can't find the leather and S&M that really gets me hard in my town. So how about it, are you interested?

A.J. / Chicago, IL

Oh, my, yes, we'd be happy to go to the expense and effort of flying out a crack "panel of experts"—I know just the two hot bodybuilder leather Tops to fill the bill—to come and make your dreams cum true! Why, you have no idea how hard it is to come across a virgin—think of it, a virgin! And 23!—how truly difficult it is to find a virgin who will submit to having his wildest fantasies take flesh! Here in California, there's practically nobody who'd like two hot muscular leathermen to use and abuse them! We're literally begging for models, and paying outlandish sums of money, at that! Thank you for your very generous offer—and be waiting for a knock on the door!



BEHIND THE SCENES AT DUMMER

Dummer subscribers who have not been receiving their issues will be pleased to learn we have uncovered the hold-up: our Subscriptions Manager has been involved in a long-term bondage relationship with our Advertising Director. It seems he has been spending eight hours a day (with occasional overtime) russed up in his office with the door closed. Let this be a lesson to you: working at a gay SM leather publication isn't as easy as it looks!

TITLEHOLDER NEWS

HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



At time of disappearance



Age enhanced

This year SM Dummer's stock Muldoon suffered a few days in March in a safehouse near Gainesville. He was reportedly trying out after an evening, no doubt with heavy leather overtones. He's down to three packs a day. He still owes us thirty bucks so if you see him drop us a line.



SM VO-TECH

Last month's SM Vo-Tech lecture on "Uncomfortable Bondage" was acclaimed by all who attended as "sublime." This month Dummer's own BFD will continue the series with "Ridiculous Bondage," an exploration of humiliation using rope, colored yarn, bits of ribbon, and fancy barettes.

Future lectures in the series will include "Auto-Bondage" (with a special emphasis on the difficulties in restraining the new high-powered German imports), "Bondage as Dada," an exploration of pointless, absurd, and functionless bondage that is nonetheless art; and "New Age Bondage," with special guest appearance by Harry Houdini (channelled by Sri Chinmoy Hravapuntra).



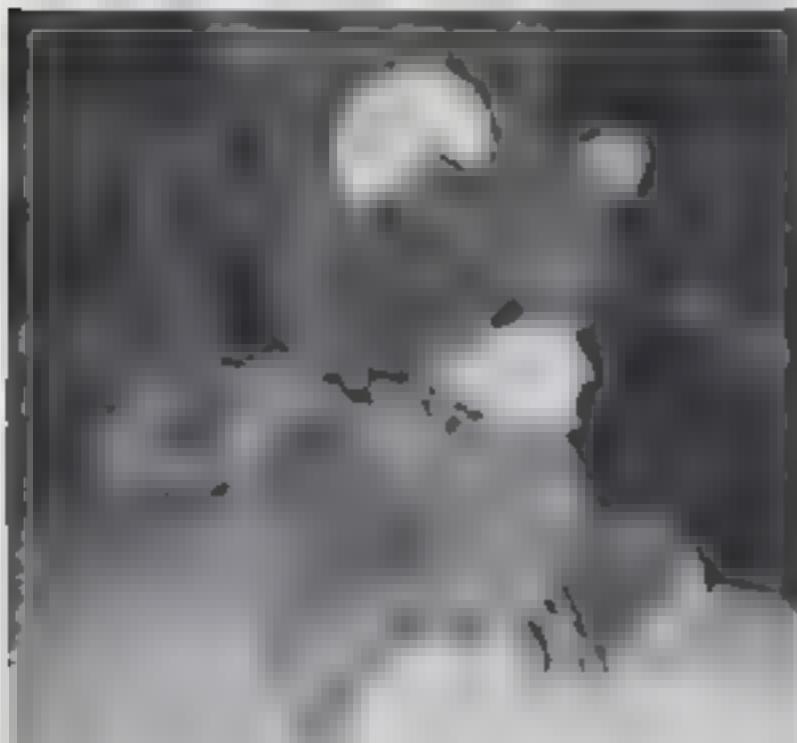
An illustration from the chapter on "SM Bartending" in the upcoming *Leatherperson's Handbook XIV*, by Walter Doberperson. Don't miss it!

VERY TOUGH CUSTOMERS



DR1-03 PRETTY IN PINK

Dog slave seeks the ultimate degradation. Strip me out of my leathers and make me wear my shocking pink "Fifi the Poodle" costume in public. Make me whine and yap at the feet of strangers, make me allow your friends to cuddle me and carry me around, and talk baby talk to me en français des chiens.

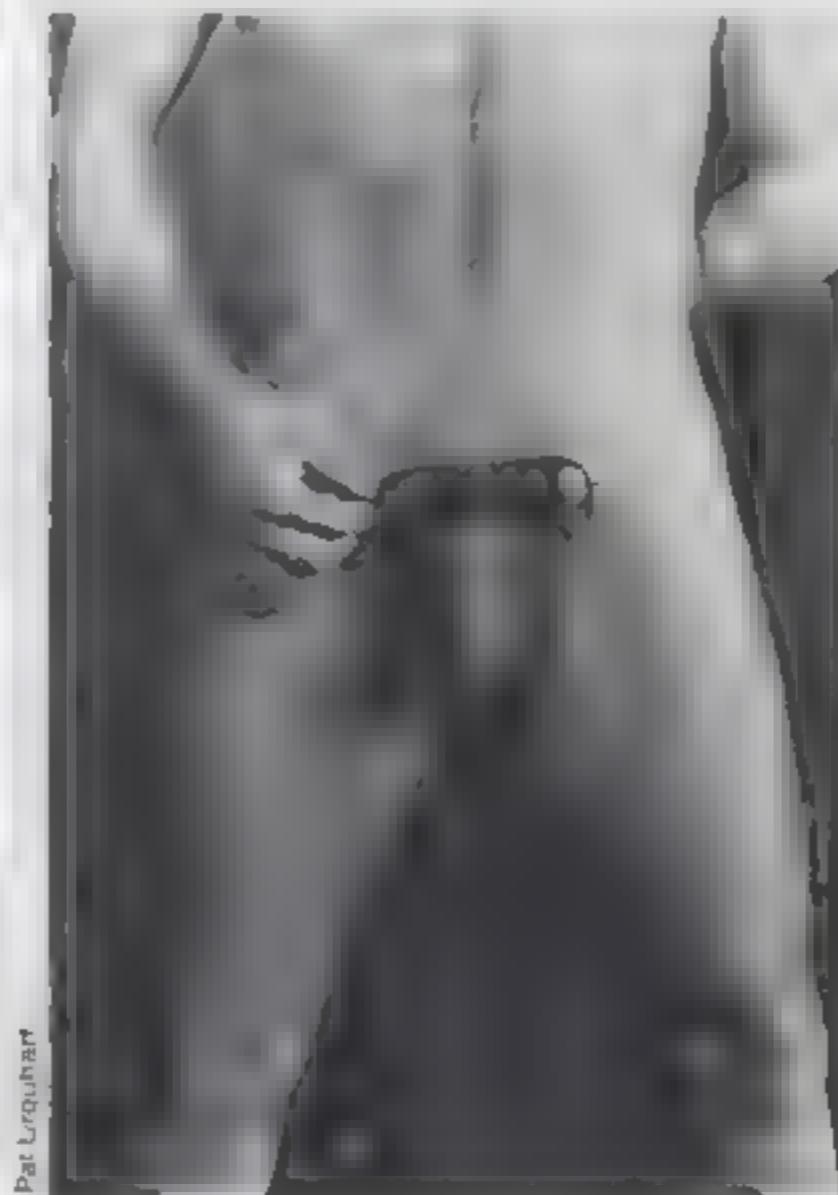


DR1-01 ANIMAL SEEKS TAMER

This bear wants to be coddled, subdued and treated like the animal he is. Stuff him with anything, any size, any time, but watch out . . . unless you keep him under control he may turn on you.

DR1-04 HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YOU, KID

Rayban-o-philes respond. Sunglasses bring out the best in the best parts of the best men. No? Yes! So, if you agree—and you do, of course—let's look at each other, always only from across the room. Safety first, you know.



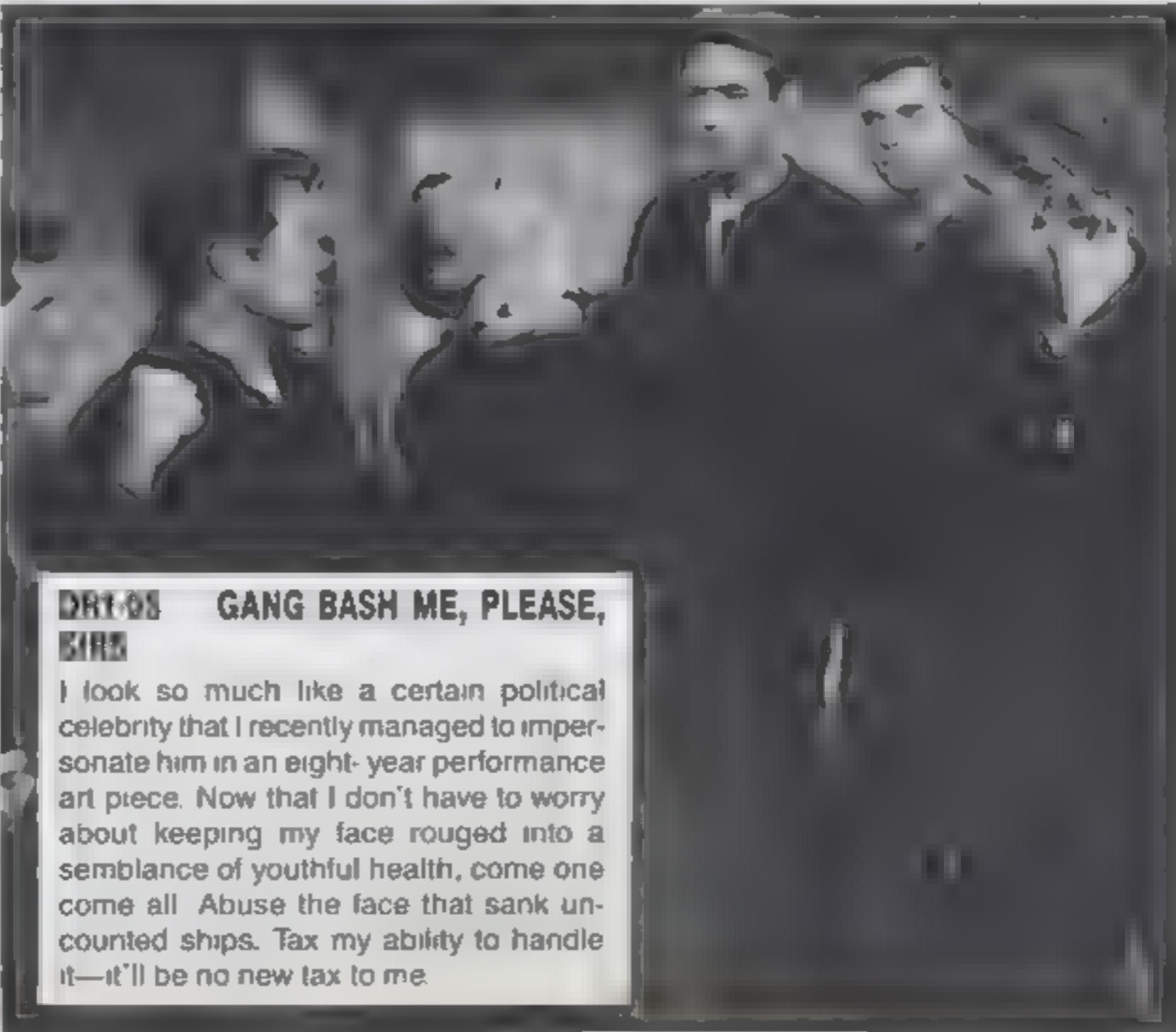
Pat Loughran



Sally

DR1-02 LEATHER UNDERWEAR

Heavy-duty leatherman likes the thrill of walking around in shopping malls wearing as much leather as possible under other clothes. Come on along and share my secret . . . at Nordstrom, Macys, J C Penny's and Woolworth.



DR1-05 GANG BASH ME, PLEASE, KIDS

I look so much like a certain political celebrity that I recently managed to impersonate him in an eight-year performance art piece. Now that I don't have to worry about keeping my face rouged into a semblance of youthful health, come one come all. Abuse the face that sank uncounted ships. Tax my ability to handle it—it'll be no new tax to me.

1994 Marvin Friedman Mayo

NAUGAHYDE NOTEBOOK

WALTER DOBERPERSON

Dear Walter,

In my job, I do a lot of traveling. Unfortunately our company is opening lots of new offices in the Third World areas. If I were a bottom, I guess I might get off on some of these experiences, but basically I'm a Top. What should I do, since even getting equipment into these places is difficult?

Lost Traveler

quiet place so they can't dance around, or in mid-East, force them to take a shower. An imaginative Top can have fun anywhere!

Dear Walter,

I'm coming across more and more guys into shaving. They really seem to get off on having a whole routine done. Any advice?

Emory



Dear Lost Traveler,

You sure are in a predicament! I travel a lot myself and it's hard enough to deal with Wops, Krauts, and Japs! I'm not a travel agent, but it seems you may have to resort to laying out a few bucks to get what you want—but happily, the underprivileged cum cheap. Then use their own "culture's" likes and dislikes in the scene to reduce them to the amenable bottoms you want. Like in Bangladesh or Ethiopia or Sudan, force the suckers to eat a lot of food! That'll get 'em! Or in Zaire and the Congo, tie 'em up in a

Dear Emory,

Well, I'm not a barber, but from personal experience, I'd say you should start with hot towels to soften the hair. I kind of like an old fashioned shaving cup with pretty designs and sayings and the do-it-yourself soap for lather. Straight razors seem more fun and if you tick them a bit, so what, they're just bottoms and will get off on it. Then splash on some nice after-shave. I rather like the spring floral scents myself.

Dear Sir,

My Master recently has been turning on by having me lick and service his fluffy pink bunny slippers. I find this pretty much a turn-off as well as silly and filling my mouth with fluff. I want to serve my Master but don't know how to get over my reaction to this new kink.

Cotton Mouth

Dear Cotton Mouth,

Well, as I often say in my column, I am not a doctor.

And I can speak from the authority of a Top and say most Masters are a pretty ditzy bunch! Luckily, there are always more bottoms than Tops, so the Masters can get away with some pretty dumb things. One of the reasons they like to put blindfolds on the bottom is so their silly actions won't be seen. So you'd just better learn to put with it until the supply and demand ratio alters in your favor, asshole! Incidentally, shoe polish doesn't work for bunny slippers, but I've found Woolite and a non-stat fabric softener in the dryer do just a divine job.

Dear Mr. Doberperson, Sir,

My Master has me turn over all my earnings to him so I don't have any money of my own. He has a birthday coming and I would like to show him how much I care for him and am thinking of getting in some overtime for some extra money to buy a gift. Would this be disobedient?

Sugar bottom

Dear Sugar-bottom,

I'm not an accountant, but from my experience, most Tops aren't very successful in the real world and are very intimidated by their bottoms having more than they could ever have, so I guess that's your problem. I'd suggest you go ahead and do it. The worst that can happen is that he'll be angry and punish you—which you deserve and will like—or else he'll dump you. In that case, I'd be available. Remember, diamonds are a Top's best friend. (Incidentally, how much do you earn?)

Dear Mr. Doberperson,

I'm confused, but maybe not as confused as you are. Tell me, are you a lawyer and an MD, a psychologist and a writer, an SM Top-Master-Daddy and a bottom-slave-boy? Are you in short, a Renaissance Man? Or what? I want to know when to trust you.

Confused

Dear Confused,

Oh, goodness gracious! Some questions are tougher than others. I'm not really any of those things! I just enjoy answering *as if*, which is what most professions do in reality anyhow. What I like doing is dressing up when I write my column. Right now I am wearing my Renaissance Man outfit, a just smashing burgundy velvet doublet, bright green tights, and wonderful rhinestone studded codpiece. What I enjoy most is my leather Top outfit, which, like my playroom, is a classic that I haven't changed for years! And of course I'm a Top, but I'm still too young to be a Daddy. My houseful of pets, however, think of me as a bottom-slave, and right now I hear my Siamese calling so I'd better rush off and see what she needs!

Conjecturbation

by Tom W. Kelly

For an instant, our eyes met. Two seconds at the most. Enough time for a quick mind fuck. A psychic poke. A brain bang. A synaptic slurp. Some mental milking for good measure. We were going to conjecturbate.

Not that size matters (a favorite phallosy bandied about by people with little ones), but Tom of Finland draws 'em the way I like to see 'em. Twelve inches don't always a foot make. And it can make me anytime.

His cock bulge was straining at his tight, button-fly leather pants, a wild fuck-beast pushing at its leather cage with the fury of a fevered horned and horny rhino. Time to talk to the animals. Those buttons, being creations of this world, were not going to last long. I prayed not.

I wanted my tongue between his rocks and his hard place. I wanted my ball duster (does anyone still say 'moustache?') doing its job while my lick-muscle (everyone still says 'tongue') did its exploration between those two creamy mounds of butt muscle, seeking out Sodom's secret mine.

The material gave way around the first button. It released its hold grudgingly. The next button separated from the material completely, sproinging off into parts unknown. A second later I heard it ping-ing off the stained glass window and onto a pew. Portions of prick and hints of hair were emerging from the growing opening. A growth rate rivalling that of my already sweating puckered back door. The other buttons surrendered simultaneously to the pressure, and I was ready to follow suit.

The one-eyed pants panther pounced ponderously and pendulously poked perpendicularly into his palm. "Please poke my prick-pocket," I pleaded. "Or perhaps piss in my plaintive puss" I prayed.

That prick was perfect for pumping, great for grinding, designed for devouring. The shaft was a weapon, a lance that begged for a juicy joust. His gladiator-helmeted head proudly topped his staff of life. "Make my mouth your Coliseum. Introduce your lion-cock to my Christian tonsils.

That satiny knobhead made me tremble with the unspoken threats of throat thrusts, and the unendurable torture of endless probing and pounding of my unprotected prostate. I should run, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. I'd try to be brave and withstand whatever abuse he decides to inflict on my sin-stained body. My mother taught me that for all punishment we endure, we spend that much less time in purgatory. So punish me. Punish me! I'm investing in the future.

Not surprisingly my knees knuckled, and I fell to the ground. Barely daring to raise my eyes, I fearfully looked head-to-dickhead at his sumptuous sausage, his cum-dripping cucumber, his zesty zucchini, his cream-filled ding-dong. I was getting hungry. It's feeding time!

My eyes widened. My eyebrows went irretrievably into my hairline. I'd have to try to dig them out later.

My jaw jerked open, my throat throbbed. I can't believe I'm going to eat the whole thing! Pump, pump, jizz, jizz, oh what a relief it is. And how do I spell relief? D-I-C-K.

He grabbed my ears and used them as handles to expertly guide my hankering hunger-hole towards his blue-plate special. Being a meat-and-potatoes man, it was a welcome feast. A feast fit for a king. Or a size-queen. I was ready to



chow down.

But my Master was not yet ready to satisfy me. He waved his right-to-rule in my face, giving this perky pilgrim time to study the random roadmap of veins. I let my tongue do the walking, tracing the pulsing paths, abandoning thoughts of destination, happy to remain a lost traveler, enjoying the trip. But after a moment, my slippery 'happy wanderer' grew impatient, my tunnel of love could wait for his super highway no longer.

Is it possible? Can I hope to take those twelve inches of enormously, massive, ever-widening, thickening, monster-sized mammoth monster meat? Sure. No problem. Where do I sign? Just open up and say "ohhhh."

On its way in, my tongue captured a



drop of pre-cum (a promise of the great flood). Signals shoot from my mouth directly to my brain. Processing. Please wait. Just as I expected. It tasted good. Danger. Danger, Will Robinson. Huge abject attempting to enter narrow enclosure. Signals shoot from my brain to my throat. Get over it. Relax! You want it, baby. The muscles let go and the intruder continues his violation. My slender white swan neck will never be the same. This wasn't exactly my first time, and I managed to successfully resist the gag reflex—at least until such time as it would prove useful.

Feed me. Feed me. Ahhh, I swear I'll never go hungry again.

His 12-shooter gave all indications that it was about to go off. And I was praying that it was loaded. Just as I thought I was

done for, he pulled a strategic retreat and withdrew his artillery. Just looking at his weaponry made me wish for a full Star Wars attack on my full moon. He obviously concurred. No piece talks were necessary.

He pushed me on my back and lifted my ankles. The purple glare of his amethyst ring near blinded me, so I closed my eyes and prayed for mercy. Or a lack of it. I pinched one nostril shut and pushed the other toward a container of burning incense. I inhaled deeply.

My dank door of devilish delights loosened and his swollen prong took its advantage. My rosebud widened swiftly, converting into a crevice of fiery retribution. My small intestines altered their twisting course into a seam-splitting straight-line. Could my chocolate chew-

hole take this unholy torture? Could my brown-stained bunghole withstand this other-worldly pounding? Could my depraved dirt chute survive this divine desecration? Sure.

Was it an eternity? Or just a few moments? His screams of ecstasy actually made themselves heard over the beating of my own blood in my ears. My insides were white-washed with his steamy, creamy white gobs of elixir. Each drop of nectar splattered into me until my back teeth were floating in viscous, tasty goo. Of course, I shot a gallon of my own steaming hot man-juice without even touching myself.

For an instant, our eyes met. Then I stuck out my tongue and took the wafer. Ahh, the dreams of a fucked up Catholic boy. □

Building a Wet Noodle Whip

by Pipistrelle

Rated G Generally a safe procedure for a novice using good sense and basic intelligence.

"30 lashes with a wet noodle!"

The wet noodle whip is one of the most commonly referred-to flogging implements in America but it is one of the rarest to be found in collections of whip enthusiasts. Though I have never seen one for sale at a leather or toy shop there is no good excuse for the paucity of specimens in collections since the whip is easily constructed by any SM do-it-yourselfer.

Selecting the right noodles

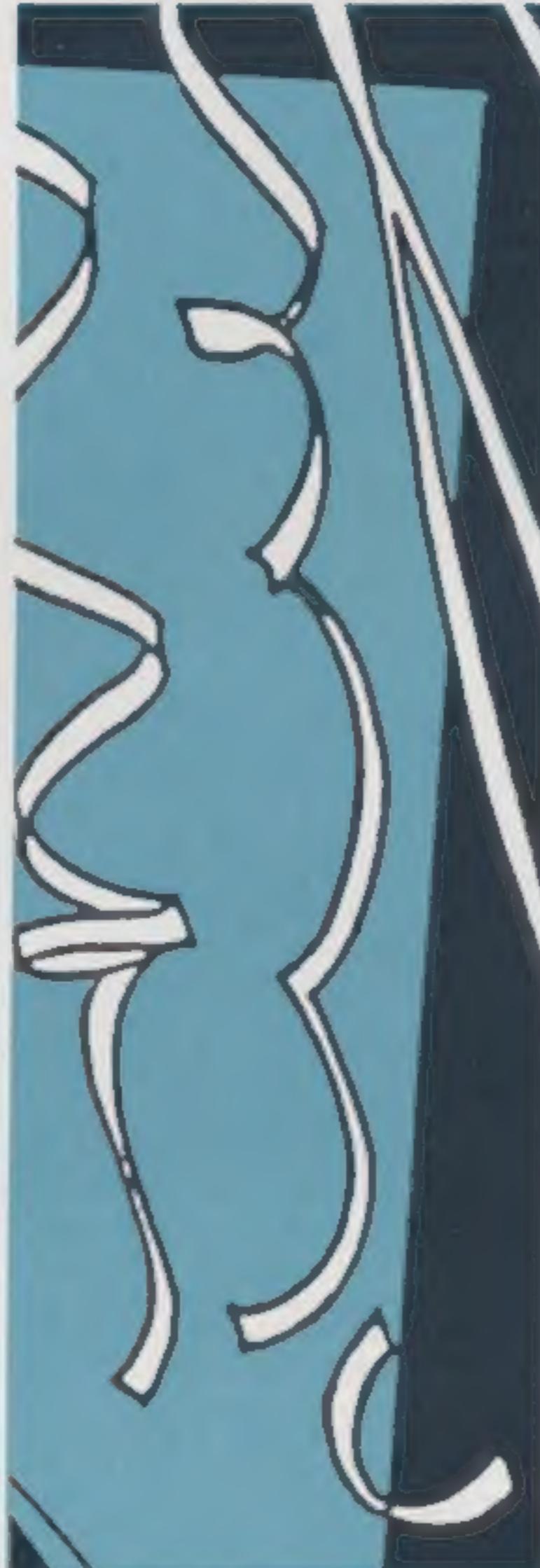
"Noodle" is a term applied to many types of pasta or macaroni. The word "noodle" refers not so much to the shape of the pasta as to the fact that it is served with a large quantity of liquid as in a soup, rather than with a smaller amount of liquid, a sauce, that just coats the noodle. Since this distinction is irrelevant with regard to whip construction I consider the term "noodle" to be generic with respect to whips. So I include all forms of pasta in my consideration of appropriate material.

Naturally I immediately eliminated from consideration those shapes such as shells, elbows, orzo etc. that are not long strands. Though it would be possible to thread hollow mostaccioli on a leather thong to make a lash, I limited my testing to pasta that is readily available in long strands. In the construction of whips it is generally true that the finer the strands the more "cut" to the blow and the wider the strands the less "cut." Similarly the heavier the strands the greater the "thud" of a blow. I generally prefer a whip that has little "cut" and lots of "thud." I prefer to leave deep penetrating bruises rather than lacerated skin. Thus I quickly eliminated from consideration vermicelli, spaghettiini, mung bean noodles and other very fine types of pasta. (Angel-hair pasta seemed all wrong from the get-go.) Lasagna noodles are too wide for their thickness, as is anything wider than linguini. Spaghetti and the larger forms of extruded cylindrical macaroni work well but my favorite has turned out to be Udon noodles. These are wide enough to minimize "cut" and are nearly as thick as they are wide so they are heavy and pack quite a wallop.

Preparation of the Noodles

Bring several quarts of water to a boil in a large pan. Here we reach an issue that will inspire debate: to salt or not to salt. Salting the water is traditional in cooking pasta; however, some people feel that non-consensual salting creates a whip that is too vicious, introducing salt into the wounds. I leave the amount of salt in the cooking water to you and your bottom. Negotiate.

After the water has been salted, or not salted as the case may be, add the noodles and, from the point when the water returns to a boil, start timing. Follow the package directions



but begin testing the pasta for doneness in half the suggested time. Following the timing directions printed on most pasta packages will result in noodles that are much to tender to use as whips, let alone eat! The bite is an important quality of pasta cookery, as well as whip construction. For eating, the pasta should be *al dente*, still firm to the bite. For a good noodle whip it should be slightly firmer still, shall we say "super *al dente*?"

Whip Construction

Though convention usually designates that the flogging take place with "a wet noodle," I believe that a multi-tailed whip, with at least the conventional nine tails, is a much more effective device. Thus I recommend the construction of a noodle cat with nine, or more, tails. You are welcome to construct as elegant a handle as you wish out of wood, horn, ivory, or whatever. I feel that a perfect handle is readily available in virtually any gourmet kitchen, a wooden spoon. Select a spoon that has the handle length and weight that feels appropriate for your grip and swing. Though an inexpensive wooden spoon will work perfectly well, I prefer the look of a fine olive wood spoon, freshly oiled to a gleaming sheen, with extra virgin olive oil of course.

Drain and rinse the noodles; excess starch on the strands might make them adhere to each other or to the skin you flog. Then select the finest for your creation. Lay the selected strands out and carefully arrange them around the circumference of the spoon handle with approximately an inch and a half of noodle overlapping the wooden rod. I find that kitchen thread, carefully wrapped again and again around the noodles, makes the best junction between noodle flails and the handle. Great care must be taken to wrap the thread tightly enough to secure the strands in place without cutting into the fragile noodles. Novice noodle whip makers may wish to make a thick paste of flour and water and coat the terminal inch of the spoon handle with this before positioning the noodles. This will give a much firmer seating to the flails. With practice, however, this clumsy step can be eliminated.

To Sauce or Not To Sauce

The noodle whip must, of course, be kept "wet." If it is allowed to dry out it will become brittle, and crack in use. Although water, or oil (extra virgin, of course) can be used to keep the whip properly lubricated, many Tops prefer to use a good sauce. Marinara works fine, but can be a bit messy as the tails strike the victim and spatter red droplets all over the place, though this does offer visuals that appeal to some. Pesto is a bit too grainy to work well, those bits of pine nuts and garlic can abrade. The same is true of clam sauce, white or red, and of Thai peanut sauce. An Alfredo sauce works well and is less messy. Or, at least, the mess is less visible than red tomato sauce spots. I prefer to make the scene really kinky by using a chocolate sauce. This is not a traditional pasta coating but we SM'ers are an unconventional bunch anyway. Besides, it is great to lick off after the scene.

Happy flogging.

Editor's Note: This article was originally prepared for submission to DungeonMaster, but the editor of that august publication rejected it. We, the editors of Dummer, can only say DungeonMaster's loss is our gain.

DUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

NATIONWIDE

LIFETIME MASTER WANTED

Serous about slavery? Great! So am I! I need a Master who will tie me up and beat me regularly. I thrill to the discipline of counting off the strokes I receive—That's FIFTY, Sir, Thank You, Sir, May I Have Another, Sir? Please, Sir, fuck my ass with your big uncut dick! Or let me suck it, please, Sir! No reciprocation required. Handsome, muscular, in-shape Masters, please write Box 001DF.

LIFETIME SLAVE WANTED

Serous about slavery? Great! So am I! I need a slave who will tie me up and beat me regularly. You'll thrill to the discipline of counting off the strokes that I receive—That's FIFTY, Sir, Thank You, Sir, May I Hit You Again, Sir? You'll fuck me when I order you to, whether you want to or not. Dick's not hard? No problem! I'll just apply some slobbering 'oral torture' to your big uncut dick! No reciprocation—go ahead, be a true masochist and REALLY suffer while I'M getting DIY rocks off! Slave must be handsome, muscular, and have great stamina—I'm not easy to satisfy! Obedient, truly masochistic slaves write Box 001DF.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT

But I expect you to give it to me. Telepathic Tops only need reply. Box 004DF.

ENWM

Into SM, BD, VA, VCRs (top only), AM/FM (bottom or mutual), intense OB/Gyn, endless BVD sessions, hot and sweaty DTs, and more. BYOB.

NO FATS, NO FEMS

No uglies, no phonies, no haines, no smokers, no wimps, no simps, no statuses, no blonds, no geeks, no grecs, no airheads, no intellectuals, no uncut, no left-handers, no sex, no nothing! Just leave me alone and stop writing! Box 003.

PIES - PIES - PIES

3 pie throwing buddies are looking for others who get turned on by the feel of a banana cream pie smashed in their face. Thought you were the only one who got hard at the idea of being covered from head to toe in shaving creme or splattered with a dozen chocolate meringue pies? Well, join the fun! We can take it as well as dish it out, can you? Box 009P

F-CK, SH-T, P-SS

for raunchy sex without vowels, write 'Adequate Man' Box Number 002.

TOTAL SLAVERY RAUNCH BOTTOM

Into everything: piss, raunch, filth, dirt, mud, leather, rubber, steel, whipping, choking, long walks in the woods on sunny afternoons, punch-fucking, spit, puke, fine china, bondage, enemas, heavy verbal abuse and more. Box 006DF.

IMPOSSIBLY HANDSOME

BUTCH STUDHUNG MUSCLEJOCK BLOND ARYAN GOD BODYBUILDER HUNK. WORSHIP MY MASSIVE 12 INCH REAMER. ADORE MY MASSIVE COMPETITION PECS. FEAST YOUR EYES ON MY HUGE BICEPS. OIL ME UP WORSHIPPULLY AND TELL ME I'M PRETTY. YOU DO THINK I'M PRETTY, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE NOT JUST SAYING THAT? Box 008.

CLOSE MY PAREN PERIOD

Screamingly effeminate graduate of the Washington School for Secretaries (one of the nation's most prestigious secretarial schools, second only to Katherine Gibbons in New York), former columnist for Stars Magazine, (the world's largest gay correspondence magazine), gets wet gash over punctuation. Dildo-fuck my enormous greedy pussy while I recite all 46 prepositions in alphabetical order! Box 2355DF.

HELP THIS GRIMM

folk tale lover believe in fables. Me: she-male rolef! Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty, you: Prince Charming, Beast, Beer. Tell sequel to my rescue to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. Box 6376LF.

NOVICE

Complete novice needs to be severely whipped, brutally beaten, mercilessly tortured. Into heavy leather stix, fisting, branding, castration, decapitation, defenestration. No fantasy! Box 010.

ON YOUR KNEES, SLAVE!

And beg for my big two-inchers! Crawl across the floor and service my red Converse Hi-Tops! Eat those fuckin' Brussels Sprouts! I am a TRUE sadist, and I guarantee you won't enjoy ANYTHING I do to you! Box 011.

NO SKINNIES, NO BUTCHES

I need a fat, effeminate Master, preferably a smoker and drug-abuser. Should be ugly and unlikeable. Box 007.

The Dummer
Cut-out Safe Sex Toy!